

Kinnock hails gain of 300 seats

Tory relief as London bucks Labour trend

By Robin Oakley, Political Editor

THE Conservatives bucked the trend of Labour's sweeping national success in local elections yesterday by consolidating their hold on the flagship London borough of Westminster.

In a result which brought relief to the City, boosting shares and the pound, the Tories increased their majority in Westminster from four to 30. In capturing 13 seats there — after the 17 they had gained in Wandsworth — the Conservatives succeeded in proving a point on the poll tax.

Their tactical gamble in focusing attention almost exclusively on Westminster, Wandsworth and Bradford — which fell to Labour — succeeded in diverting attention from Labour's advance elsewhere. Labour gained some

STATE OF THE PARTIES

With results from 200 councils, seats gained and lost are as follows:

	Gains	Losses
C	165	356
Lab	436	136
L/Dem	144	192
SDP	5	30
SNP	16	12
Ind	26	57
Green	3	0
Others	6	18

300 seats overall on what Mr Kinnock said was a "very bad day for Conservatives". But spokesmen for all parties agreed that the results in the two London boroughs with the lowest poll tax had reduced the pressure for drastic revision of the community charge and eased immediate questions about Mrs Thatcher's leadership.

While Labour argued that the results showed Mr Kinnock on course for a general election victory, the Tory achievement in winning two of the three flagship authorities on which it had been prepared to be judged took the spotlight off the Opposition's success. Ministers had argued that if the three were won, the principle of the poll tax would have been proved to be acceptable and that it was a question of the right level of payment.

What pleased Tory strategists in particular was the immediate reaction in the City. With the prospect of an inflation rate of around 10 per cent next Friday, they had feared a drubbing in local elections could have drawn them into a vicious spiral by precipitating pressure on the pound. That might then have forced up interest rates to a disastrous level and faced them with a leadership crisis. The FTSE 100-share index was 27.3 points up at 2162.2 points after opening 12 points ahead.

Even in Scotland the story of the elections was the massacre that did not happen. Although the Conservatives were beaten into third place behind the Scottish nationalists with 19.5 per cent of the vote, their support did not collapse as forecast.

Sir Geoffrey Howe, the Deputy Prime Minister, said yesterday that Mrs Thatcher's position had been "consolidated", and Mr Paddy Ashdown, the Liberal Democrats leader, whose party performed better than expected, said: "The immediate intense heat is going to be off Mrs Thatcher." While Mr Kinnock

repeated his prediction that she would step down before the next election, other Labour spokesmen conceded that her position had eased at least for the moment.

Among the widespread political ramifications of the elections, Mr Kenneth Baker, the Conservative party chairman, re-emerged with credit after a period in the doldrums and Mr Michael Heseltine, who had been preparing to capitalise on the unpopularity of the poll tax, was left with something of a dilemma.

Overall, the picture was of solid Labour gains on top of the 485 the party made when the seats were last contested four years ago. With results in from 200 of the 201 contested councils, Labour had net gains of 300 seats, the Tories net losses of 191. Dr Jack Cunningham, the campaign co-ordinator, said they were Labour's best results ever in local government.

One surprise was that the Liberal Democrats, also starting from a high base of four years ago, had net losses of only 48, comfortably outperforming their opinion poll standing. It appeared to be the first flicker of a revival for centre-party politics.

With only one result to come, Labour had won come, Bradford and Chorley from the Tories, and gained Basildon, Kirkcaldy, Milton Keynes, Great Yarmouth, Watford, Southampton, Crewe & Nantwich, Waverley and Merton which had had no overall control. But Labour strategists are looking closely into the party's disappointing showing in London.

Mrs Thatcher said: "Overall, the opinion polls have been confounded. And they have been confounded because the community charge is beginning to work. It will increasingly bring the profiteers and inefficient to book." Mr Neil Kinnock drew delight from his party's performance, which included the capture yesterday of Merton council in south London from no overall control, to add to his overnight seizure of the other Tory "flagship" in Bradford.

The Labour leader said during a series of interviews that the party did extremely well while the Tories did extremely badly. He said: "We shall win the next general election and yesterday's result was a very effective test."

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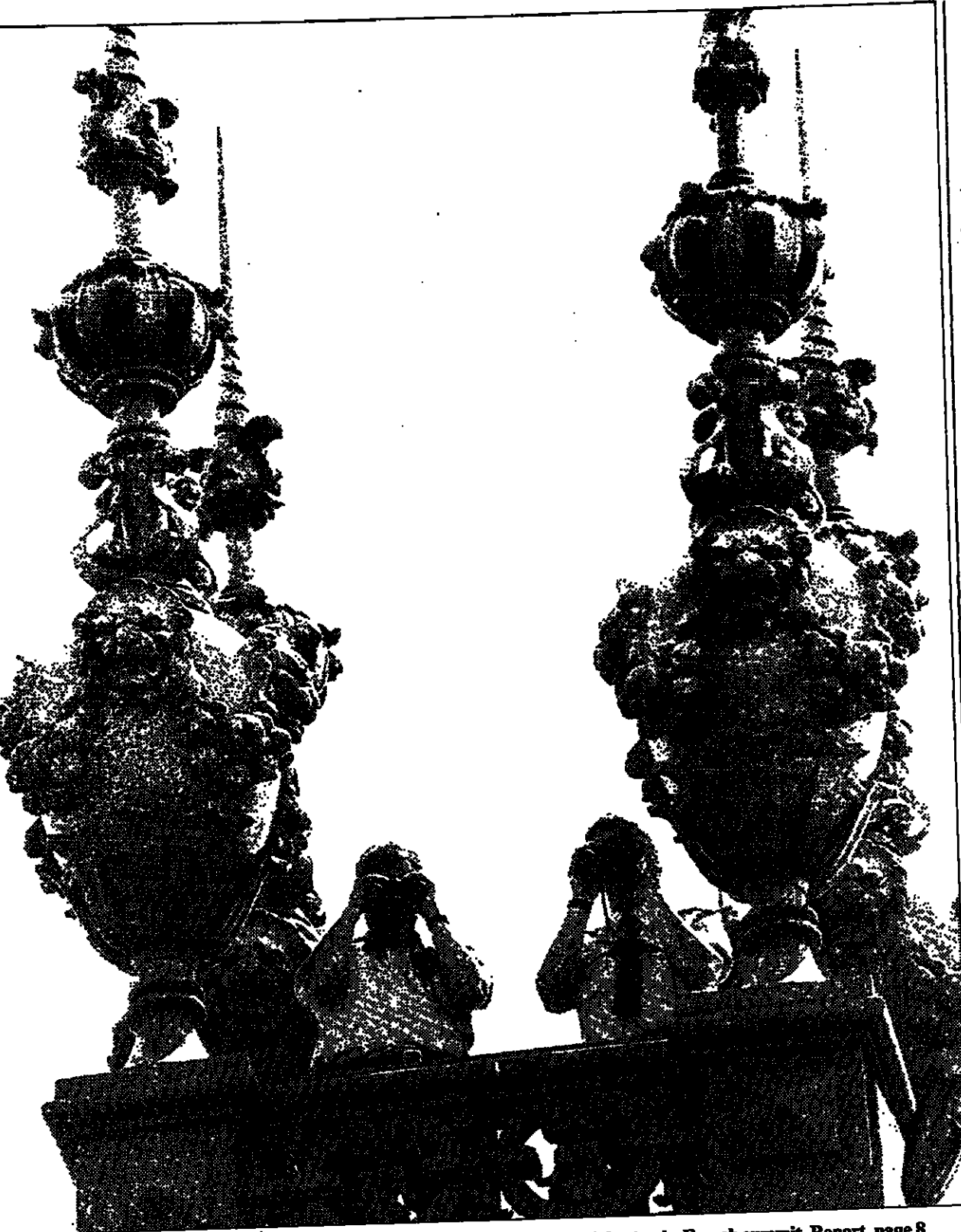
Latvia declares itself independent republic

By Our Foreign Staff

LATVIA declared itself "an independent democratic republic" last night in the first stage of a process intended to take it out of the Soviet Union.

Deputies voted by 138 to 0, with one abstention, to restore elements of the Constitution of the pre-war Latvian state which was forcibly absorbed into the Soviet Union along with neighbouring Estonia and Lithuania in 1940.

But 57 deputies boycotted the vote and in a conciliatory



Strict police security at Waddesdon Manor in Buckinghamshire, scene of the Anglo-French summit. Report, page 8

Showers to cool holiday joys

By Harvey Elliott

SOAK up the sunshine while you can, for the elements seem determined to maintain the 12-year-long tradition of bringing a shiver to the bank holiday devised by Mr Michael Foot, when he was Employment Secretary, as a working-class day of celebration.

The high pressure which has brought record temperatures is gradually slipping away and, even though it will be replaced by another early next week, a temporary band of clouds, showers and, possibly, thunderstorms will make its way south over the country tomorrow and Monday.

Even so, says the Meteorological Office, there will still be plenty of sun and temperatures should reach about 18 centigrade compared with the mean average of 15 centigrade for this time of year. This is, however, considerably cooler than the 26 or 27 degrees centigrade which gently roasted virtually the entire country yesterday and sent millions of city dwellers heading for the countryside.

The rush to take advantage of the long weekend was already bringing the inevitable bottlenecks on the busiest roads to the coast by mid-afternoon and the Automobile Association said that over the whole weekend some well-known blackspots — such as the Winchester by-pass — could become intolerable.

Tens of thousands of families had already decided to go abroad for the holiday well

Continued on page 18, col 8

Dog foils IRA bomb plot

From Ian Murray, Southampton

PEBBLE, an Alsatian dog aged two and a half, thwarted an attempt at mass murder at British Army barracks in Hanover early yesterday. The West German anti-terrorist squad, in charge of the inquiry, said the failed attack had "all the hallmarks of the IRA's work".

It was just after 2am when an army-trained British civilian guard on patrol at Langenhagen barracks in the north-west of the city was alerted by Pebble to activity outside an accommodation hut about 25 yards from the perimeter fence. The guard, who was unarmed, shouted a challenge and ran forward.

Three shots were fired at him. Three men were seen running off, making their escape through a large hole cut in the wire. They are thought to have driven off in a waiting car.

The 20 soldiers who had been sleeping in the hut were evacuated, and a search discovered three elements of a bomb — a detonator and two packets of Semtex explosive weighing more than 200lb — by the wall of the hut. The explosive had not been properly placed, and it was not clear whether it was meant to be two bombs or one, but that amount of Semtex would in either case have done tremendous damage and almost certainly involved considerable loss of life. "The guard was alerted," an army spokesman said. "He averted what would have been a mass murder."

British and West German bomb-disposal experts were called in and by 9am had made the explosives safe.

Dr Hans-Jürgen Forster, spokesman for the squad, which has considerable experience in such attacks, said there was no doubt that the IRA had been responsible. The 1st Postal Courier Regiment based at the barracks is part of the Royal Engineers and was the victim of the Mill Hill barracks bombing in 1988.

Leading article, page 13

Israelis 'fired on' Husain

From Martin Fletcher, Washington

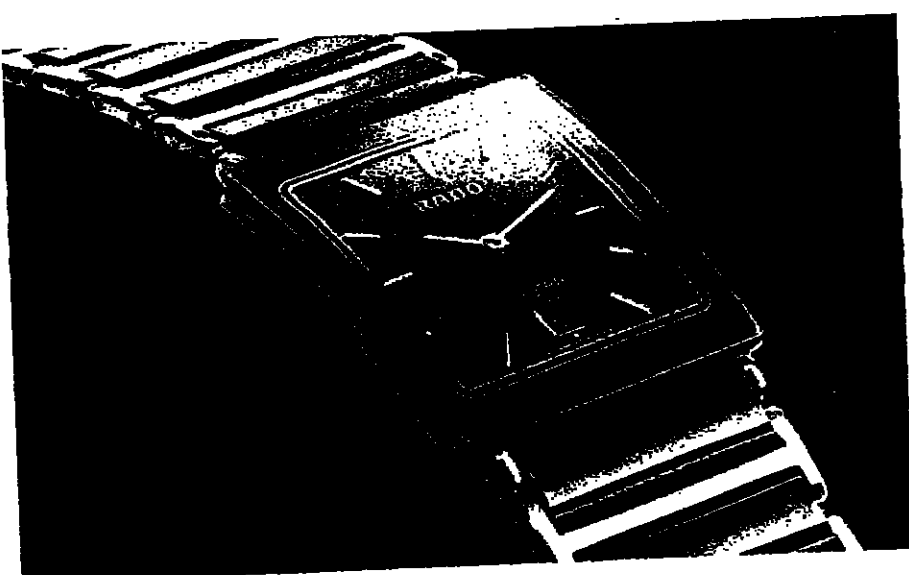
THE US State Department confirmed yesterday that an Israeli patrol boat had opened fire on the Jordanian royal yacht in the Gulf of Aqaba last Saturday when King Husain was on board.

A spokesman said that the US ambassador in Israel had asked the Israeli Government for an explanation last Tuesday, and had been told that the shooting was inadvertent.

An Israeli military spokesman said the Israeli naval vessel had been conducting a "routine weapons check" near the yacht, but that no shots were fired directly at the King, who was on the deck.

The King reportedly took command of the yacht and it moved into Saudi waters.

Full report, page 11



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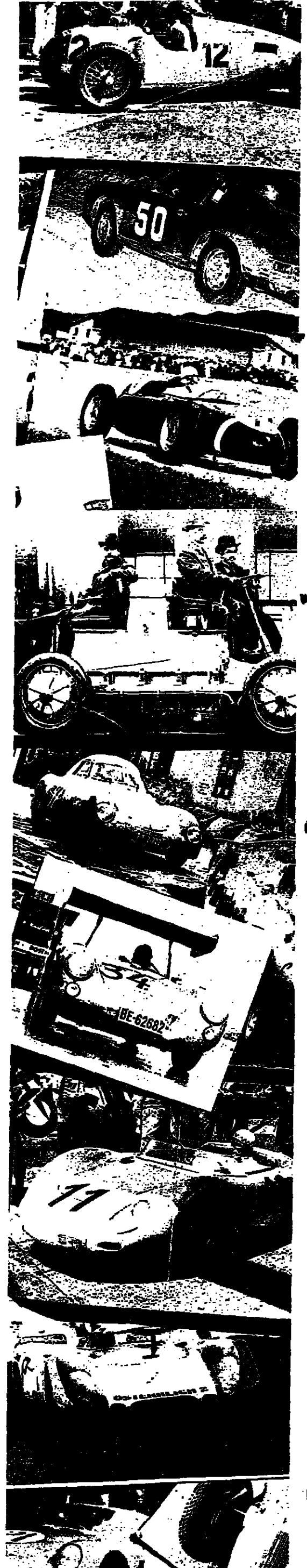
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PORSCHE
DRIVING IN ITS PUREST FORM

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Consultants warned on abusing NHS contracts

By Jill Sherman, Social Services Correspondent

EIGHTEEN consultants are under investigation in Birmingham for allegedly abusing their health service contracts by doing too much private work, it emerged yesterday.

New tighter contracts announced by the Government on Thursday are expected to prevent the abuse from next April by giving consultants rigid timetables for most of the clinical work they carry out. The medical profession has maintained that less than 10 per cent of the 16,000 consultants in England and Wales are failing to fulfil their NHS duties.

An inquiry by West Midlands regional health authority was launched in February after Mr Terence Davis, Labour MP for Birmingham, Hodge Hill, gave the Public Accounts Committee a list of 87 consultants who were allegedly doing private sessions at the Priory Hospital in Birmingham during normal working hours.

Mr Ken Bales, regional general manager, has, however, written to Mr Duncan Nichol, NHS chief executive, advising him that 69 of those accused of not fulfilling their NHS contracts have now been cleared.

Sixteen of the named consultants were not followed up because they had retired or no one had heard of them and two were not consultants. Another 47 whole-time and maximum part-time consultants were holding sessions at the Priory but were not exceeding the sessions they are allowed to do privately.

Of the remaining 22, 13 full-time consultants were allegedly carrying out one fixed session in the Priory during working hours and nine maximum part-timers were holding two sessions in the private hospital during the working week.

Under existing regulations consultants working for the NHS full time are only allowed to earn 10 per cent of their gross NHS salary from private work. If they exceed this over two consecutive years they are automatically redesignated as maximum part-timers and their salary is halved.

Under the new measures announced consultants will be given job plans which specify a strict timetable for five to seven half-day clinical sessions a week, such as outpatient clinics and operating lists.

The British Medical Association last night argued that both under existing regulations and under the new rules there are no fixed limits on the number of sessions consultants do privately, provided they are automatically redesignated as maximum part-timers and their salary is halved.

Capital codes switch in blaze of glory

By Tom Giles

BY TUESDAY morning, when the country returns to work, a quarter of businesses in Britain will still be unprepared for the biggest overhaul of London's dialling codes in 25 years, British Telecom warned yesterday.

The company says that nearly a quarter of businesses within the capital have also failed to make changes in time for the new codes.

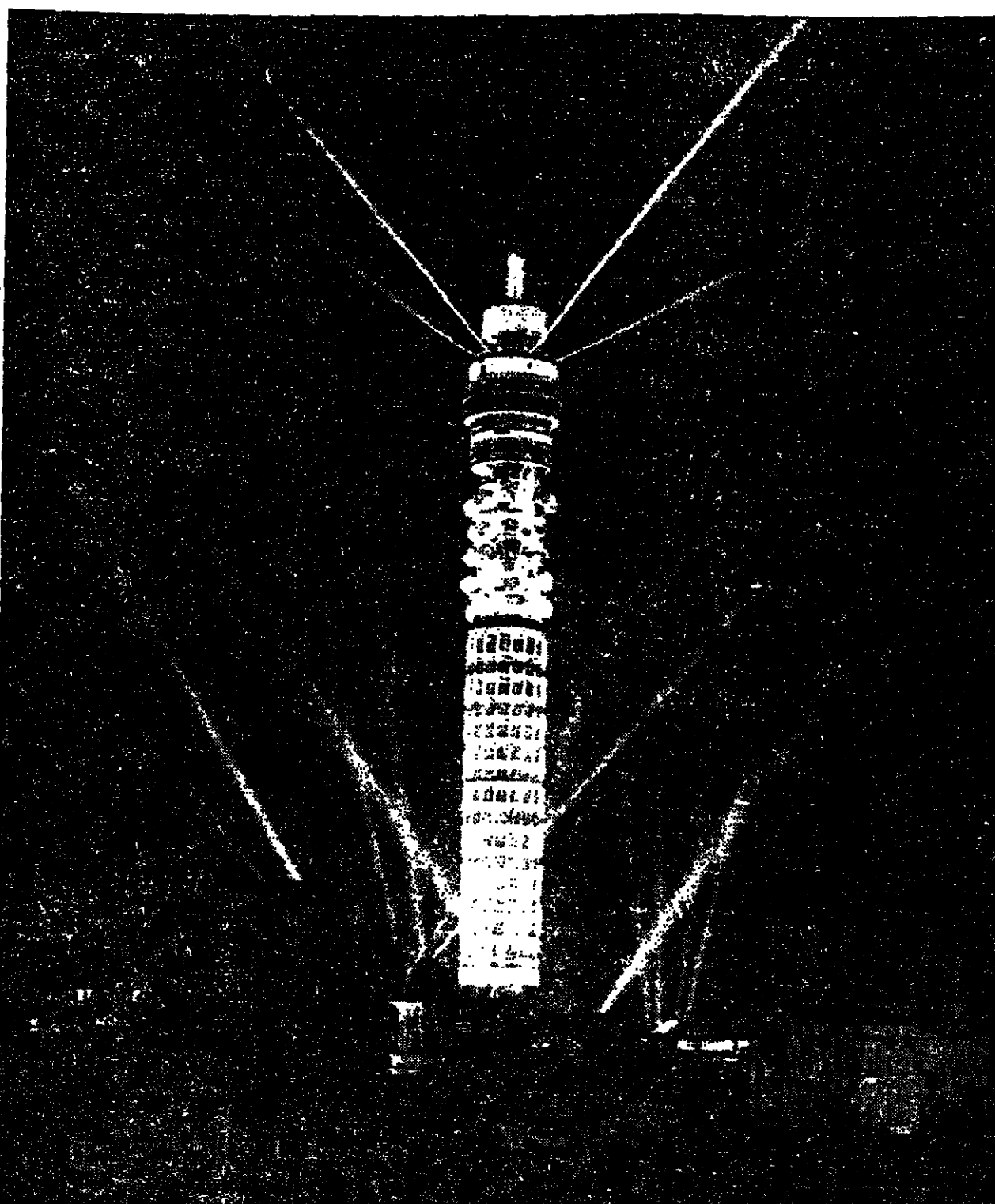
As the fireworks go off around Telecom Tower at midnight tonight, the 01 telephone code will change to 071 for inner London and 081 for outer London. The new codes will draw a line around an area of central London from Fulham in the west to Canary Wharf in Docklands, and from Brixton in south London to Kentish Town in the north. British Telecom's scheme to double the capital's capacity of 4.5 million numbers, which has been overburdened by the upsurge of businesses in the City and Docklands, has cost £30 million.

The company said it was confident the changeover would go ahead smoothly. However, after a year-long advertising campaign, the response from British businesses has been decidedly low key.

British Telecom has issued 75 million tables explaining the new codes in 16 different languages, on audio tape and in braille. It has also placed advertisements in newspapers and on television and sent out more than 400,000 check-lists to businesses, urging them to reprogramme private switchboards and fax machines and to reprint stationery.

However, according to a survey carried out by the firm last week, nearly a quarter of London's 380,000 businesses and 30 per cent of firms nationally have failed to respond to the changes. Although most people questioned were aware of the switch, only 34 per cent of companies outside the capital knew they would have to dial 071 or 081.

Alan Coren, page 12



A spectacular light show around Telecom Tower will herald the introduction of the new dialling codes tonight

BT gave wrong phone tap number

By Sheila Gann, Political Reporter

A SUBSCRIBER'S telephone was wrongly tapped last year because of a clerical error by British Telecom, it was disclosed yesterday.

A report by Lord Justice Lloyd into warrants for intercepting telephone calls and letters relates how a Metropolitan Police Special Branch request for a telephone tap on a terrorist suspect went wrong. British Telecom was asked to run a check to make sure it could put a bugging device on the suspect's telephone. Unfortunately it quoted the wrong telephone number.

"Even more unfortunately the clerical error was not picked up by Special Branch. So when they applied for a warrant the next day, their application referred to the wrong number," Lord Justice Lloyd said.

The Home Office checked the telephone number in the application by consulting British Telecom. They confirmed the wrong number from their records. A warrant was issued and the interception of the wrong number commenced on 14 March 1989.

He added that the mistake came to light soon through the monitoring of another "target" and the telephone tap was stopped the next day. "Fortunately there was only one call on the wrong number during the period of interception. It was not transcribed."

The trend, he said, has shifted away from issuing warrants on the grounds of counter-subversion towards interception of calls and letters to terrorist suspects.

But by far the largest number of warrants issued by the Home Secretary were connected to serious crime with 60 per cent of police warrants linked to large-scale drug trafficking.

A total of 24 per cent of police warrants covered armed robbery cases and 16 per cent involved fraud, large-scale receiving and other serious crime.

Interception of Communication Act 1985: Report of the Commissioner for 1989 (Stationery Office, £2.20)

Banknote row

Dhaka - Muslim groups have opposed a new Bangladeshi bank note with the Islamic inscription - "Allahu Akbar" (God is Great) as being against religious rules and demanded that they be withdrawn. (AFP)

TIGHTER SECURITY AT BASES ABROAD

Unarmed dog handler foils IRA bomb raid

By Michael Evans, Defence Correspondent

THE intervention by an unarmed civilian dog handler in foiling an attempt by IRA terrorists to blow up the accommodation block at Langenhagen barracks in West Germany yesterday has revealed one of the extra security measures ordered by the Ministry of Defence after attacks last summer.

A comprehensive review of security at military bases in Britain, West Germany and other foreign facilities was carried out and a special budget of £126 million, to be spent over three years, was approved. One measure was the deployment of civilian dog handlers, backed up by armed guards.

Military chiefs had been particularly concerned at the number of incidents last year when terrorists had succeeded in breaching perimeter fences at barracks in West Germany.

It was decided that patrols by armed guards should be more frequent and that every base should have dog patrols as well. Rather than turning to the Royal Army Veterinary Corps for experienced dog handlers, it was decided to contract civilian handlers.

"This was part of the MoD's policy to release trained military personnel from routine guard duties," one source said.

In yesterday's incident, the extra security at the Langenhagen barracks in Hanover was rewarded when the dog handler saw the three terrorists inside the perimeter. But because he was unarmed, he was unable to return fire when the terrorists shot at him. British military sources in West Germany emphasized that armed guards were close by but the terrorists managed to escape.

Since last year physical security arrangements at British bases in West Germany have been transformed. They include imposing new front gates and powerful lights.

Last year the review examined ways of enhancing security for bases and for individuals. Although it was realized there was little that could be done for servicemen outside their barracks, it was decided that warnings for all personnel to be vigilant should be kept up on a permanent basis. Since last year the British forces' television service in West Germany has had a regular warning programme for all 70,000 soldiers and airmen.

Yesterday's attempt by terrorists to attack another British barracks has confirmed the belief of the security authorities that, despite last year's capture of a suspected IRA active service unit in West Germany, other units are still at large on the Continent.

In the past two years, the IRA has increased its campaign against the British military in West Germany, often concentrating on accommodation blocks to attempt maximum carnage. On May 3 1988, a bomb was found by an alert guard under a car inside the huge Bielefeld base.

On July 13 1988, two IRA terrorists cut through a barbed wire fence near the sleeping quarters of 35 Squadron of the Royal Corps of Transport in Duisburg. On August 5 1988, three servicemen and one woman civilian suffered minor injuries when a bomb exploded outside the perimeter fence at the Roy barracks in Ratingen, near Düsseldorf, wrecking a store used by the 14th Topographical Squadron of the Royal Engineers.

On June 19 1989, there was an IRA bomb attack on the headquarters of 12th Armoured Brigade, 23 Engineers Regiment.

On July 2 1989, Corporal Steven Smith of the Royal Tank Regiment was killed and his wife and four children injured when a bomb exploded under their car outside their home in Hanover. On August 28 1989, the IRA planted a bomb under a sergeant's car outside his home in Hanover. He spotted the bomb, after checking under his car. On October 26 1989, RAF Corporal Maheshkumar Islamia and his baby daughter aged six months were shot dead outside a petrol station near the Wildenrath RAF base.

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TV film to be handed to Times

A JUDGE yesterday allowed film from a TV documentary, *Crimes of War*, to be handed over to the *Times* to prepare its defence in a £150,000 defamation action at Edinburgh Court of Session next month.

Mr Antony Gecas, of Edinburgh, alleges he was defamed by articles in 1987 referring to his role in a Lithuanian police battalion in the last war.

Plot denied

Mr Hajdin Sejdić, aged 38, a Yugoslavian businessman accused of being involved in a £23 million investment fraud against Britain, yesterday told the High Court in Aberdeen that he had nothing to do with the case. He said the alleged plot was "for dreamers". The trial resumes on Tuesday.

£10m hitch

A £10 million scheme to restore the centre of Bath, including work on the Georgian baths, may be delayed after the developer's parent company went into the hands of receivers. The city council is waiting to see whether Health and Leisure Holdings will be able to carry out the work.

Car sales drop

New car sales in April totalled 166,913, 12.74 per cent down on April 1989. During the first four months of this year 749,459 new cars were sold, 8.88 per cent behind the 1989 equivalent. More than half were imported, according to the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.

Woburn villagers in dispute over cobbled car park

By Ruth Gledhill

A GEORGIAN village in the heart of Bedfordshire, owned by the Bedford Estates and home to Lord Tavistock, has become embroiled in a battle over its cobbled car park.

Shopkeepers attacked the estate as "feudal" after workmen arrived at 5am yesterday morning and chained off a cobbled area. The Pitches, in Market Place, Woburn, used by visitors as a car park. The workers installed seven tubs planted with geraniums and miniature conifers on The Pitches, which have belonged to the estate since the time of Henry VIII.

Although the estate owns the freehold of the land, it is said to be part of a public highway. Bedfordshire County Council is to serve Bedford Estates with a notice under section 143 of the 1980 Highways Act requiring it to "remove the obstruction".

A 1792 map from Bedfordshire County Council's archives shows The Pitches clearly designated as part of a public highway. Photographic records show it in use as a public highway in 1830.



Lord Tavistock: Estate at heart of dispute

The Bedford Estates include Woburn and Woburn Abbey, the home of Lord Tavistock, heir to the Duke of Bedford.

Miss Tricia Sharp, who runs the Woburn General Trading Company, described the estate actions over the car park as "dictatorial". "This will affect all the shops in Woburn. There is a car park 200 yards down the road but most people do not know it is there."

The Spanish owner would like the right to reclaim the land. It was no longer needed as part of a public highway. Bedford Estates have built an asphalt car park costing more than £70,000 to provide over 150 spaces. "We have fulfilled our part of the bargain. Now we are talking for the bargain to be closed."

Bedfordshire County Council agreed that the Bedford Estates was the riparian owner.

Police fail to beat London burglars

By Quentin Cowdry, Home Affairs Correspondent

LONDON'S overall recorded crime rose by 8 per cent in the year to the end of March, suggesting that the recent upturn in the number of offences may be accelerating.

The increase, after a 5 per cent rise in 1989, includes rises of 28 per cent in recorded sexual offences, 17 per cent in assaults, 10 per cent in murders and 11 per cent in domestic burglaries. The total number of offences reported climbed by 53,900 to 770,500.

The surge was, however, partly offset by improved detective work by police who cleared up 133,300 crimes during the year, a 10 per cent increase. In 1989 the clear-up rate rose by 6 per cent.

Police are also pleased that fewer muggings and robberies were reported. The total cleared up 133,300 crimes during the year, a 10 per cent increase. In 1989 the clear-up rate rose by 6 per cent.

Police were, however, concerned about the figures for violent and sexual offences. There were 912 recorded rapes over the year, a 14 per cent rise, and 161 murders.

The overall crime rate in England and Wales rose by 4 per cent in 1989, reversing the progress made in 1988.

There is evident embarrassment, however, over the performance against burglars. In spite of the growth in neighbourhood watch schemes and intensified police efforts to deter break-ins, there were 101,900 domestic burglaries in the year to March 31. Burglaries of commercial premises rose from 49,000 to 52,500, a 7 per cent increase.

Police continue to claim that most of the increase in recorded sexual and violent offences stems from better reporting of such crimes. Commander Richard Monk, of Scotland Yard's territorial operations department, said domestic violence accounted for 15 per cent of the 32,500 assaults recorded in year.

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Experts reject global warming theory as sun shines on

By Nick Nuttall, Technology Correspondent

THE unseasonably high heatwave in Britain abated imperceptibly yesterday as temperatures across the country fell fractionally. Central London was around a degree lower at 26C with the Welsh hills recording 25C.

Meteorologists said they expected the stationary anticyclone over Britain which caused the heat wave to decay into the bank holiday.

Tomorrow will still be sunny but showers could form in the afternoon and cooler temperatures across the country will be carried into next week.

Meteorological Office staff in Bracknell did not ascribe the soaring temperatures to pollution-led global warming.

A spokesman said: "Six out of the 10 warmest years this century occurred in the 1980s. Overall there has been a half a degree rise in surface temperatures since the 1900s. Possibly this is portentous, but the figures also show a peak in the 1940s before coming up again. Trying to say what the trend really is is quite impossible at the moment."

Professor Robert Pearce, professor of meteorology at Reading University said it was unlikely a link between weather and a build up of carbon dioxide and other greenhouse gases in the atmosphere will be established within 10 years.

Dr Bob Riddaway, head of forecasting at the London Weather Centre, said several other theories have been put forward to explain the high temperatures of recent years. In the solar cycle some scientists have attempted to identify as an 11 year and 23 year pattern.

Increased activity on the sun's surface causes formation of powerful solar winds, a body of charged particles, which sails through space striking the Earth's atmosphere.

Particles could pull the atmosphere about and lead to unusual weather, some experts suggest.

The effects of frost earlier in the year are worrying farmers as much as the threat of drought and possible restrictions on water for spray irrigation (Michael Horroby writes).

Sub-zero temperatures in early April after a mild winter, caused widespread "harvest" in winter-sown wheat and barley, according to the Royal Agricultural College in Cirencester, Gloucestershire. Frost-affected cereals have been noted in many southern and central counties. Widespread frost damage to apple, pear, plum and cherry blossoms also occurred.

The winter-sown cereal crop was very forward, growing rapidly and very lush because of the warm winter and then it was hit by night-time temperatures of 8C. Mr Richard Overthrow, a regional manager at the college's Arable Research Centres, said:

"Cereal crops are very good at compensating by putting up new shoots and these should be encouraged by the hot weather, but the frost is likely to lower yields, particularly if we are in for a long spell without rain."

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Conservatives claim firm recovery of fortunes in Scotland

By Kerry Gill

PREDICTIONS of an electoral disaster for the Conservatives in Scotland have failed to materialize, leaving the party leadership delighted and claiming that Labour has passed its popularity peak.

Mr Malcolm Rifkind, Secretary of State for Scotland, and Mr Michael Forsyth, the Scottish party chairman, looked more like victors when they held their post-election media conference in Glasgow. Both said the results showed a firm recovery in Conservative fortunes and that Labour was on the slide.

These were brave words for a party which received just 19.5 per cent of the vote and was beaten into third place by the Scottish National Party, which won 21 per cent. Labour, meanwhile, took 44 per cent of the vote and retained control of Strathclyde, Fife, Central and Lothian regions.

Labour is expected to try to form administrations in Grampian and

Tayside, where in both cases it is the largest party. Overall, however, Labour lost its share of the vote compared with four years ago and slipped nine points from a popularity rating of 53 per cent in an opinion poll last month. The same poll placed the Tories at only 15 per cent.

Mr Forsyth said the Conservative campaign had been extremely successful in pointing out the advantages of the community charge against Labour's proposed property tax. He said: "Labour gained seats, but they lost the argument and they lost votes. This has made it perfectly clear that we are on our way back." He nevertheless conceded his disappointment at the Tories' performance in Grampian where the party had high hopes of a breakthrough.

It was clear that the Conservatives managed vastly to increase their vote in their natural heartlands. In areas such as the Eastwood suburb of Glasgow, and in Stirling, where Mr Forsyth is the local

MP, they defied expectations that their vote would drop. Mr Forsyth attributed those and other gains to good organization. He also announced that the Tories would set up a forum of Conservative councillors to co-ordinate policy. The party also hoped to build support in other areas where it felt it could make gains in time for the general election.

Mr Rifkind was equally bullish. Labour, he said, would be worried about the outcome. "Despite all their proud boasts, they have done far less well than they expected. We have run a vigorous, active, well-organized campaign and there has been a significant increase in our vote. We achieved this throughout Scotland at a time when the Government is going through a difficult period. That gives us encouragement."

The Scottish National Party also claimed success yesterday after increasing its share of the vote. The party received 21 per cent of the vote and the

leadership believes that is a firm base for the general election. The most significant advance was in Grampian where the SNP increased its seats from six to 14 and might now form part of a coalition administration. In Strathclyde, there was some disappointment when Mr Danny Coffey, the party's group leader, lost his Kilmarnock North seat to Labour.

The nationalists also failed to win any of the three regional seats in the Govan parliamentary constituency held by Mr Jim Sillars, although in each case the Labour majority was substantially reduced. Mr Gordon Wilson, SNP leader, said the results showed steady progress in the run-up to the next election. The nationalists, he added, had increased their share of the vote by more than any other party.

"For the third successive election we have out-polled the Tories. Two years ago, at the district elections, we were fighting against a demoralized Labour

Party cringing from a third successive general election defeat," Mr Wilson said. Labour took comfort from an increase in seats right across Scotland. Only in Tayside and Central regions did the party emerge with a net loss. Labour's sweeping victory, however, was no surprise given its overwhelming support in Lowland Scotland.

Mr Murray Elder, the Labour Party's secretary in Scotland, said he was "very satisfied" with the results, pointing particularly to Strathclyde where his party has been, and will remain, unassailable. He said: "It is the fault of the Tories if such domination by Labour is bad for democracy. They have put up an abysmal show in these elections."

Mr Donald Dewar, Labour spokesman on Scottish affairs, said he believed the party had held on handsomely. "I am very pleased. We have had some good results, especially in the Govan constituency where the nationalists thought

they would win. That is very encouraging for the general election.

"Overall, the results are very satisfactory. Look at Fife, Lothian and Strathclyde. These are amazingly good performances by the Labour Party."

Mr Malcolm Bruce, leader of the Scottish Liberal Democrats, said: "We are very pleased with the overall result. We have confounded the commentators who had predicted that we would be squeezed and suffer a net loss." The Liberal Democrats made gains in Fife, where they took four extra seats, and also in the Borders, Dumfries and Galloway, and Tayside. There was disappointment, however, in the Strathclyde seat of Inverclyde West when, after seven recounts, the party lost to Labour by one vote.

Mr Roger Winter saw victory in one of the Nairn seats on Highland Regional Council, making him Scotland's first Green Party councillor.

Party strategists all find victory in the statistics

By Robin Oakley, Political Editor

ALL parties were crowing over the local elections in the accustomed morning-after ritual, but it was Labour that had most to celebrate, with some 300 net gains.

Dr Jack Cunningham, the party's campaign co-ordinator, was able to boast that there would be twice as many Labour councillors as Conservatives in the seats that had been contested. Claiming that it was a giant stride towards victory at the next election, Dr Cunningham said: "They were the best-ever local government results for Labour. If these elections were a referendum on the poll tax, Mrs Thatcher has been given emphatic notice to quit. Labour now has a formidable political base from which to launch a successful general election campaign."

Mr Bryan Gould, the environment spokesman, said Labour was the only winner. "Defending the 1986 result, which was in itself exceptionally good, we made further advances, winning another 14 councils."

The result in Bradford meant the Tories controlled only two of the 36 "electoral battlefields" metropolitan districts. Labour was taking particular pleasure from advances in the West Midlands and in the South, where it picked up seats in such areas as Brighton, Southampton, Portsmouth, Exeter, Swindon, Bristol and Bath. Dr Cunningham said: "These are the general election battlefields and Labour is taking the high ground."

He and Mr Gould brushed aside Labour's reverses in London, saying those seats had been "bought" by the massing down of poll tax levels on a scale the Conservatives could not afford to contemplate nationally.

Labour would have won the 1987 election had it repeated the vote it achieved in the local polls in 1986 — when the

seats at stake on Thursday were last contested. But in the event the Conservatives won with a 100-plus majority. Asked why history should not repeat itself, Mr Gould argued that the 1987 result had been achieved against the background of a economic boom. This time there was no prospect that Mr John Major, the Chancellor, could engineer such an economic upswing.

Secondly, he said, the centre party Alliance had been strong in 1987, but had since withered away to create an age of two-party politics. That claim was hotly contested by Mr Paddy Ashdown, the Liberal Democrats' leader, whose party again performed better in the polling booths than on opinion pollsters' clipboards.

With the Liberal Democrats also having started from a high base line after the Alliance's capture of 293 seats in 1986, Mr Ashdown claimed that it was three-party politics that had been returned.

In 1986, the Alliance had been at 27 per cent in the opinion polls, compared with the Liberal Democrats' 6 per cent showing today, and in losing only 37 seats, the party had a "firm base" to build on. Mr Ashdown said his party's share of the vote was only three percentage points below its general election score. With around 20 per cent of the popular vote, the Democrats had done much better than the opinion poll predictions of 6 or 7 per cent. He told a press conference: "This election marks the end of the difficult post-merger period. It marks the re-establishment of three-party politics in Britain."

Clearly hoping to persuade any disillusioned remnants of Dr David Owen's SDP to join the Liberal Democrats, Mr Ashdown refused to be drawn into comment on the SDP performance. He agreed that his party had embarked on a "strategic hamlets" policy of spreading out from the re-

doubts to which it had retreated during hard times, but the nationwide appeal of 1985, 86 and 87 was not there yet.

The Green Party's vote, he argued, was below that obtained in the county council elections last year, and certainly the Greens had failed to capitalize on their performance in last year's European Parliament elections when they took 15 per cent of the vote and took third place in many constituencies.

For the Conservatives, a buoyant Mr Kenneth Baker — his personal standing as party chairman clearly enhanced after a period under fire — was able to claim success for his strategy of playing up the poll tax rather than trying to avoid the subject.

The gamble of letting the "jewel in the crown" authorities in Wandsworth, Westminster and Bradford become the focus of the campaign nationally by which the public, and the City, would judge the results, proved successful when two out of three were comfortably held.

Conservative MPs agreed yesterday that the success in Westminster and Wandsworth had reduced the pressure for radical reform of the tax and lent some weight to Mr Baker's argument that if the "jewel" authorities were held, they would have proved that the poll tax was not indefensible politically, but that it was a matter of the level at which the tax was levied.

Sir Geoffrey Howe, the Deputy Prime Minister, said the Tories had succeeded in challenging the perception that Labour was riding on the crest of a wave of popularity. The results showed they were right to stick to the basic principle of the community charge, but would see how it worked in practice and if any adjustments were needed.

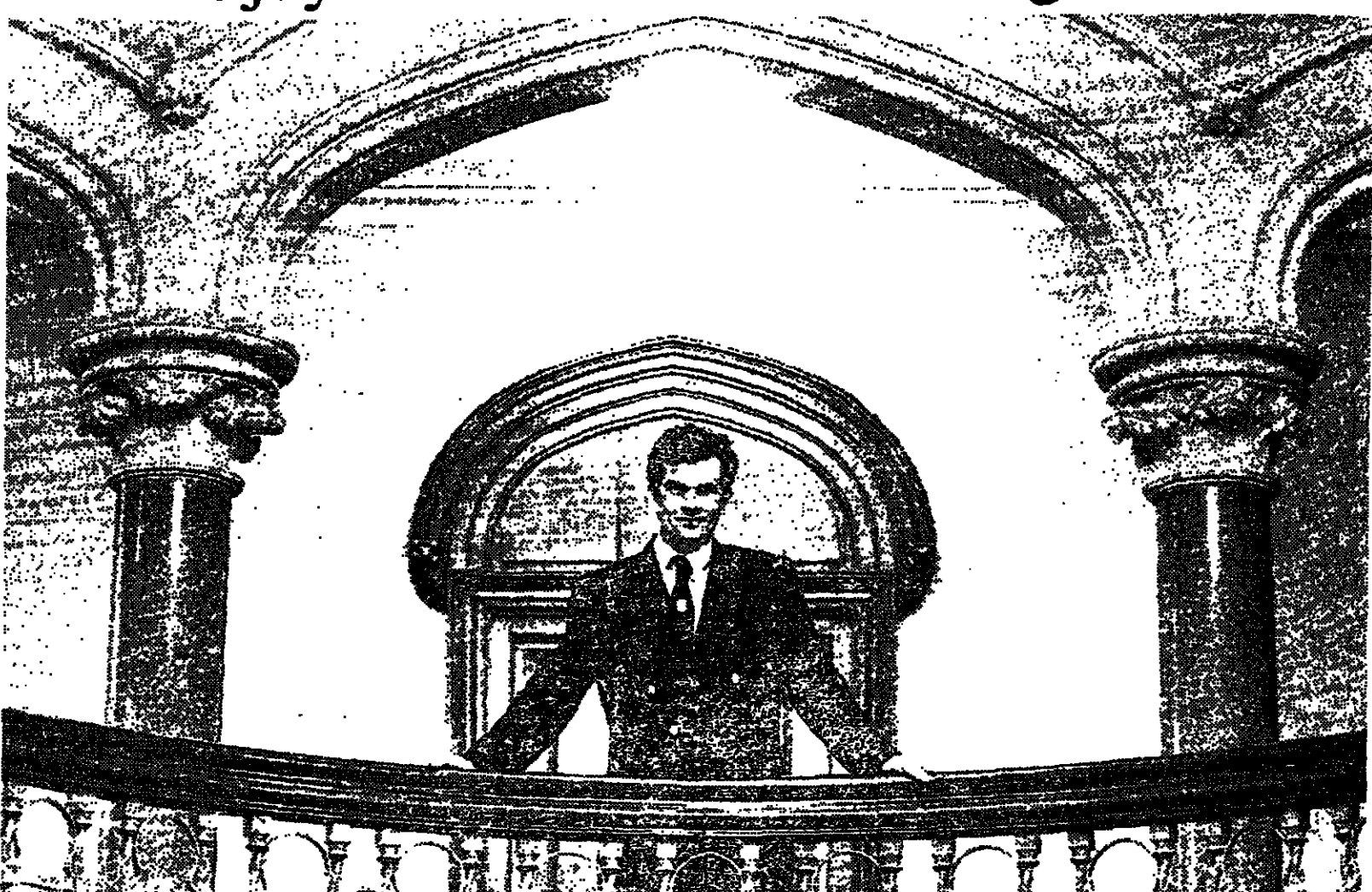
Conservatives were also taking some private satisfaction from the City's reaction to their better-than-expected performance, which they saw as a sign that deep doubts remained in those quarters about the prospect of any Labour advance to power, for all the reassurance offered on the prawn cocktail circuit by such Labour ambassadors to the financial community as Mr John Smith and Mr Gordon Brown.

The Tories were pleased to have held on to Trafford against some expectations. Pondering why they should have done better in areas such as Ealing and Hammersmith than in Lambeth, they noted that Tory candidates tended to do better where there was some local memory of a council being in Conservative hands.

Party strategists also noted that there were clearer results in unitary authorities whose spending could be clearly identified, a lesson which may bear fruit in local government legislation if they retain power at the next election.

The Conservatives will now be looking closely at forthcoming opinion polls to see if the seeming move to the Government in the last few days is continued.

Sweet joy for Tories as left's strongholds fall



Power base: Mr Martin Mallam, the new leader of Conservative-controlled Ealing, the home constituency of Mr Neil Kinnock.

By Arthur Leathley

FOR those Conservatives pointing to London election results as the most hopeful for the party, few successes can have been sweeter than those in Ealing and Brent.

The joy of wresting power away from Labour in the popularly-dubbed "loony left" Borough of Brent was matched by the glory of victory in Ealing, the home borough of Mr Neil Kinnock, the Labour leader.

It is name of Brent, however, which will strike the more familiar chord throughout Britain. The north-west London borough has become synonymous during the last four years with hard-left domination, overspending and a stream of legal wrangles with the Government.

Among the more extreme strategies which attracted constant media attention was the council's "anti-racist" policy, leading to the dismissal and subsequent reinstatement of headmistress, Mrs Maureen McGoldrick, and other teach-

ers for alleged racism.

Several million pounds of rent arrears, large grants paid to minority groups and a decision to make Nelson Mandela a freeman of the borough have all helped Brent earn the tabloid newspaper tag, "Britain's barmiest borough."

Now, after losing nine seats to the Tories and two to the Liberal Democrats, Labour's four-year reign is over. The Conservatives, however, are still three seats short of the overall majority which they expected but which has eluded them since 1971.

The balance of the new hung council now rests with the Liberal Democrats, who doubled their number of seats to six.

Mr Roger Stone, leader of the Conservative group, admitted that a hung council "could be the worst of all worlds".

He said: "That is disappointing. What Brent really needed was a firm hand to put

right all that has gone wrong under Labour during the last four years.

"We have not got that and we will have to look very closely at how we can do things without total control. In one way it could be the worst of all worlds unless there is some strong governing soon."

With 31 Conservative seats against Labour's 29, Mr Stone admits that such strength may take some time to achieve. "We may have to wait for by-elections but it will come."

In the meantime, he is anxious to retrieve the one third of Brent schoolchildren who are now now educated outside the borough — "a dreadful waste of millions of pounds".

He cites basic street cleansing services as a main priority, as well as repaying millions of pounds of debts. Mr Stone is also adamant that the £495 poll tax figure can be slashed to £100 by next year.

The Conservatives know

they will have to earn the support of the Liberal Democrats, whose leader, Mr John Hammond, said immediately that there would be no cosy pact with either large party.

In Ealing, where left-wing influence was less extreme, Tory pleasure in winning taking control was heightened by the fact that victory was achieved literally on Mr Kinnock's doorstep.

One of the 15 Ealing seats which the ruling Labour group lost to the Conservatives was in Watpole ward, where Mr Kinnock himself had voted earlier, pausing first to blame Mrs Thatcher for the effects of the poll tax.

Mr Harry Greenway, Tory MP for Ealing North, said: "So much for Neil Kinnock's influence in this borough. He has been opening this and attending that — but all to no avail."

Ealing has delivered a stunning blow to Labour, recognising Labour in its true and nasty colours, spendthrift,

wasteful and discriminatory."

The local tax became a significant issue during the campaign, with Ealing setting an above-average charge of £435.

The Conservative gains from Labour, together with two seats won from the Liberal Democrats, gave them a majority of 10 on the council, holding 40 seats to Labour's 30.

A Labour spokesman said: "Ealing has been in the throes of quite a large-scale reorganisation and decentralisation in the borough and I am told that that has had a very local borough-wide effect. Spending was cut considerably and savings made in order to contain the poll tax level."

"The council leadership does not have a particularly negative reputation but nonetheless there has been a swing against Labour in the borough, whereas just over the border each way you look the swing has been the opposite."

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Poll tax protest tips Bath result

ANGER over the poll tax cost the Tories control of Bath City Council, in the constituency of Mr Chris Patten, Secretary of State for the Environment.

Labour exploited the unpopularity of the tax and the uniform business rate to take three seats from the Conservatives and one from the Liberal Democrats. As a result the Tories have lost their seven-seat majority and the council is "hung". The Conservatives have 24 seats, Labour 11 and the Liberal Democrats 13.

Mr Jeff Higgins, Conservative mayor-elect, retained his Abbey seat but his 500-vote majority of four years ago was reduced to 142. Mr Denis Lovelace, Labour group leader, said Labour would not form a political pact with the

Liberal Democrats. Conservatives will thus retain chairmanship of all main committees.

The Tories are hoping to exploit the political differences between Labour and the Liberal Democrats to keep control of the council. Mr Brian Hamlen, Conservative leader, said he was disappointed to lose overall control but was confident Tories would remain the ruling party.

He said: "It's a similar situation to the one we were in in 1987-88 and that worked quite successfully for a year. I am sure there was an element of protest over the community charge."

Mr Lovelace, who increased his own majority in Oldfield, said his party had "done as well as we had expected."

PARLIAMENT

Jail threat to computer hackers

A private Member's Bill which makes computer hacking a criminal offence completed its passage through the Commons yesterday.

The Computer Misuse Bill, supported by the Government, allows hackers to be sentenced to five years' imprisonment for certain offences.

Moving the third reading, its sponsor, Mr Nicholas Davies (Romsey and Waterside, C) told MPs that society's increasing dependency on information technology suggested the activity would become even more widespread.

His Bill would discourage such behaviour and ensure that those who defied the law were prosecuted.

During report stage, Miss

Emma Nicholson (West Devon and Torridge, C) unsuccessfully moved amendments allowing police to obtain a warrant to search the homes of suspected hackers.

She said that the police had been struggling for a long time to combat computer-related crime with existing legislation. "Weapons are badly needed to combat this sort of new crime."

Mr Douglas Hogg, Minister for Industry, said: "We do need to be extremely careful about extending the rights of search in respect of the vast majority of radical cases." The police were able to obtain evidence in other ways.

If those who wanted stronger search powers for the police were shown to be right, the

Government would be able to come back with legislation, but it should not be done now.

It was right to make a circuit judge responsible for issuing search warrants rather than JPs. The Rights of Way Bill, which aims to help walkers in the countryside by keeping footpaths clear of crops, and the Road Traffic (Temporary Restrictions) Bill, laying down clear and uniform signposting when a road or motorway is closed temporarily, were both given an unopposed third reading.

The Marriage (Registration of Buildings) Bill which will allow marriages to take place in certain churches which form part of another building was given a second reading without debate.

Sale price for castle defended

There was significant ground for arguing that the taxpayer had secured a good price for Herstmonceux Castle, a scheduled ancient monument, when it was sold for £8.1 million, Mrs Angela Rumbold, Minister of State for Education and Science, told the Commons yesterday.

She rejected claims that it could have fetched £14 million.

She said that the Science Engineering Research Council, who made the sale after the Royal Greenwich Observatory had been moved from there to Cambridge, probably could not have done better.

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Corps of judges to be trained for children's cases

By Frances Gibb, Legal Affairs Correspondent

A HUGE training programme for about 1,000 judges was announced yesterday to prepare them for handling children's cases when the Children Act 1989 comes into force.

The unprecedented project will take the form of a series of one-day seminars around the country, introducing judges to the Act's radical approach to handling disputes involving children. The cases will range from those to determine whether or not a child should be put into local authority care to disputes between divorcing parents over custody and access.

The training, which is being organized by the Judicial Studies Board, will involve High Court and circuit judges, registrars, stipendiary and lay magistrates, and justices' clerks. Lord Justice Glidewell, chairman of the board, said yesterday that the "really interesting, if not unique" aspect of the exercise was that all ranks of the judiciary would be trained together.

Mr Justice Johnson, who is co-ordinating the programme, said it was "symbolic of the fact that, for the first time, the law which is going to be applied in deciding the future of a child will be the same, whether the case is in the magistrates' court, county court or High Court". Another unusual facet of the project is

that judges will be largely trained by non-judges. The 17 seminars will be conducted by academics, child psychiatrists, court welfare officers, and guardians *ad litem* (the senior social workers appointed to represent a child's interests).

The programme will create an unprecedented corps of specialist judges to handle children's cases under the Act, which is expected to come into force in October, 1991. About 225 circuit judges (just over half the total) will take part in the "roadshows" this year, after which 100 of them will be selected for the second phase of the programme. This will involve a series of three-day residential courses to train them to be the specialist judges in children's cases.

Mr Justice Johnson, who chairs the programme's steering committee with Lord Justice Butler-Sloss, said the Act would mean "a fundamental change in what people like myself have been doing for the past 30 years". He said the present law on children's cases was often "bizarre" and produced "unfair results".

If parents wanted to challenge a magistrates' decision to have a child taken into local authority care, the appeal was not considered by a family judge, but by a crown court judge who normally heard criminal cases. Again, Mr Justice Johnson said, if par-

ents wanted to appeal against a refusal by magistrates to discharge a care order, the case went to the crown court.

If, at the same time, parents appealed against the magistrates' refusal to grant them access to the child, the case would be heard by a judge of the High Court family division. These anomalies, he said, would "all now be swept away".

In private disputes between divorcing couples, the attitude of "who gets custody and who access" would disappear. "The whole emphasis now is on parents having joint responsibility. They had it when the child was born and they will continue to have it during childhood."

The first seminar takes place in London on May 21 and will be attended by about 50 judges. Courses will also be held in Newcastle, Leeds, Manchester and Cardiff. They will be chaired by a leading judge from the High Court family division such as Sir Stephen Brown, the president, Lord Justice Butler-Sloss, Mr Justice Ewbank or Mr Justice Johnson.

The Judicial Studies Board's budget has been increased from £1 million to £1.5 million this year, to allow for the project and other courses to train judges in civil work and to train tribunal chairmen.

Wallaby takes to life in a bag

ANDREW BOURNE



Going places: "Alice Springs", a young Bennett's or red-necked wallaby, takes a look at her surroundings at Linton Zoo, Cambridge, from her new home — a handbag. The keepers at the zoo decided to use the handbag as a surrogate pouch when the wallaby was rejected by her immature and inexperienced mother soon after birth.

Life for holiday cottage arsonist

A MAN who burnt down a Borders holiday home cottage within hours of being released from a 12-year jail sentence, was jailed for life at the High Court in Edinburgh yesterday.

The court was told that William Simpson's previous convictions included 12 years for culpable homicide, eight years for serious assault, and 12 years in 1982 for wilful fire-raising, attempted murder and assault.

Yesterday, Simpson, aged 54, who has no home address, admitted breaking into the cottage in Jedburgh on March 7 and wilfully setting fire to and destroying the house. The £55,000 house was the holiday home of a retired woman from Northumberland and was unoccupied at the time.

Judge Lord Ross, the Lord Justice Clerk, told Simpson that, whatever his motives, he was a menace and the public had to be protected. He added: "You, yourself, suggested to the psychiatrist that you rather hoped you might get a life sentence. I have come to the conclusion it is the appropriate sentence."

The court was told that just before his release from Saughton Prison, Edinburgh, on March 7, Simpson had told a social worker that when he got out he was going to burn down a Borders holiday home to get back into jail. Simpson had been found to be sane and fit to plead, but was suffering from an abnormal personality.

MOTOR INDUSTRY PAY

Unsocial hours sank Rover deal

By Craig Seton

WORKERS at Rover's biggest plant said yesterday that they had rejected a radical new working agreement that union leaders said would be the best in the British motor industry because of the unsocial hours involved.

The workforce at Longbridge, Birmingham, cited the proposed long shifts and loss of regular free weekends as reasons why they voted against the deal.

The package, rejected by a seven to five majority, would have created an extra 1,200 jobs, cut the working week by two hours to 37 hours and introduced shifts for 24-hour working at Longbridge, which employs 13,000 blue collar workers.

For most, round-the-clock working would have operated on a five-day basis, but for 1,500 workers in the engine plant, seven-day production was to be introduced to increase output of the "K" series engine for the new Rover 200, 400 and Metro models.

Much of the opposition to the deal seemed yesterday to have been in the engine plant, where employees were offered a 35-day cycle of 18 shifts, with seven-day and five-day periods off and free weekends of two and three days. However, it would have involved longer shifts of 10½ hours and two shifts on a working week of 12 hours each.

The deal had been recommended by national union officials and the plant's works committee, although there had been strong opposition from shop stewards. Rover is resuming talks with union leaders to try to rescue the package and in the meantime the recruitment of extra workers is being delayed.

The company is also launching a campaign to win over doubters and hopes there will be a new ballot.

Workers arriving at Longbridge yesterday were divided. Mr Dave Badger, aged 27, a trimmer, said he voted against the proposals. "It

would have cocked up my social life. At the moment I work two weeks on days and then two weeks on nights. I want permanent days, but there is no chance of that."

Mr Badger, who has worked on Mini and Metro cars for two years, added: "It is bad enough working nights now. I live with my girlfriend and we hardly see each other because she works days. I am told we would have been better off financially under the new shifts, but even if we were offered more money, I would not change my mind. You would lose your weekends and social life."

However, Mr Andrew Taylor, aged 19, a production worker, voted for the deal, which would have given him more leisure time. He said: "It would have been good for me because I would get a lot of time at home. I work 10½ hours when I am on nights. Some people are just too stubborn to change."

Mr Clive Fuller, aged 24, a hot test worker, said he voted against. "The hours were unsocial. At the moment I can get out at night and I get longer weekends."

Mr Terry Lane, a Rover worker for 35 years, who works in the machine shop, said: "I did not like the long hours attached to it. There was no extra money on the table for working the extra shift patterns and it would have upset my weekends. We like our weekends. I like things as they are."

Mr John Russell, aged 44, an electronics worker in the engine plant, voted for the deal. He said: "It would have meant not working the Friday night. That is the killer at the moment because it spoils the weekend to work three Fridays out of five."

Mr Trevor Clarke, aged 42, a basic services worker, was in favour. "There would have been more time off. I think the others would have got used to it and enjoyed it. I think they have missed out."

Licences dispute

Two of Britain's most sensitive coastal wildlife areas are being licensed for offshore oil and gas exploration against the advice of the Nature Conservancy Council, the Government's own wildlife advisory body (Michael McCarthy writes).

Last night the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds attacked the decision to grant licences for the waters around Flamborough Head, Humberside, and the Lleyn Peninsula, Gwynedd, as "spectacularly cavalier". They were announced by Mr Peter Morrison, Minister of State for Energy, as part of the twelfth offshore licensing round.

The Queen won £5 when her racing pigeon beat 134 birds in an 89-mile race from Beverley, Humberside, to Sandringham, Norfolk. She paid 10p to enter.

A stick of seaside rock was buried with clothes and newspapers in a time capsule beneath a shopping mall in Weston-super-Mare, Avon, to be opened in 2190.

A £13 factory built by the Gates Rubber Company to manufacture power transmission belts was opened in Dumfries by Mr Ian Lang, Minister of State for Scotland.

Simon Parry, the property developer, appeared at Horseferry Road Magistrates' Court, London, accused of handling £16 million from the 1983 Brink's-Mat robbery. He stays in custody until his trial.

Minis offer cash to mental

THE Government is offering a cash incentive to help mental health nurses to leave the profession and enter the private sector.

A Government spokesman said the offer was part of a package of measures to help mental health services cope with a shortage of staff.

The spokesman said the offer was a "one-off" payment of £10,000 to mental health nurses who leave the profession by the end of 1991.

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Benefits plea for young homeless

YOUNG people who are not getting on with their parents and are homeless should be able to claim benefits, a campaigner has said.

High level of homelessness among young people is being tackled by the Department of Social Security, a spokesman said.

Young people who are forced to live on the streets should be able to claim benefits, a campaigner has said. The spokesman said the offer was a "one-off" payment of £10,000 to mental health nurses who leave the profession by the end of 1991.

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Comm gets 20

A FAILED businessman regularly travelled between London and Scotland, where he was involved in a series of armed robberies on the railways, a court has heard.

John Benedict, 41, of Leith, Scotland, was charged with 15 robberies between 1981 and 1983. He was also charged with 15 robberies between 1981 and 1983.

He would tell her he was going away on business. When he stepped off the train, however, he was carrying a "cool" robber who had been captured for 27 months. At that time, he carried armed raids, escaping more than £45,000.

When in London, he was with his mother in the west London. After he was caught, the train was his unwitting lover. He was told.

15 robberies, three attempted robberies, and five firearms offences, mostly in London, between August 1981 and November 1983, he was finally caught after Sergeant Cymon Hill spoke for help on the television programme Crime Watch.

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Minister to offer extra cash to help mentally ill

By Jill Sherman, Social Services Correspondent

THE Government is to announce a series of initiatives over the next few weeks to help mentally ill people live in the community. In addition, measures to support mentally handicapped people are expected to be launched later this year.

A consultation paper to be published by the Department of Health will recommend that personal social services should get direct access to central funds earmarked for the social care of mentally ill people after the implementation of the community care reforms next April.

The paper will propose that the 93 social services departments in England and Wales should draw directly from a special mental illness grant held by the Department of Health, provided that health authorities approve their plans. The money will be used to provide social care, including help at home, or accommodation, for people who have been discharged from psychiatric hospitals or those who have never been admitted but need extra support to live in the community.

"Health authorities will not have access to the money, but they will have responsibility to agree plans," Mr Roger Freeman, the former Under Secretary of State at the Department of Health, said as he moved to the Department of Transport in the reshuffle. He admitted that the

money would be "on a modest scale", likely to be under £100 million, although the sum will not be finalized until this year's public expenditure round. Social services departments now spend only 3 per cent of their budget on the mentally ill.

However, he gave an assurance that the grant would be extra money from the taxpayer and would not be a redistribution of existing cash allocated to health authorities. He also gave a commitment that the money, which would be allocated under a formula still to be finalized but related to capitation, would be recurrent.

The proposed move is a significant departure from the White Paper on the community care reforms which suggested that an earmarked grant should be payable through regional health authorities to local authorities.

Social service bodies and organizations representing the mentally ill have consistently argued that this gave no guarantee that health authorities would release the funds. It was also feared that some of the extra funds would be in the form of one-off grants rather than recurrent money.

The new money will be given to programmes agreed with health authorities such as day centres, workshop training, residential accommodation or extra staffing. The Government is also expected to announce this month details of a £50 million capital loan fund which will provide bridging help to health authorities which want to build up services in the community before closing down large institutions.

At the moment many districts are unable to close hospitals because they cannot afford alternative community facilities for the patient. Fifty thousand people who are mentally ill and 30,000 mentally handicapped people are still in long-stay institutions.

Earlier this year the Government asked for bids for the loans which were to be spread over three years but the scheme has already been over-subscribed by five times, Mr Freeman said. "We have another four weeks to finalize the details but there will be only one or two dozen successful bids."

A third initiative will be announced to help the estimated 500 to 1,000 homeless mentally ill in central London. Mr Freeman said there was an urgent need for special purpose hostels for people suffering from mental illness. The hostels would not be open access but have a referral mechanism from voluntary agencies, the police, GPs or health authorities.

The Government is also expected to announce improvements to the dowry mechanism whereby health authorities give lump-sum payments to social services departments when they discharge mentally handicapped people from hospital. Mr Freeman added that a package of initiatives to help the mentally handicapped would be launched in the autumn which could include help to enable these people to get jobs.

Benefits plea for young homeless

YOUNG people found begging or sleeping rough should not be treated as criminals, a children's charity said yesterday.

High levels of homelessness among the young could only be overcome through a flexible and adequate benefits system and extra money for housing authorities, a report from the National Children's Home said.

Young people "who through no fault of their own are forced to beg or sleep on the streets" could be prosecuted under the Vagrancy Act, the report noted. "This law is out of date - homeless people should be offered advice, support and help instead of being fined or sent to jail," it said.

The report, *Children in Danger 1990*, a mass of statistics compiled from surveys published in the past year, also indicated that the gap between rich and poor continued to grow.

Mr Tom White, social work director, said in the report's foreword: "One-parent families and families caring for children with disabilities have not only substantially lower financial resources, but they also suffer from the lack of support networks and structures such as day care."

The NCH Factfile, *Children in Danger 1990* (NCH, 85 Highbury Park, London N5 1UD, £2.50).

Commuter robber gets 20 years' jail

A FAILED businessman who regularly travelled from a remote Scottish farmhouse to London where he carried out armed robberies on banks and building societies, was jailed for 20 years by the Central Criminal Court yesterday.

John Benedict Simpson, aged 41, of Leitholm, Borders, turned to crime because he did not have the courage to tell the woman he lived with that his building and decorating business was £29,000 in debt and facing bankruptcy, the court was told.

He would tell her that he was going away on business. When he stepped off the train, however, he became the "cool" robber who evaded capture for 27 months. During that time, he carried out 18 armed raids, escaping with more than £45,000.

When in London, he stayed with his mother in Northolt, west London. After each raid, he caught the train home to his unwitting lover, the court was told.

Simpson pleaded guilty to 15 robberies, three attempted robberies, and firearm offences, mostly in west London, between August 1987 and November of last year. He was finally caught after Det Sergeant Glynn Hill appealed for help on the television *Monthlv*

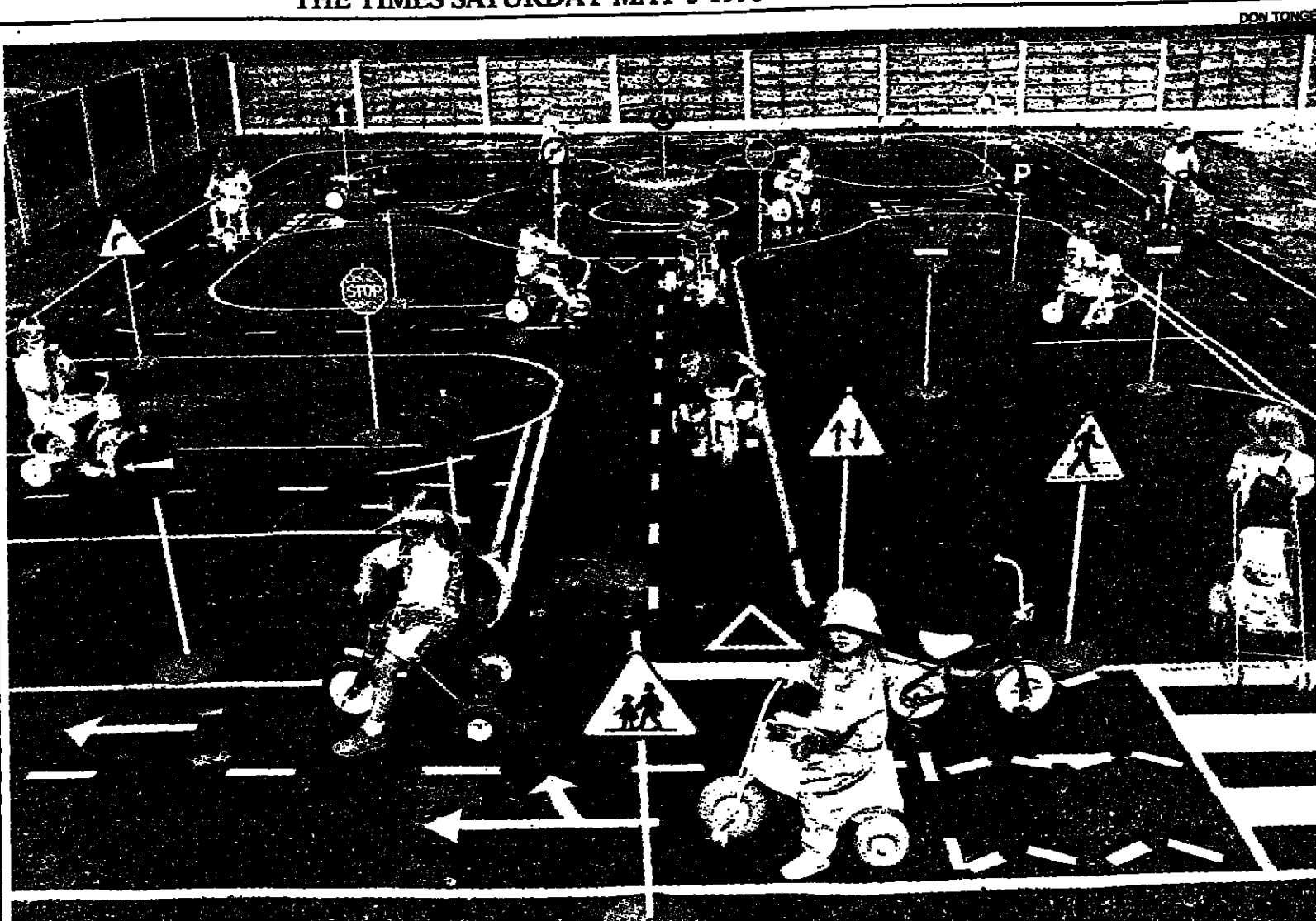
last November. Within five days, as a result of information from viewers, Simpson was arrested. An earlier appeal for assistance on the *Crimewatch UK* in December 1988 failed to give police any leads.

In fact, the police had many excellent witness statements giving detailed descriptions of the robber. They also had security camera pictures of him on six of the raids. However, because he caught the train back to Scotland each time, detectives began to feel they were looking for a "will o' the wisp".

Mrs Rebecca Poulet, for the prosecution, said that Simpson made the home of his 80-year-old mother his crime headquarters, but she had no idea of her son's activities.

"The robberies were well executed and in a very cool manner," Mrs Poulet said. "He was also in disguise and alone." His total haul amounted to £45,832, all of which he spent on living and travelling expenses, she said.

Sentencing Simpson, Sir James Miskin, QC, the Recorder of London, told him: "I give you credit for your pleas of guilty and your previously hard working life. But these were appalling offences and disgusting and frightening pieces of behaviour."



Road sense: Children at a play school in Tyldesley, Greater Manchester, learning road safety skills yesterday on a specially-built 500ft tarmac circuit created by Mrs Carol Reilly,

the school's owner. The circuit has a zebra crossing, a roundabout and most of the more common road signs, as well as its own policeman and lollipop lady. A one-way system and, almost

obligatory these days, a road works scheme, are being planned. Mrs Reilly, aged 32, said: "Most tots are taught to ride their bikes in the garden, but not many of them are

taught road sense. So we decided to build a track of our own and teach them ourselves." Practical tuition on the circuit is reinforced by lectures from road safety experts.

Changes urged on public schools

By Douglas Broom Education Reporter

INDEPENDENT schools were yesterday urged to swallow their fears about the National Curriculum and adopt it in full at the same time as the state sector.

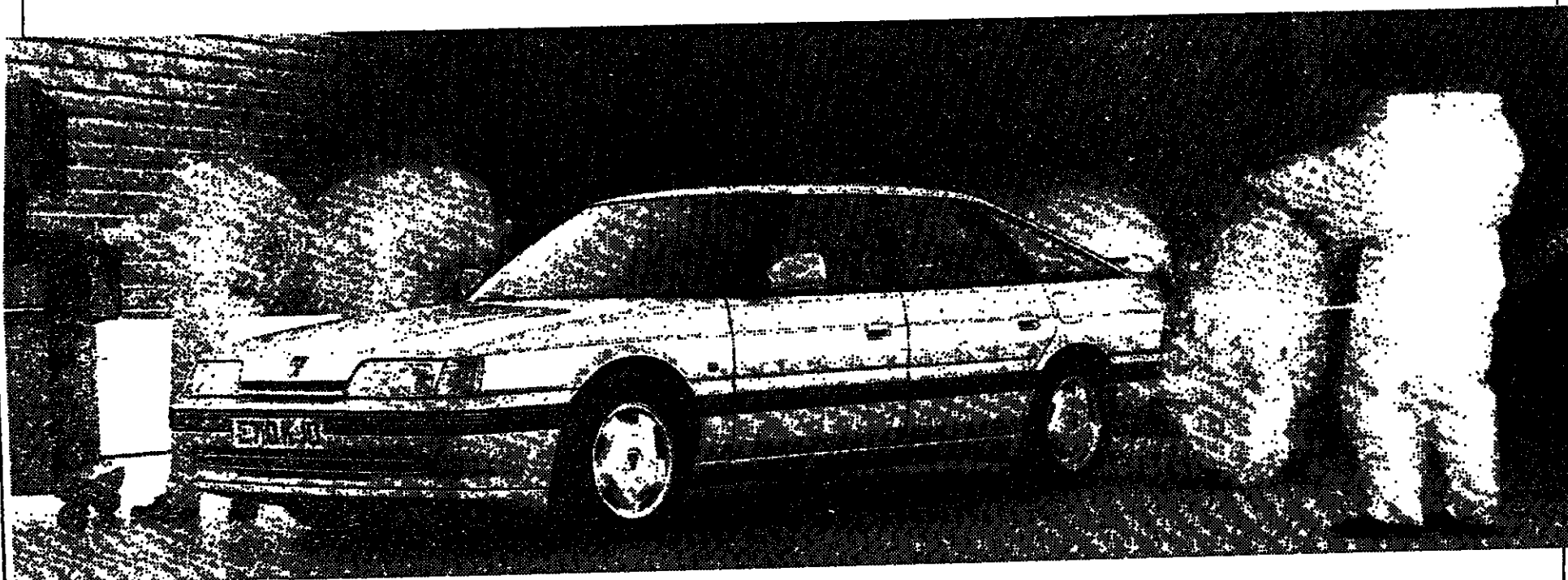
Dr Arthur Hearnden, general secretary of the Independent Schools Joint Council, said the public schools could not afford to ignore the changes.

Addressing 200 independent school heads at the annual conference of the Common Entrance Board in London, Dr Hearnden predicted that even common entrance would come to reflect the style of the new curriculum.

Many independent schools have said they are willing to adopt the National Curriculum programmes of study for the three core and seven foundation subjects. Dr Hearnden urged them to go further and agree to use the Standard Assessment Tasks (SATs) which will test the progress of state sector pupils.

Six independent schools were already taking part in national trials of the SATs and pupils had greeted them enthusiastically, he said.

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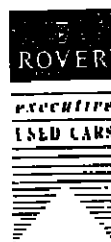
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Moscow moves 2,000 tanks out of treaty range

From Andrew McEwen, Mons, Belgium

THE Soviet Union has saved 2,000 of its tanks from being destroyed under an East-West conventional forces treaty by moving them behind the Ural mountains, out of the treaty's scope, a Nato military official said yesterday.

In a separate development, apparently unrelated to the treaty, it has also increased its artillery weapons in East Germany by 15 per cent.

Under the Conventional Forces in Europe treaty, which is now being negotiated in Vienna, the number of tanks kept in the central European area between the Atlantic and the Urals by Warsaw Pact and Nato forces will be limited. Each side will be limited to 20,000 tanks, which means the

Soviet Union will have to destroy more than 30,000 tanks, compared with about 4,000 by Nato.

However, only those tanks exceeding the agreed limit and inside the treaty area will have to be destroyed. Moscow has used the recent departure of some of its tanks from Czechoslovakia, Hungary and East Germany to show its commitment to a more peaceful era.

The Nato information suggests that many of the tanks have been pulled back far beyond the western part of the Soviet Union, in which they would have remained vulnerable to the treaty. General Sir Brian Kenny, Deputy Supreme Allied Commander in

Europe, said yesterday that he had heard reports about the Soviet move, although he did not have independent confirmation.

"It is of serious concern if they are starting to move out some of their equipment before a CFE treaty is signed," he said. "The agreement does not include forces east of the Urals."

The withdrawal is not a violation of any international agreement, and there is nothing to stop Nato copying it by moving some of its own tanks back across the Atlantic.

However, Nato has less to gain because any tanks withdrawn would have to be stored 3,000 miles away, in the United States. In an emergency it would take the US far longer than the Soviet Union to bring back its reserves into central Europe.

The treaty will involve the destruction of far fewer Nato tanks than Warsaw Pact tanks, because the Pact has always had a large superiority in this area of armaments.

The motives for the Soviet increase in artillery strength in East Germany are less clear. According to the source, the Group of Soviet Forces Germany increased its total "artillery tubes" — meaning barrels and some kinds of launchers — by 15 per cent between December 1988 and last month.

This is not seen as a sign of bad faith or aggressive intentions on Moscow's part, but has served as a reminder that the threat has not entirely disappeared.

General Kenny said that to speak of a threat was now "a rather emotional concept", and the Soviet Union should be seen more as "a potential adversary". But he added: "They still have 130 divisions, and 70 of those could be converted into the central region."

It is still not clear how far Moscow will go in making a reality of the "defensive defence" concept. General Kenny said "I see an enormous offensive potential capability."

The disintegration of the Warsaw Pact has prompted Nato to consider setting up its own forces. It has been assumed that the military would be against it on cost and efficiency grounds. However, it was disclosed yesterday that a Nato military report recommends that the decision should be seen as entirely a political matter.

It is understood that it sets out the advantages and disadvantages but makes it clear the military would be willing to work with more multinational units. General Kenny predicted that more would indeed be set up and said there would be some advantages.



MRS Thatcher and President Mitterrand of France, enjoying the sunshine yesterday at Waddesdon Manor, near Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, when they agreed to increase co-operation on defence and security in Europe, including the nuclear field. The Prime Minister said: "We feel we should co-operate more closely on security and defence matters ... in every possible way. We

must draw up a programme of enhanced co-operation" (Our Foreign Staff writes). Mitterrand said at a joint press conference: "We have decided to co-ordinate our co-operation on all these matters that relate to security in Europe. Nothing is precluded." The two leaders said the proposal was in line with efforts to increase the role of European members in Nato. They also hailed the

decision by President Bush on Thursday to stop the modernization of short-range nuclear missiles installed in Europe. Both reaffirmed their support for President Gorbachov in the face of serious internal difficulties with his economic and political reform programmes. It was announced that Mitterrand is to go to Moscow on May 25 for talks with President Gorbachov.

Britain ready to abolish visas

From Michael Binyon, Brussels

BRITAIN will announce on Monday that it will unilaterally abolish visas for East Germans if the other European Community countries do not all agree to the same move together.

Britain believes it no longer makes any sense to demand visas, as any East German can now go across to West Germany and get a West German passport.

Lifting visas for all East European countries will be discussed by European Community foreign ministers here on Monday. But despite strong calls for a relaxation from the emerging East European democracies, the Twelve are balking at any swift removal of visas for all countries this side of the Soviet Union.

There are real fears still in Britain, and in several other EC members, that thousands of Poles with relatives in the West would try to settle. Without visas their illegal immigration could not easily be checked. There are also lingering security fears that communist agents from Bulgaria and Romania may still be active and take advantage of easier travel to infiltrate themselves in the West.

The EC wants a unified approach. Already most countries, including Britain, have significantly eased visa requirements, especially for businessmen and students. But whereas it takes only about an hour to get a visa on the spot when arriving at Budapest airport, Hungarians wanting to travel to Britain have to apply up to two weeks in advance for a visa.

Italy has already abolished visa requirements for Hungary and Czechoslovakia. But in pushing the EC to do the same, Italy has actually slowed down a relaxation, by linking agreement to drop visas for East Germans to a similar relaxation by all EC members for Hungary and Czechoslovakia.

The question of visas for East Germans was the main stumbling block holding up agreement last year by five founder members of the Community — France, Germany and the Benelux nations — to remove all internal borders between them. This treaty will now be signed within the next few weeks, following a joint agreement last week to lift visas for East Germans.

The five, called the Schengen group after the Luxembourg town where the idea was mooted in 1985, were on the point of signing a treaty in December, but talks broke down at the last minute over the prospect of a flood of East German immigrants. The Dutch also were worried by the stricter laws the other four countries had on political asylum, which threatened to divert all refugees to the Netherlands.

The use of Luxembourg as a tax haven was another irritant to its neighbours. And there were general worries that too little thought had been given to the effect abolition of frontiers would have on drugs, terrorism, gun laws, extradition and hot pursuit by police forces.

All these questions have now been settled. The Schengen treaty is seen as a vital precursor of a frontier-free Europe, one of the most controversial issues still to be settled in the 1992 single market programme.

Britain still has strong objections to removing all frontier controls, and wants residual rights to check for drugs, terrorists and animal health violations at entry points. Britain argues that it has a natural advantage as an island in enforcing such checks more cheaply than on the continent. Similar sentiments have been expressed in Ireland.

● EAST BERLIN: West Germans will be able to enter formerly communist East Germany with just their personal identity cards from June 1, the government said yesterday (Reuters reports). Previously they needed passports.

Focus on German military status

From Ian Murray, Bonn

THE military status of a united Germany will dominate the "two plus four" talks, the first real negotiations leading to the country's reunification, that open here today.

Essentially, the task of the foreign ministers of the four victorious Second World War allies and their counterparts from the two Germanies is to find a way in which the Soviet Union can come to terms with a united Germany's membership of Nato.

Mr Eduard Shevardnadze, the Soviet Foreign Minister, seems as anxious as anyone to find a formula. He arrived here yesterday morning hinting at a compromise on the format Soviet position that a united Germany must be neutral. "We are going to talk seriously. An historical process is beginning."

At the same time, Mr Shevardnadze elaborated on the Soviet opposition to the unified country belonging to Nato. "For such a giant to belong to one bloc, one alliance, will not create conditions for stability," he said: a united country must contribute to peace and stability in Europe.

Herr Hans-Dietrich Genscher, the West German minister who will chair today's meeting, is seeking to put together a package of reassuring commitments that would persuade the Soviets that Germany would be a greater force for stability within Nato than as an unattached, neutral power. The blueprint for such a strategy was mapped out by President Bush in a speech in Oklahoma yesterday. Herr Genscher has applauded its main elements, including an enhanced role for the 35-nation Conference on Security and Co-operation in Europe.

an end to plans to update short-range nuclear weapons, along with negotiations to cut the existing numbers, and an early Nato summit to plan more conventional arms reductions.

In preparation for today's meeting, Herr Genscher had bilateral sessions yesterday with Mr Shevardnadze, with Mr James Baker, the American Secretary of State, and with Herr Markus Meckel, the East German Foreign Minister. He is to see Mr Douglas Hurd, the Foreign Secretary, and Mr Roland Dumas, the French Foreign Minister, over breakfast today before the round table meeting gets under way. All save the Soviets, have already said that a united Germany must be in Nato.

In his meeting with Mr Shevardnadze, Herr Genscher emphasized that the question of Nato membership was not negotiable. Herr Genscher was able to point to President Bush's speech as evidence that Nato was preparing to change its posture and even its character. Herr Genscher's closest advisers say he believes that a changing, uniting Europe must be reflected by a new co-operative security structure, and that it is only by persuading the Soviets of this that they will be prepared to accept Germany in Nato.

As part of the process of partially "demilitarising" Nato, he will be pressing for a second round of conventional arms reductions talks in Vienna. He will also be seeking to build up the Conference on Security and Co-operation in Europe to include a conflict management centre and an arms verification centre.

Moment of truth, page 12

Soviet general says united nation should join Nato

By Michael Evans, Defence Correspondent

A SENIOR Soviet officer apparently close to President Gorbachov said yesterday that a reunified Germany should be a member of the Nato alliance in the interests of European security.

Major-General Geli Batenin, a military adviser to the Communist Party's Central Committee, also rejected the proposal put forward by Mr Eduard Shevardnadze, the Soviet Foreign Minister, for Germany to be a member of both Nato and the Warsaw Pact. He described the idea as pointless, since the Warsaw Pact had no future as an alliance.

The remarks, which run counter to all the most recent statements put out by Mr Gorbachov and Mr Shevardnadze, appear in an article written by the general in the *Berliner Zeitung*, an East German daily newspaper.

East and West Germany begin talks in Bonn today with the four Second World

War Allied powers to work out the security status of a greater German state.

General Batenin also echoed Nato's position by dismissing the official Soviet view that a reunified Germany should be neutral. "A neutral or non-aligned Ger-

many can scarcely correspond to the interests of European security," he wrote. "The concentrated, powerful military-economic potential of a united Germany in Central Europe would alarm neighbours stripped of the possibility to bind Germany in a security system."

The best option was the incorporation of Germany into "the political organization of Nato."

General Batenin's article indicates that there may be strong dissension inside the Soviet political and military hierarchy over the whole issue of German reunification.

On the idea for joint alliance membership, the general said: "Double membership would be sensible only if the Warsaw Pact had good prospects. In the face of the new (non-communist) governments in East European states, there is no hope of that." He added: "The ideological basis of the Pact has been destroyed."

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From Mary Dejevsky, Moscow

STATEMENTS by two senior officials blaming "individual extremists" for the protests against the Soviet Government yesterday broke three days' of Communist Party silence about the May Day demonstration in Moscow. Only *Izvestia* had previously admitted that President Gorbachov and his party left Red Square early when the crowd began chanting anti-party and anti-Politburo slogans.

Mr Aleksandr Yakovlev, who is a member of the Politburo and the Presidential Council and is regarded as Mr Gorbachov's closest confidant, told disbelieving journalists that the people shouting slogans against the regime on May Day had been a small minority of "ultra-reactionaries and extreme conservatives" whose views proceeded from the old "slavish passivity of the people and hatred of democracy."

Mr Yakovlev's meeting with the Soviet and foreign press had been planned long before the politically embarrassing events of May Day, but he arrived well prepared for the predictable questions and delivered what was clearly an agreed statement. As he revealed, "the question of the May Day events is being actively discussed."

Mr Yakovlev said that from the top of Lenin's Tomb, where he had stood with the official party, the demonstration by informal groups looked like a "crowd of ruffians at a traditional old Russian street fair". He said the slogans were "unjust and insulting" and would have been thought "inflammatory in any country."

The official party, he said, had decided to leave the reviewing stand "for political reasons because we did not agree with those ultra-right and conservative positions represented by those on the square". He recommended that people should learn the lesson of the demonstration, be on their guard and realize the danger of such phenomena. The extremists, he said, showed "the past we are trying to escape".

The second party comment on the demonstration came in *Pravda*, which had not until yesterday reported details of the protest or the premature departure of Mr Gorbachov. The paper printed an interview with Mr Yuri Prokofyev,

the First Secretary of the Moscow city party organization, accompanied by pictures of fist-waving youths and a banner which read: "The party of Lenin, get out of the way!"

Pravda's original silence on the subject of the Moscow demonstration was privately criticized by a number of its senior journalists and it may not be coincidental that the main news headline on yesterday's front page — relating to the official "Day of the press" today — said: "What have we not written about?" In Russian, the formulation is ambiguous and it can mean just as well: "What we did not write about."

Mr Prokofyev told the paper that the city authorities had initially tried to separate the first, trade-union-sponsored demonstration in Red Square from the second, more spontaneous one in the city. The Council of Ministers, however, had made the counter-proposal that the second demonstration should follow the first on Red Square because May Day should be a day of unity, not division.

Mr Prokofyev said he had hoped that the demonstrators would understand the respon-

sibility required by the occasion and not allow their feelings to run away with them. Unfortunately, "the splendidly successful May Day was spoiled by a genuine provocation". Among the 25,000 or so crowd had been "a group of maliciously inclined people" and there had been "slogans that were insulting beyond the bounds of decency which smeared the leaders of the country, the party and the President, coarse shouting verging on swearing and whistles". He emphasized repeatedly, however, that there had been no threat to law and order.

He went on: "The aim of these people was quite clear; they wanted to spoil the holiday, poison it with confrontation and schism and aggravate an already complex situation in the capital. Those (in the official parties) gathered on Red Square viewed this disgraceful spectacle with distress and anger."

Differing slightly from Mr Yakovlev in the political direction of those he believed most to blame, Mr Prokofyev said: "This destructive tendency harbours both extreme left radicals and extreme right

conservatives who understand that the success of *perestroika* will ruin their political ambitions."

The new version of Moscow's 1990 May Day — which will doubtless become the new orthodoxy to be reproduced by every official spokesman and publication in the next few weeks — has converted what was a mass anti-regime protest into the action of a small minority of extremists from both ends of the political spectrum.

Mr Yakovlev's outspoken condemnation of the extreme right suggests that the leadership might try to use what was a predominantly radical gathering of people who wanted to do away with the party establishment and get on with economic reform as a pretext for moving against the extreme right. If this means groups like the monarchists, anarchists and so on, very few people will be affected.

But, if it means that the upper echelons of the party will try to blame the Moscow demonstration on the party conservatives, then President Gorbachov might soon signal a new policy shift towards reform.

Kremlin adviser rules out talks with independent Lithuania

From Our Own Correspondent, Moscow

ONE of President Gorbachov's closest advisers said yesterday that Moscow was not trying to keep Lithuania in the Soviet Union by force but simply wanted the republic to seek independence within the framework of the Soviet Constitution.

Mr Aleksandr Yakovlev, a member of the Politburo, and Central Committee Secretary, was speaking to journalists at a pre-arranged meeting in Moscow.

Questioned closely about whether Moscow wanted Lithuania to rescind its March 11 declaration of independence, or whether "freezing" or "suspending" either the declaration or the legislation that proceeded from it would be a sufficient basis for talks to begin, Mr Yakovlev refused to commit himself.

He insisted, however, that so long as Lithuania said that it was an independent state there could be no talks with Moscow. An independence declaration, he said, had to

come at the end of talks, as the result of negotiations, not before they had begun. Until Lithuania accepted that, he said, there was nothing to talk about.

Mr Yakovlev's remarks indicated that the underlying obstacle to talks with Lithuania from Moscow's point of view is less the small print of any concessions than an attitude of mind.

The Soviet leadership wants the breakaway Lithuanian government to accept — and the form of words is probably secondary — that it must operate according to the Soviet Constitution and within Soviet laws.

This is despite the fact that the Soviet Constitution is still awaiting further amendment on relations between the republics, and despite the fact that, at the time that the Lithuanians declared their republic independent, there was no law on secession to comply with.

lev denied that there had been any show of strength by the military on February 25. He said the first he had heard of such rumours was from foreign reports yesterday.

He said that there had been no threat or *démarche* against President Gorbachov from the military.

Britain still has strong objections to removing all frontier controls, and wants residual rights to check for drugs, terrorists and animal health violations at entry points. Britain argues that it has a natural advantage as an island in enforcing such checks more cheaply than on the continent. Similar sentiments have been expressed in Ireland.

● EAST BERLIN: West Germans will be able to enter formerly communist East Germany with just their personal identity cards from June 1, the government said yesterday (Reuters reports). Previously they needed passports.

● THREAT DENIED: Mr Yakovlev denied that there had been any show of strength by Army



Mr Yakovlev: Denied any show of strength by Army

Embittered Latvians grasp at final chance to salvage their identity

From Anatol Lieven, Riga

THE ornate 19th-century parliament building in which the debate on Latvia's independence process is proceeding is itself a testament to Latvia's complicated national past. It was built as the Hall of the Nobility, for the region's former German rulers, but who in the 19th century were already under the rule of the Russian Tsar. Today, amidst the Teutonic symbolism, the modern stained glass windows in the press centre still celebrate the glories of Soviet rule.

Riga until shortly before the First World War had a German, Jewish and Russian majority. In the 1940s, the ancient German and Jewish communities were evacuated or slaughtered, and under Soviet rule since the Second World War a flood of mainly Russian-speaking immigrants has reduced the Latvians to only 52 per cent of the total

population of Latvia, and only 37 per cent of the population of Riga.

Since the immigration had been accompanied by political tyranny, steep economic decline and the vulgarization of culture, it has naturally created very bitter emotions among the Latvians.

A racist placard outside the parliament, showing a ragged, brutish Russian family barred from entering the Latvian "paradise" only demonstrates publicly a feeling that the great majority of Latvians express more privately.

When the Popular Front chairman, Mr Danis Ivans, now First Deputy President, spoke in parliament of the danger that without Latvian political power, continuing immigration would reduce Latvians to a hopeless minority, he was expressing a universal fear.

In particular, he and his colleagues believe that without a Latvian state to prevent it, growing economic misery in

Russia itself will greatly increase the flow in the coming years.

Two other factors lie behind the speeded up moves to gain independence, and the emotional, fervently nationalist rhetoric of many Popular Front leaders — both things which are deeply worrying to many non-Latvians.

The first is that these leaders are fulfilling what seemed for many decades to be a hopeless dream; and at what seems to them like the very last moment. It is not surprising that Mr Ivans should sometimes stray into national mysticism of a kind somewhat reminiscent of the 1930s. The children's choir outside parliament yesterday were not indulging in quaint "folklore" — they were celebrating the survival of a still endangered national culture.

The second reason is that the Popular Front leaders are deeply worried about the apathy and cynicism of many

Latvians, particularly younger ones. The long years of Soviet rule have had their effect, and many ordinary people with whom I have spoken are contemptuous of politics in general, and surprisingly disengaged from the independence process. Outside the parliament yesterday the great majority of demonstrators for and against independence were elderly and rather pathetic. The leaders, therefore, feel that they have to go on stirring up Latvian feeling, whatever the cost in ethnic relations.

The perceived need for national solidarity is reflected in the national composition of the new Government, which is expected to contain at most two non-Latvian ministers out of a total of 17. Explaining this in parliament, Mr Ivans spoke in terms which are not reassuring for the peace of a country facing some of the same dilemmas of "power sharing" as Northern Ireland.

"The Popular Front is the fourth which has won the elections, and as elsewhere in the world, retains the right unilaterally to form the Council of Ministers."

Despite Latvian stereotypes, however, most of the present non-Latvian population was born in Latvia. It is more than 400 years since the Russian Army first fought its way down the Daugava to the sea, and almost 300 since Peter the Great annexed the Baltic provinces.

Two of the leaders of the Soviet Loyalist Interfront Movement, Mr Anatoli Alexeyev and Ms Tatiana Zhdanok, come respectively from Russian and Jewish families which have been settled here for centuries.

Since Peter the Great's conquest, with the exception of a brief 20-year period between the wars, Riga under the tsars and Communists has been one of Russia's greatest seaports. With over one million people out of a Latvian popula-

tion of only 2.7 million, its economic and strategic importance for the Soviet Union dwarfs that of Vilnius or Tallinn. So too, perhaps, does its emotional importance for the Soviet army. Latvia has been a favourite place of retirement for Soviet officers and their families, and many now lead the anti-independence forces.

The stage is set for a crucial test of whether the peaceful disintegration of the Soviet Union is possible, particularly for republics with large national minorities.

● VILNIUS: Lithuania's Deputy Prime Minister, Mr Algirdas Brazauskas, told Parliament yesterday that the rebel republic would run out of oil by May 20 as a result of Moscow's economic blockade (Reuters reports). He said Lithuanian representatives planned to go to the neighbouring republic of Belorussia soon to discuss buying oil.

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Hong Kong police raid camp and take out 'troublemakers'

From Jonathan Brande, Hong Kong

SOME 180 "troublemakers" were removed from the Whitehead detention centre for Vietnamese boat people here yesterday after an outbreak of violence which forced police to fire a barrage of about 100 tear-gas canisters. Police on Thursday foiled a breakout at the camp by firing a much smaller quantity of tear gas.

Yesterday's attack at what is considered Hong Kong's most dangerous Vietnamese camp came as boat people resisted a big pre-dawn search for weapons by an unprecedented 1,200 armed officers in riot gear, and another 300 prison service staff. Boat people formed makeshift barricades of their beds as the tear gas was fired over roof-tops and into huts at the sprawling centre, home to 22,000 people. It is believed some feared the huge police presence meant they were about to be rounded up for forced repatriation.

Police rejected accusations of provocation and overkill, claiming that they gave the boat people every opportunity to allow the search to go ahead peacefully. Commander Jeff Hurst, of the police tactical

unit, said: "We had very large numbers of adult males attacking our columns with knives and stones and metal bars... We explained to people that we were here to conduct a weapons search and nothing else."

More than 2,500 homemade weapons were found. Police and prison service staff searched adults and children alike. Those rounded up for transfer to prisons elsewhere in the territory, including several children, had been identified by officials at the camp as "troublemakers".

Another 10 people were arrested for what a government spokesman described as "weapons, dangerous drugs and disorderly conduct offences". Government officials have made it clear that Vietnamese committing offences in the camps will be prosecuted and imprisoned to separate them from other Vietnamese. Plans to isolate the troublemakers in a special medium-security camp on Chi Ma Wan island in Hong Kong harbour will, however, have to wait until building is finished.

The police raid yesterday came after a week of mass

escapes from Whitehead and other camps, confrontations with the police and calls by local political activists for the British Army to be brought in.

Mr Robert van Leeuwen, the local representative of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, had warned of rising tensions in the camps earlier in the week, singling out Whitehead as a "monster" which "has become a camp of major difficulties. It is difficult to manage a camp with 22,000 people. Over time, major tensions build up."

"When tensions rise, people become less receptive to whatever message is given to them," he added, arguing that this was already hampering efforts to counsel boat people to return to Vietnam under the UN-sponsored voluntary repatriation programme.

Mr Sergio Vieira de Mello, the High Commissioner's regional chief, warned earlier this year that parts of Whitehead were fast becoming "no-go areas" for relief workers, but Mr Mike Hanson, the government refugee co-ordinator, insisted that "we will not allow that to happen".



Riot police searching inmates of the Whitehead camp for weapons yesterday. Tear gas was employed when detainees built barricades, fearing forcible repatriation.

Mongolia and China aim for 'peace border'

From Catherine Sampson, Peking

PRESIDENT Ochirbat of Mongolia arrived in China yesterday for the first top-level meeting between the two countries since 1962.

Mr Ochirbat, whose visit has attracted bitter criticism from opposition politicians in Ulan Bator, the Mongolian capital, was greeted by President Yang Shangkun in Tiananmen Square. Later, the Mongolian delegation held talks with Mr Li Peng, the Chinese Prime Minister, who talked of making their common frontier "a border of peace", and of developing trade and cultural relations while not interfering in each other's "internal affairs". Chinese television made much of Mr Ochirbat's visit on the news programme.

The Mongolian President was accused by opposition activists in Ulan Bator of walking out on a national crisis. They called on him to delay the visit, and deal instead with their calls for further democratic reform. Last week, for the first time, the ruling communist party ordered security forces — albeit unarmed — on to the streets during an illegal demonstration in the capital.

In the town of Moron, 17 people are on hunger strike, five of them in hospital. Opposition activists have been gathering in Ulan Bator demanding that the Government lift restrictions on the forthcoming elections.

In contrast, the centre of Peking was quiet yesterday, although it was the anniversary of one of last year's largest student marches.

The Mongolian opposition coalition warned on Thursday that the very different political approaches of the Chinese and Mongolian leaderships could cause Mr Ochirbat's visit to backfire and harm relations. Talks between Mr Ochirbat and China's leaders, it said, might simply emphasize the contradictions between Peking's headline ideological stance and Ulan Bator's reform and free elections.

Mongolians have bitter memories of centuries of domination by the Manchus, which came to an end in 1911. Ulan Bator's museum has a room devoted to the methods of torture practised by Manchus on Mongolians. When the Chinese returned in 1919 the Mongolians turned to the Soviet Bolsheviks for help. Five years later, Mongolia followed the example of its northern neighbour, and proclaimed the Mongolian People's Republic, making Mongolia the world's second-oldest socialist state.

Mongolia, uncomfortably wedged in between the two

communist giants, has shadowed the Soviet Union in its relations with China. As the Sino-Soviet split developed, it was to the northern neighbour that Mongolia pledged its allegiance. Chairman Mao made threatening noises about reclaiming Mongolia, and Ulan Bator was sufficiently intimidated to invite Moscow to station soldiers along the border.

These troops are to be withdrawn by the end of 1992. With the reduction of border tension, confidence was sufficiently high for the present talks. But Mongolia is again echoing Moscow and Mr Ochirbat has followed President Gorbachev to Peking.

However, Mongolia's leaders are gradually freeing themselves from the patronage of the Soviet Union and trade with Eastern Europe, and beginning to look elsewhere for investment and cash. Mongolia may be looking to China's northern ports for its exports.

● **Socialism plea:** China marked the 71st anniversary of its first democracy movement yesterday with an appeal to young people to devote themselves to the cause of socialism.

Dissidents sent back to Burma

From Neil Kelly Bangkok

THAILAND returned 33 political dissidents who had fled from the military regime in Burma to their own country yesterday, according to officials at Ranong on the south-west coast where witnesses saw them put on board a boat which was controlled by Burmese soldiers.

A Christian Aid worker who watched the vessel head towards the Burmese coast said that the soldiers probably were there to force the dissidents to work as ammunition porters for the Burmese Army, which is fighting Karen and other ethnic rebels near the Thai border.

That has been the fate of some of the 3,500 Burmese refugees forcibly repatriated by Thailand in the past 18 months. Others were imprisoned without trial and their families harassed by military intelligence agents who followed them everywhere.

Most of those sent back yesterday were adult students who had been on hunger strike, in protest against their deportation, in a Bangkok jail where they were held as illegal immigrants.

Officials of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, Western aid organizations and Western diplomats are trying to persuade the Thai Government not to deport refugees whose lives might be at risk in their own country, but the Thai authorities appear determined to continue the repatriation.

The dissidents' return could also put their relatives in danger. Rangoon-based Western diplomats have disclosed that relatives of political prisoners are being evicted from their homes and put in prison camp-type settlements.



Mr Ochirbat: Accused of walking out on a crisis

Karamanlis wins second term at 83

From Chris Eliot, Athens

MR CONSTANTINE Karamanlis, the grand old man of Greek politics, was re-elected yesterday as President of Greece at the age of 83. It will be his second five-year term as head of state, a position he held from 1980 to 1985.

The veteran statesman returned to politics at the request of the Prime Minister, Mr Constantine Mitsotakis, whose conservative New Democracy party won a narrow victory in last month's general election.

Mr Karamanlis came back to the helm during one of Greece's worst postwar economic crises. The Government hopes he will enhance its prestige and help restore Greece's credibility abroad after eight years of Socialist rule. Immediately after the voting, Mr Mitsotakis said: "I am certain that the election of Mr Karamanlis satisfies the wishes of the entire Greek people. Mr Karamanlis is not the choice of any one party, because he is far above parties."

Mr Karamanlis, who was recently rated in opinion polls as Greece's most popular politician, secured 153 votes, two more than the minimum required in the second ballot in the 300-member, single-chamber Parliament. Mr Yannis Alevras, the socialist Pasok candidate and former Speaker of Parliament, received 125

votes, and the Communist-backed candidate, Professor Constantine Despotopoulos, 21 votes.

Mr Karamanlis was backed by the 150 votes of the New Democracy party, together with one vote from a small centre-right party and the votes of two independent Muslim MPs. He will be sworn in today, replacing Mr Christos Sartzetakis, whose term expired last month.

The election of Mr Karamanlis marks the return of one of the most charismatic figures of modern Greek politics. He was Prime Minister for eight years before the colonels seized power in 1967.

When the junta fell, he made a triumphant return from exile in Paris and founded the New Democracy party. He was Prime Minister for a further six years, restoring the Greek democratic systems and securing the country's full membership of the European Community in 1981, a crowning moment in his career.

Although the presidency is a largely ceremonial post, Mr Karamanlis will be able to exert marked influence because of his unique status in Greece's turbulent political life. On being elected, he said: "I will be the President of all Greeks, seek national unity and the consolidation of a calm political life in Greece."

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King Husain 'fired at by gunboat of Israeli Navy'

From Richard Owen, Jerusalem

EMBARRASSED Israeli military officials said yesterday that the Israeli Navy had nearly started the next Middle East war by mistake a week ago by firing at King Husain of Jordan while he was standing on the deck of the royal Jordanian yacht.

In a carefully worded statement yesterday, the Israeli military spokesman said there had been "the routine firing of only a few bullets" by an Israeli vessel to check firing mechanisms "in the context of a routine patrol".

According to the Israeli daily *Haaretz*, the incident took place in the Gulf of Aqaba (known to the Israelis as the Gulf of Eilat) on the Red Sea last Saturday. Both President Bush and Mr James Baker, the US Secretary of State, were immediately informed and were said to have reacted to the news with shock and anger.

Awkward and sometimes dangerous incidents are not unknown in the Red Sea, where Israel comes face to face in international waters with Jordan, Egypt and Saudi Arabia. Eilat, the Israeli beach resort, is only just across the bay from the Jordanian port of Aqaba, where King Husain has a summer residence.

On a number of occasions, windsurfers from Eilat, carried away either by currents or

enthusiasm, have strayed into Jordanian waters, spending a night or two in a Jordanian jail. Recently Israeli fishermen have been fired at by Egyptian patrols after allegedly crossing the border in fishing boats.

In the latest and most serious incident, *Haaretz* said, the captain of an Israeli gunboat became alarmed when he spotted two Jordanian vessels in international waters. Unknown to him, the first boat was King Husain's personal yacht and the second was an accompanying Jordanian naval vessel. "Nobody should have had any doubt that the King was on board the boat," one military source told the paper. "He was standing on deck, and clearly identifiable."

None the less, the Israeli boat opened fire, and the Jordanian monarch, seizing command of the yacht himself, swiftly turned it in the direction of Saudi Arabia and safety. The report said the Israeli vessel gave chase, firing as it went, and only stopped shooting when the royal yacht reached Saudi waters. Neither the yacht nor the accompanying Jordanian patrol boat returned fire, *Haaretz* said.

The Israeli military spokesman said no shots had been fired directly at King Husain's yacht, and no chase had been conducted. "There are long-standing and clear rules of conduct for the Israeli Navy during the passage of King Husain's yacht through the Gulf of Eilat."

These rules had been observed during the incident, in which the Israeli boat had been in the centre of the Gulf in Israeli waters. Fire had been directed to the south, with "no other vessels endangered."

Sources said that Jordan had "protested sharply" about the incident to both Israel and the United States.



Students at Mills College in Oakland, California, giving vent to their grief yesterday at the decision by the institute to become co-educational

Anguish as women's college admits men

From Charles Bremner, New York

IN THE roaring days of the California Gold Rush in the mid-19th century, the miners used to entrust their daughters to the safety of Mills College, a genteel refuge they founded across the bay from San Francisco.

Yesterday, the successors to those young ladies attended special sessions of "grief therapy" to help overcome the shock inflicted when the college trustees decided to admit men to the all-female institution. The students, graduates and most of the staff at Mills, one of the few surviving single-sex colleges, had fought passionately to keep men out of the leafy campus, near the big university at Berkeley.

"We have been betrayed," Miss Robin Fisher, president of the student body, cried out as the news was announced. "We are women and we

will not accept this." Hundreds of weeping students joined in chanting "No, no", drowning out the loud-speakers of the college officials.

Mrs Mary Metz, the college president, who had taken the students' side, said: "Mills will emerge from the process with a renewed commitment to women." For weeks, the women had worn T-shirts with slogans like "Better Dead Than Co-ed".

A Mills education is a "nurturing" and "empowering" experience for women that would be disrupted by a male presence; as soon as men appear, they dominate and intimidate, the women maintain, citing extensive scholarly works to support their case. Their hostility reflects a new assertiveness in universities as young women complain that, a quarter of a century after the feminist revolution, men still treat them as inferiors.

For the past few months, feminists

and educators of all kinds have been sounding the alarm over the tide of male chauvinism that is said to be sweeping American universities. Male students are said to be harassing women students. Just this week, three undergraduates at St John's University, outside New York, were charged with sexual assault — a crime that carries a 25-year prison sentence.

In Massachusetts, a furore erupted this week in Wellesley College, another venerable women's college, over an invitation to Mrs Barbara Bush to address the graduation ceremony. Although the First Lady was invited by a vote, 150 graduating students have been expressing their "outrage" at the choice of a "woman who has gained recognition through the achievements of her husband, which contravenes what we have been taught".

President Bush stepped in on

Thursday, saying: "I think these young women can have a lot to learn from Barbara Bush, and from her unselfishness and from her advocacy of literacy and of being a good mother, and a lot of other things." Mrs Bush still plans to attend.

The Mills trustees decided to admit men because the declining student population in America was hurting the college financially. Over the past 30 years, the number of women's colleges in the US has dropped from 298 to 94. The big changes took place in the late 1960s and early 1970s.

At Sarah Lawrence, a New York state institution that went co-educational years ago, Mrs Marilyn Katz, the dean, said that the admission of men had created "a more charged" atmosphere. "There's a low level of spring fever all year long." But the college did not regret the change, she said.

Killings taint Italian election

From Paul Bompard, Rome

ITALIANS begin voting tomorrow in nationwide administrative elections after the bloodiest campaign in recent Italian history.

Signor Giulio Andreotti, the Prime Minister, said this week: "I refuse to believe the elections are being conditioned by murder." Yet, since February, nine local politicians, most of them electoral candidates, have been murdered in Calabria and Catania, regions which are respectively the homes of the Ndrangheta and Camorra criminal organizations.

Investigators believe candidates are being assassinated either because they are honest, or because they belong to a rival group. It is now certain, if there had been any doubt before, that in these regions organized crime thrives cheek by jowl with local politics, and there is the fear that this could condition national politics.

If death and corruption in the south are symptoms of Italian political malaise, another is the growing surge of protest votes against the five parties, Christian Democrats, Socialists, Republicans, Social Democrats and Liberals, who have run the country since the Second World War.

In the north, disillusionment is taking the form of support for regional political groupings like the Liga Lombarda and the Liga Veneta, which have been called anti-democratic, anti-Italian and racist, but which attracted more than 10 per cent of the vote in some northern constituencies in the 1989 European elections.

The Communist Party, about to adopt a social democratic banner, is also a likely recipient of protest votes.

Given the proportional electoral system, there are unlikely to be dramatic shifts in the political balance. But popular dissatisfaction could send a signal of deeper changes to come.



Wall Street high flyers in Domsday landing

From Charles Bremner, New York

SIT any evening in Harry's Bar, the watering hole of young Wall Street talent, and you could imagine yourself on board the Titanic or perhaps in Saigon before the dash for the last helicopter.

"Man, I've been lucky to survive this long," says Dave, aged 27, a trader with an old city investment house, who arrived too late for the boom time. "It's just like a massacre, watching all those people packing up and hawking their resumes."

His sentiments are shared by Kelly, a trainee stockbroker, who says she sits for hours waiting for the telephone to ring. "It's so different from what we expected, all that Masters of the Universe stuff. I read the newspaper half the day."

All around the New York area, from the bureaucrats of City Hall to estate agents in the Hamptons resort of Long Island, you can hear a similar refrain. The main topic of the Big Apple is the "Doomsday scenario". Whether the scene is Park Avenue dinner parties or the downtown dancehalls of TriBeCa, everyone is airing his vision of Gotham's Armageddon.

It goes like this: New York is suffering a nervous breakdown. The depression in the financial industry that propelled the 1980s boom is combining with the explosion of social problems — drugs, Aids, murder, homelessness and collapsing schools — to turn America's offshore city into a bankrupt swamp inhabited by crack-heads, beggars and down-and-out Masters of Business Administration (MBAs). As Mr Henry Edwards, a screenwriter, put it with native precision: "It's a sinking ship, a city in need of a Marshall Plan, a creep show. It's like the *Night of the Living Dead*."

Conjuring up Apocalypse has always been a local sport: the last Olympics were held in the mid 1970s, when the city flirted with bankruptcy. The contestants this year are numerous. Take another example: Mr Harry Smith, the host of CBS breakfast television, who has just told the nation's viewers to stay away from New York. "It's a filthy, stinking, broken mess. It's Calcutta without the cows."

The next step in the Domsday game is always to debate whether the city's famed vitality will once again rescue it from the brink. To answer that, you have to reach far beyond the nuts and bolts of the local economy to look at the moral crisis of things like the US business world. The US economy is now doing better than expected and stay-

ing clear of recession, with a few exceptions like the car industry. But New York is suffering heavily because it is so dependent on the financial and other services.

Bad news flows in daily. This week, the city was proclaimed top in the rankings for cities losing jobs. More symbolic, it announced a 25 per cent drop in the number of ocean liners calling at Manhattan's once-thriving docks. About 50,000 financial jobs have been lost since the 1987 crash, with the biggest rush coming last February on the collapse of the junk-bond firm Drexel Burnham Lambert. Although the Dow Jones stock index has climbed back, trading is thin and the big world of mergers and acquisitions has shrivelled.

Property values are staggering under the gloom, sending a



Mayor Dinkins: Talk of city's demise premature

whiff of panic through the city. Over-mortgaged owners of "co-operative" flats — a favourite type of property in the go-go 1980s — find themselves facing possible ruin as neighbours default on their shares.

With jobs disappearing or moving across the Hudson River on to the American mainland, revenues are withering, forcing Mayor David Dinkins to levy new taxes and cut hundreds of millions of dollars needed to repair decrepit schools and help the 25 per cent of the city below the official poverty line.

Crack and Aids were problems that did not even exist in the 1970s. Now treating Aids patients this year is expected to cost close to \$1 billion. But Mr Dinkins insists the talk of the city's demise is premature. "We are nowhere near the sky falling in," he says.

Despite the wailing, there are many on Wall Street who agree. The shake-out after the mad days of the 1980s, the shift from hubris to humility, will do the city good, they

believe. No longer do the credentialled caste of MBAs see the investment banks and bond brokers of New York as a route to instant glamour and fortune.

Last year, only 13 per cent of Harvard's Business School class entered investment banking, compared with more than 30 per cent in 1987. The once-top profession came second in choice to consultancy work and only slightly ahead of the real estate business. The computer business was fourth, the highest for any manufacturing industry for years.

Above all, the latest graduates expect to serve old-fashioned apprenticeships and have been drilled in the new puritan ethic. Among those preaching to graduating business classes in New York this month is Mr Dennis Levine, the insider trader whose 1986 confessions helped bring down all the others, from Mr Ivan Boesky to Mr Michael Milken.

Now out of jail, a repentant Mr Levine said this week that he was impressed by the ethical awareness of the new MBAs "all the way from misappropriating office supplies to out-and-out felonies like insider trading or illegal dumping of toxic wastes."

At the big law firms — many of whose partners made fortunes out of the take-over business — they are also risking a little renewed optimism. Mr David McDonald, a partner at Wachtell, Lipton, says he has faith in the city's vitality: "It's a different world. I think it is recognized clearly by everybody that we are in a different era. Wall Street is remarkably inventive and people will find ways to make money out of this new era."

The big question, he says, is whether New York can heal its "vast and almost intractable" problems. One of the ways the law firms will keep busy, according to Mr McDonald, is in "restructuring" all the take-overs which have gone wrong.

A big source of hope, say Mr Dinkins and the optimists in the financial world, is New York's strong position in the new global market place. Where New York was once America's manufacturing heart and then its financial centre, it is fast on the way to establishing itself as the world's information nexus. The telecommunications revolution has not fragmented the financial world. Rather it has given greater power to a few global centres.

For all its current physical decay, New York enjoys a few material advantages. Its office space is half the cost of London's and one quarter of Tokyo's.



TIME'S RUNNING OUT FOR THE SEAS AROUND BRITAIN

The seas around Britain are under threat. A lethal combination of pollution and over-fishing is turning the North Sea into another Dead Sea.

There have already been alarming drops in the numbers of seals and porpoises and sea birds are failing to breed for want of food. Developments planned on over half of Britain's estuaries will only add to the death toll. Governments are beginning to take action, but too slowly.

WWF is the only environmental group carrying out practical conservation work in all the countries bordering the North Sea. And we are urging all European governments to act in a united way to save the North Sea before it's too late.

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Clifford Longley

Faith in the market

Free-market economists have tended not to waste much time on theology, particularly if they are British: the dismal science finds the queen of sciences a tiresome irrelevance. But this may only be because most theologians are on the left: a theologian who announces his conversion to the right is a precious rarity.

When one such turned up in London this week, the Institute of Economic Affairs had to move his lecture to a large hall to meet the demand for tickets. The star turn was Professor Michael Novak, a minor American guru of the left who is rapidly becoming a major American guru of the right; and his backing and blessing was provided by no less than Professor Brian Griffiths of 10 Downing Street, who, it is said, guides the Prime Minister's hand on her occasional and invariably stormy excursions into theology's deep and chilly waters.

Griffiths is only an economist with theological leanings, however: Novak is the real thing. All he lacked was a dog collar, which he missed by switching his vocation just before completing 12 years of study for the priesthood. So he became a professor of religion instead, and professed to all who would listen the consensus — Marxist masquerading as liberal — in which he then moved: that capitalism and Christianity are mutually exclusive. Then he woke up.

What he saw around him, once he had adjusted his consciousness, was American capitalism's vibrant world of wealth creation and human achievement which was bringing about by accident the very objective that socialism was failing to do by design: improving the lot of the people.

Novak, of Czech origin and on his way back to Czechoslovakia after London, is the ideal man to celebrate the collapse of Soviet and Eastern European socialism. In the event, his IEA performance was surprisingly untheological. His main thesis was that Christianity, capitalism, and the American ideal of individualism are exceptionally well suited to each other, which is why they have thrived together. America, thanks to its political and moral culture, liberated the creativity of its people and set them to productive effort. Much of the credit, he felt, had to go to the Scotsman Adam Smith, and to the American founding fathers who seized and digested his point while they were still building the foundations of their nation.

National wealth is built on creative intelligence, and once a society makes that its guiding economic first principle, the future will take care of itself. Or almost. The moral basis of society, said Novak, still has to come from outside the economic system, from the diversity of beliefs encompassed by the phrase

not a free marketeer in morals, not a trendy libertarian.

Professor Novak knows little of British, and admitted as much. His advice to scrap the native constitution and replace it with the American one was interesting but not very practical. But his key idea, which cannot be dismissed in a British context, is that economic progress is not purely a matter of economics. First, the constitutional structure, social culture, politics, the law, religion — he would even say that was primary — have to be right. Only then will creative intelligence find the freedom and encouragement it needs.

He calls this democratic capitalism, but more to rub the noses of his former socialist friends in the dirt than as a precise definition; his ideas have more to do with small people making good than with big people making better.

Britain is a far more secular society than America, where religion is still a key element of the national ethos. A bedrock of explicit Judeo-Christian morality was not, he thought, entirely necessary to capitalist success — witness Japan — but the question arose whether democratic capitalism was ultimately self-sustaining, or whether it needed a long-term input of Judeo-Christian beliefs and moral ideals. He strongly held the latter view; the Judeo-Christian insistence on justice and charity was an indispensable corrective, and would, in due course, correct the remaining injustices in America.

Christianity is secure in the United States, and still a major dynamic force, though gradually becoming more Catholic than Protestant. But Christianity is very unsure of itself in Britain, and many see the nation as in the process of casting it off entirely.

Democratic capitalism moderated by entrenched Christian values is a very different thing from capitalism red in tooth and claw, tempered by nothing. That is one reason capitalism is feared by so many people in Britain and the very word is out of favour, even on the right. And it is therefore one of the reasons that collectivism still has its supporters in Britain, who vote for socialism to defend them against a possible tyranny of the rich and powerful.

Christian America is an open, generous and gregarious community; secular Britain is becoming a closed, insular and selfish one. Americans believe that Uncle Sam has sent a personal invitation to every one of them to join the ranks of the rich and powerful. It is this universal opportunity, more than anything else, which makes America a fundamentally fair society. The British believe, on the contrary, that the rich still belong to the ultimate closed shop.

Visiting American theologians need to note this difference; then, perhaps, they could tell us what to do about it.

...and moreover

MATTHEW PARRIS

Apparently something is happening to London telephone numbers tomorrow. Alan Coren reports division and despair in Cricklewood as new codes there divide brother from brother. If Telecom's vast publicity exercise ("Tell Bobby from Charlton") has any effect at all — and these campaigns do not come on the Cheapside — it has been to confuse Londoners into thinking they have to do something different when dialling one another. In most cases they don't. Telecom deserves a good whipping and the best advice to Londoners remains what the best advice to anyone faced with Official Information has always been: carry on as you are until physically obstructed.

In this affair, the indifference of a right-thinking person is massive. He will inquire about codes when he needs to. He will not use his leisure hours finding out in advance how to dial himself from Croydon, nor occupy useful brain cells with remembering this, nor try his friends' patience by imparting to each this precious information. Right-thinking people do not wish to be telephoned from Outer London, anyway. To be electronically shielded from Surrey is a bonus.

Big Brother makes two mistakes about us. He assumes we are very stupid, but concerned — if it's all explained simply and twice — for the long term: so those who do not twig will be bludgeoned into doing so by the sheer volume of official reminders. The truth is different. Humans are very, very smart but they can react only to the present.

What is missing is not comprehension, but the desire to comprehend. People will pay attention only when there is an imminent prospect of pain or profit. Then they will move with wonderful speed and ingenuity. A cheaper campaign would have pinned one small notice to a lamp post in Fleet Street, reading: "Tell all Telecom customers: your telephone may be about to stop working, but we won't tell you when, or how to avoid this — love, Telecom" and left the media to do the rest as a news story, instead of paid advertisements.

That is why the Government's campaign to persuade everyone to take out a personal pension was, untypical, brilliant. Wholly deceitfully, it intimated that there was fruit (a sort of National Insurance rebate) for the picking now, if plucked immediately.

That was a lie in the obvious sense that the fruit stayed on offer for ages; and it was dishonest in the profound sense that the value of the fruit was tiny by comparison with the scale of the undertaking we were being invited to enter, and could not honestly be held out as a reason for entering it. It has been — in short — an admirable campaign.

For, as we look around us, what do we see if not an array of important developments, officially notified, which are never in fact going to happen? Take metrification. If you had believed the official propaganda 30-odd years ago, you would have taken steps to prepare for this. Thank heavens you didn't!

I have yet to decide whether official predictions of a phenomenon are positively correlated to its unlikelihood, or whether the association is purely random. Those signs we get at the start of small country roads in Derbyshire — "Unsuitable for Motors" — for instance, mean that the road is suitable for motors. The sign never appears on unmotorable roads, whose closure should in theory be indicated by the sign "Road Ahead Closed" — a sign which can safely be ignored in about two cases out of three. Likewise those temporary traffic lights — which mean the council has forgotten to take them away.

But the big one is 1992. There is little chance of the "single market" ever happening — and none at all, of course, of it happening in 1992. Who really believes that customs barriers are going to come down, VAT and excise duties converge all across Europe, wine cost a few pence a bottle, and Heathrow's private gold mine, "duty-free", disappear, the year after next? Of course not. Another government whopper. "Wolff" — it's officially confirmed! 071 or 081? Who cares! The thing's a pain in the Woolwich Arsenal.

Why didn't Wandsworth go the way of Bradford?

David Butler considers the extreme variations in Thursday's voting and believes that reaction to poll tax levels could play a major role in deciding the general election

Thursday's vote broke most of the rules. Although Labour gained its biggest local election triumph, the Conservatives and the Liberal Democrats could find comfort in the outcome. Local elections, like by-elections, tend to be judged against expectations rather than by any absolute standard. Labour did not do as well, or the others as badly, as had been expected.

Labour had tried, sensibly, to play down anticipation. But it is probably disappointed to gain fewer than 300 seats, and it is certainly horrified at the outcome in London, where it won only Merton while losing Ealing, Hillingdon and Brent.

Nationally, Labour could not have expected to win many districts since it had fared so well in 1986. It gained, net, only one council from the Conservatives, and only 10 from a hung situation.

The Conservatives were certainly relieved to lose, net, only 220 or so seats, even though it was their worst-ever result in terms of both votes and of total seats held; they fell even lower than in their past troughs, 1973, 1981 and 1986; they held only a fifth of the 5,000 seats at stake.

Yet they were so supremely delighted at the pro-Conservative landslide in Wandsworth (and the retention of Westminster) that they could accept calmly a 10 per cent swing against them in their third most council, Bradford.

The Liberals were able to rejoice not just in the obliteration of the Social Democrats and the limited success of the Greens but also in holding on to the great majority of the 400 seats they gained in 1986. To lose only 39 seats net — 144 against 183 — was at a time of predicted annihilation was a wonderful achievement. To hold on to full control in Adur, Hereford, Richmond and Wight and to move to a clear majority in the London boroughs of Sutton and Tower Hamlets, was beyond their highest hopes. The number of authorities where they hold the

balance of power has actually increased. Whatever happens to their national vote, they are guaranteed a controlling influence in many parts of the country for the next few years.

The results were more eccentric than in any previous set of local elections. Politicians and broadcasters admitted bewilderment at the diversity of swing from stable Scotland to wildly variegated London, and at the unevenness of the Liberal Democrats' performance. Consider a few of the marginal constituencies, in the table below, where the BBC tallied up the votes.

	Yr	Con	Lab	Lib
S'thampton, Itchen	87	44	32	24
Swing 20% to Lab	90	28	54	15
		-18	+22	-9
Cambridge	87	40	28	31
Swing 18% to Lab	90	24	48	18
		-16	+20	-13
York	87	42	41	16
Swing 15% to Lab	90	26	54	13
		-16	+13	-3
Wh'hampton, N E	87	42	42	16
Swing 6% to Lab	90	38	50	12
		-4	+8	-4
Edinburgh, Princes	87	38	30	25
Swing 2% to Con	90	40	28	18
		+2	-12	-7
Beth	87	45	41	13
Swing 17% to Lab	90	31	52	13
		-14	+11	0
Bham, Northfield	87	45	38	16
Swing 6% to Lab	90	37	49	8
		-8	+11	-8
Bham, Yardley	87	43	37	21
Swing 1% to Lab	90	42	38	20
		-1	+2	-1



As the table shows, while Malcolm Rifkind's Edinburgh seat showed a pro-Conservative swing and Chris Patten, the administrator of the poll tax, was threatened on two sides in Bath, Labour shot to an overwhelming lead in Southampton and Cambridge, places where it was soundly beaten in 1987. The Liberals saw their vote halved in one Birmingham seat, Northfield, while in nearby Yardley they secured a commanding majority.

In London, too, why did the Conservatives make no progress in Lambeth when they were sweeping home in neighbouring Wandsworth? Why did Hillingdon swing one way and Hounslow the other?

Whatever else the poll tax has done, it seems to have excited interest in local government. The 63 per cent turnout in Wandsworth was unique, but all over London and in many provincial cities, 50 per cent participation was common in places where 35 per cent was the usual figure.

Perhaps the Conservatives can discount some of the swing as due to the activation of protest voters; Kenneth Baker may comfort himself that many stay-at-home Conservatives, disgruntled into abstention this year by the poll tax, are likely to turn out when the election is about whether we have a socialist government.

The opinion polls showed their limitations. There is no reason to doubt that Labour had a 20 per cent lead in April when interviewers asked people how they would vote in a general election. But the 16 per cent swing from Conservative to Labour which that would suggest contrasts sharply with the 10 per cent actually recorded on Thursday. And against the 7 per cent who said they would support the Liberal Democrats must be set the 20 per cent who actually voted for the party this week.

Thursday's result would, none the less, suggest a handsome Labour win in an early general election. If the entire nation voted like the BBC's 22 marginal constituencies, at least 100 of the 375 Conservative MPs would have reason to feel distinctly queasy.

The London results will be cited as evidence that the poll tax could work to Conservative advantage. But against the outcome in Wandsworth and Westminster (where unique circumstances allowed an exceptionally low tax to be fixed) must be set the Conservatives' failure to do better in Lambeth or Lewisham.

This Parliament will last another two years if Mrs Thatcher decides to carry on until the bitter end. She may find reassurance in the fact that governments do recover from mid-term slumps. Things looked bleak for the Conservatives in 1981, but they went on to win their biggest

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Moment of truth for the western lure

Mark Almond in East Germany examines the grievances over the political and economic costs of unification

East Germans tomorrow mark the anniversary of the beginning of the end of the old regime. It was on May 7 last year that Egon Krenz, the chairman of the commission supervising the local elections, announced shortly after the polls closed that the official candidates had been endorsed by more than 98 per cent of the voters. Dissidents, who had established independent electoral commissions to record the number of "No" votes, cried foul. Today, Krenz admits that "in retrospect" there were irregularities in the counting. It was his role in the electoral fraud that made Krenz's appointment to replace Erich Honecker as party leader last October a red rag to the opposition.

Remarkably, Gregor Gysi, Krenz's successor as chairman of the Communist Party, now renamed the Party of Democratic Socialism (PDS), shows no sign of repudiation at the anniversary or the re-run of local elections tomorrow. So much has happened in the last six months that Krenz's

period in office seems as distant as Krenz's. Gysi has had unexpected success in marketing his new-style party as the principal opposition to the grand coalition of Chancellor Kohl's Christian Democrat allies and their Liberal and Social Democrat partners who are ruling over the dying months of East Germany.

On May Day, in a show of bravado that the old apparatchiks would never have dared conceive, let alone carry out, Gysi led his supporters in triumph through the Brandenburg Gate to parade their socialist convictions in West Berlin. His speech was a master stroke of populism, playing on the fears for the future felt by many East Germans who had loathed his predecessors' regime.

The exchange rate between the Ostmark and the Deutschmark for the planned currency union at the beginning of July had just been set

at the remarkably generous rate of 1:1 for the first 4,000 Ostmarks. Gysi agreed with most economists that this was not the right rate. Unlike the market, however, Gysi demanded that the rate be 1:6 in favour of the Ostmark.

There may never have been much East German patriotism but Gysi, as a good socialist, is a master of the politics of resentment. Not unreasonably, most East Germans feel that the misfortune of their place of birth condemned them to miseries escaped by the Westies just because they were lucky enough to be occupied by the Western powers at the end of the war. East Germany paid billions of marks in reparations to the Soviet Union, which West Germany largely escaped doing. Gysi now wants the West Germans to compensate their Eastern neighbours for these payments — plus interest. (However,

Gysi does not mention the billions that West Germany has paid in reparations to survivors of the Holocaust, while East German governments — including those in which Gysi's father, Klaus, sat as minister of religious cults — refused to accept any obligation to the victims of Nazism.)

Arguing that the West Germans owe their prosperity to East German sacrifices may make little economic sense, but it will probably cut enough ice with the voters to keep the PDS afloat into the new united Germany. In the general election on March 18, Gysi collected a surprising 16 per cent of the vote. Tomorrow, he must be hoping to push the PDS's total over 20 per cent. If he can, then the West German Social Democrats will have to reckon on having in future a serious rival on the left — partly because of the support of the Young Social

Democrats in the West for a radical programme closer to Gysi's than the new-look post-socialism of the party leadership.

The PDS may be helped tomorrow by other local resentments in East Germany about the way reunification is going. Already unemployment is an issue. Apart from obvious products such as cars, even East German breweries fear Western competition, not least in packaging and marketing.

West German fears about the costs of raising the East's public services to meet Western (and EC) standards are loudly expressed — among others by the Social Democrat leader Oskar Lafontaine, recuperating from his recent knife attack. Like Gysi, Lafontaine is gambling that many people have accepted the fact of unification but without accepting the costs as well as the benefits. Chancellor Kohl and the East German prime minister, Lothar de Maizière, have the difficult task of persuading people that they can have their cake and eat it without anyone's portion getting smaller.

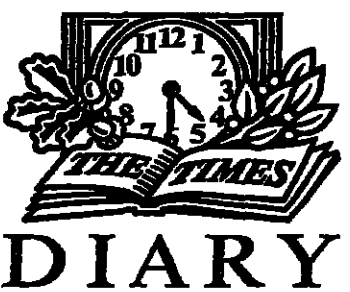
Stranger in paradise

Labour councillors in Wandsworth, stunned by the size of their defeat on Thursday, are hoping to spoil the Tory celebrations by the use of a tactic — to kick out the council's Tory leader, Sir Paul Beresford. The few remaining Labour councillors want to take him before a rarely-used election court, claiming that as a non-resident of the borough, he was ineligible for election.

The Tory leader lives in the neighbouring borough of Merton, but entered as his address on his nomination papers an empty property which he rents, in Tooting Bec Road, Wandsworth. Fellow Tory councillor John Garrett, who lives in Labour-controlled Lambeth, used the same address on his nomination papers. Labour councillor John Slater says the court move is not motivated by spite in the wake of the Tory landslide. "We want Wandsworth people to be represented by people who live in the borough," he said. "The poll tax was not the only fiddle." Defeated Labour leader Fiona MacTaggart — that rare thing, a socialist millionaire — approached Slater, a solicitor, to spearhead the court fight before the votes were cast, and speculation suggests she will foot the bill. There is no case law to go by, and Wandsworth's returning officer, Gerald Jones, believes that Sir Paul's nomination was valid. "If he had written on his nomination form that he 'occupies' those premises, it is not for me to define that word."

Rather cross

The Red Cross is a very jealously guarded symbol, as a Christian Aid has just discovered. Strange graffiti have transformed its poster campaign depicting a health worker in Bangladesh on a bicycle with a bag slung over the handlebars emblazoned with the Red Cross symbol. But the grey paint which has now obscured the Red Cross on posters all over the country is no act of vandalism. The army of graffiti artists were acting on the orders of Christian Aid after the Ministry of Defence objected to the use of the emblem. Under the Geneva Convention, the British Red Cross is the only organization in this country authorized to use the symbol. Tony Gow-Smith for the Red Cross said yesterday: "It is vitally important that the Red Cross should have the ability to protect people; any 'incorrect' use of it, even by a charity such as Christian Aid, could put lives at risk. No one is saying so, but it seems likely that the poster's slogan — 'Keep the Health Service



Going" — might also have ruffled feathers at the MoD because of its implicit political message. But although Christian Aid may be feeling aggrieved by this apparently uncharitable act by the Red Cross, it should count itself lucky that it did not end up in court. On the last occasion the Red Cross symbol was "incorrectly" used, Labour Party general secretary Larry Whitty found himself paying a hefty fine for using it in the party's NHS campaign.

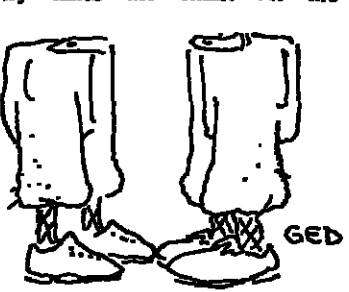
High flyer

Roger Freeman, who was appointed junior transport minister yesterday, should start sorting out his travel arrangements. One of his last acts as health minister was to visit a shipwrecked hospital in Huddersfield, and to make it back to the Commons by mid-afternoon for a three-line whip he decided to go by helicopter. Alas, fog descended and the helicopter hovered over Yorkshire, dangerously low on fuel. The pilot, Toby Lanyon, asked Freeman if they should continue to hover in the hope that the fog would lift or head south in search of finer weather and to

refuel. Faced with his first transport policy decision, Freeman hesitated but, observing the look on the faces of his panic-stricken fellow passengers, opted to return for a breakfast of bacon and eggs at Leazesdown airfield, Watford. This at least offered the chance of an aerial view of the croquet lawn at his home, Dingley Hall. ("It was worth it just for this," he exclaimed excitedly as the mansion came in sight).

Hand it to them

The diplomatic mind is a curious thing. As ministers begin the two-plus-four talks on German unification in Bonn today, they will follow a convoluted order of which country takes the chair. At the



Two plus Four Talks

preparatory session the West Germans proposed, to the puzzlement of others, that it should rotate anti-clockwise around the table in German alphabetical order. John Weston, the FO man, raised no objection but wondered at the reason. Why, said the Germans, wasn't it obvious? Surely every-

one knew that is how it was done at the Congress of Vienna in 1815. Duly impressed by this reverence for European history, the British, French, American, Soviet and East German diplomats made no objection. Only later did it occur that there might be another reason. The formula means that West Germany, at 12 o'clock at the head of the table, will take the chair first, and the United Kingdom, seated at one o'clock, will be last.

Called in to order

Bernard Weatherill, the Speaker, is used to calling unruly MPs to order, but he may not relish the idea of being enlisted to exercise his authority at the Conservative club in his Croydon North East constituency. An unseemly row has broken out with the rejection of a motion to give women equal rights in the club. They are currently barred from voting at club meetings, serving on committees or holding executive posts. The progressive Tories of Croydon managed an impressive 69.4 per cent vote in support of the revolutionary measure to end this discrimination, but club rules require 75 per cent. John Hewitt, who moved the motion, complained: "The vote has consigned us to the dark ages. If Mrs Thatcher had been a member of this club she would still be making the sandwiches." The Speaker's office traditionally prevents him from getting involved in such rows, but two women tipped to succeed him, Labour's Betty Boothroyd and the Tories' Dame Janet Fookes — he is coming under pressure to clean up his own patch before retiring at the next election.



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SMALL COMFORT

Yesterday's election results showed, as predicted, that the public does not like the poll tax. For this one measure, Conservative councillors have been punished over the whole country, with the signal exception of London. Even the most provident Conservative local authorities, even those who levied low community charges and run efficient and popular council services, have been penalized. The swing to Labour on a high turn-out would be enough to give Mr. Kinnock a good parliamentary majority.

Labour's performance, however, was not as crushing as at first appeared. The overall swing of some 10 per cent, is substantially below that registered in the April opinion polls (about 16 per cent). What is more, Labour has reason for concern that it failed to do better in London, where the Tories not only secured landslide triumphs in defending Wandsworth and Westminster, but captured Ealing and deprived Labour of its majority in Brent.

The explanation of Labour's London reverses was clearly implied by Mr. Bryan Gould, who observed that his party's loss of control at Brent was the result of a "sensible" Labour leadership running out of time in coping with the "legacies" of problems caused by previous administrations. Labour in London is paying a price for the extremism which has dominated so many of its councils in the capital and still constitute Labour's Achilles' heel.

Many electors must have found themselves torn. They dislike the poll tax as a system of revenue-raising, but also resent and distrust left-wing local authorities which spend money lavishly on bad causes and which, were revenue still being raised by rates, would have been imposing swinging rate increases instead. London voters showed themselves capable of distinguishing between the tax as a method and the level at which it was levied. Others were ready to give Labour the benefit of the doubt.

The outcome of the London elections therefore constitutes a more general warning to Mr. Kinnock not to put too much trust in opinion polls, and certainly not when they

register the unrealistic levels of "support" shown during the Government's recent time of trial. What is quickly gained can be quickly lost. Whatever curse the poll tax may have loaded on to the Conservatives at this election is more likely to diminish than increase, with the actual performance of Labour (local) administration becoming the focus of attention.

The Labour leader should also note the signs that centre politics may by no means be dead as he has assumed. Not only have the Liberal Democrats done well in the councils they have retained; they have actually managed an overall poll of around 20 per cent against the 7 per cent recently suggested by the polls. The result suggests that centre voting could return to national politics on any sign of Labour backsliding to the left.

Mrs. Thatcher might therefore feel a hesitant relief that her party has done better than expected. Yet she has even greater cause than Mr. Kinnock for concern. Wandsworth and Westminster notwithstanding, the reality is that the Government has done badly in a year when it would normally have hoped to recoup some of its losses. The bleak truth is that both the votes and total seats now held by the Conservatives are at the lowest point they have ever been.

Although some pressure has been removed from Mrs. Thatcher, she should not interpret this as a sign that the case for poll tax is beginning to "get across" to voters. All indicators, from opinion polls to doorstep canvassing, show that this tax lies at the root of Conservative unpopularity even more than high interest rates or economic recession. It is an albatross.

The Government has been given a sharp warning that it cannot soldier on unconcerned towards 1991 and expect the electorate to say that all is well after all. These elections have disproved the thesis, still widely accepted in Conservative circles, that Mrs. Thatcher's majority is too large to be overturned in a single general election. The poll tax must go.

JAW-JAW AT THE CAPE

The outcome of the talks between the South African Government and the African National Congress means much in appearance but little in substance. Mr. F. W. de Klerk and his colleagues were delighted to be talking South African politics with former enemies and to find them as sophisticated as are Mr. Nelson Mandela and Mr. Thabo Mbeki. The latter returned the compliment. Mr. Mbeki expressed himself "a bit surprised at how foolish all of us have been in the past... there was nobody in the room that had horns." They duly set up a working group to study the removal of the remaining obstacles to constitutional negotiations, agreed on temporary immunity from prosecution for political offences for selected ANC officials and set up a review of security legislation. No date was set for further talks.

A cynic might say that both the ANC and the South African Government have much in common just now. Mr. de Klerk has burnt his boats with right-wing white opinion. In any future election, he must rely heavily on English-speaking whites and be increasingly vulnerable to disaffection from the Civil Service, police and Armed Forces. Every time he talks to Mr. Mandela, he incites that curse of all oligarchies, a fundamentalist coup.

The ANC's leadership is largely composed of former professionals and expatriates still exhilarated by their return home. Behind them lie the gang leaders in the townships, the trade union bosses of Cosatu, Zulus who owe the ANC nothing but enmity, tribal chiefs and homeland warlords. Messrs. Mandela and Mbeki must show results too, and need the continuance of comparative order and stability to consolidate their leadership. Hence the widespread feeling that the state of emergency must best be continued to curb tribal bloodshed in Natal.

But can the *bonhomie* of Cape Town this past week be sustained? High-flown waffle does not a constitution make. The ANC spoke of establishing an "elected constituent assembly" to draw up a new constitution. That assembly would presumably be elected on a group basis — a concession by the ANC that

might find support from the Zulus but not from the township radicals. Even were an assembly to be set up, where does it leave Mr. de Klerk's off-repeated sentiment that he would never tolerate one-person-one-vote majority rule in South Africa? Might this conceivably be bartered for an agreement by the ANC to give up the "armed struggle"? Mr. de Klerk could hardly concede the one without himself launching a *de facto* coup against his opponents within the white community. The ANC could hardly concede the other when it still has militants in camps all over southern Africa and rivals marching through the townships.

Indeed there was about the Cape Town talks an eerie sense of detachment. Mr. de Klerk must be correct in his assessment that only the entrenchment of group rights will induce his own people to concede serious change. The familiar "Natal option" — in effect, a semi-autonomous republic on the Indian Ocean — is back on the agenda, with Zulus, whites and Indians in that province keen to distance themselves from any future ANC dominance in Pretoria or Cape Town. But how any acceptable franchise can deflect the future negotiations from the fundamental issue of one-person-one-vote remains a mystery. "Group rights" means race rights. Here is still the proverbial clash of irresistible force and immovable object.

The odds in South Africa have always been in favour of a messy compromise of tribal and geographical interests in a series of shifting coalitions. This is what has happened in Natal this past decade. In such a framework, the franchise issue may even diminish in significance, as it has in most of Africa and Asia. It could even be that what has been seen in Cape Town this past week is just such a coalition in the making, with Messrs. Mandela and Mbeki being added to Chief Buthelezi as economic and political power brokers for the black community. How long such coalitions can survive is another matter: but South Africans must be saying amen to this one. Talking is still better than fighting.

THE BARKHAM FACTOR

In the political excitement generated by the local elections, with their dramatic swings and roundabouts, it would have been easy to overlook altogether the results of the Parish Council election in Barkham, hard by Wokingham in Berkshire. But even the keenest psephologist would have been disappointed; the truth is, all 10 of the sitting councillors forgot to get themselves nominated, and nobody else in the area felt the urge to stand.

Asked how Barkham managed to miss the contest altogether, Mr. Sam Hosgood, the chairman, said: "No one realized the election was scheduled for next Thursday." But he elaborated this reasonable explanation in words of such splendour that they deserve to be recorded in full: "It will all come out in the wash. The world won't collapse because of it, and I am sure Barkham won't."

Note first the subtle distinction in his assurances. The world is waved away almost casually; certainly is reserved for Barkham. Foreigners, such as the folk who live in Reading, may be uneasy at the news, despite Mr. Hosgood's comfort; Barkham, standing on a rock of confidence, will defy fate as long as is necessary. (That, incidentally, will be the summer, when the local electoral registration department reissues the appropriate nomination forms).

This is the kind of thing that used to happen in Ealing comedies; alas, that Stanley follow-up is no longer with us to play chairman Hosgood. But perhaps it would have been inappropriate; there was usually a villain, and no one has suggested that there was any cunningery (who hid the nomination papers

under the carpet?) in Barkham's failure to notice the world going by.

Presumably, the forgetful council's term of office ended when nominations closed. It follows that Barkham Parish Council has no proper authority to do anything, and the lawyers must have begun to lick their lips at the prospect of years of litigation. It seems, though, that the Wokingham overlord has decreed that the 10 members who were the council until lately should carry on as though they still are, and to judge from the relaxed attitude of the chairman, it is likely that that is what they had intended to do all along.

Some may jump to the conclusion that the affair shows the political parties in a poor light; on the contrary, none of the councillors sailed to victory last time under a party flag at all — they are all independents, and seem to have commendably little time for politics.

There are possibilities in this. Suppose the psephologists find that good governance, financial rectitude and harmonious relations reign throughout the area. Might that not be the signal for, say, those intending to fight the district council elections to give up their ambitions? From there to the borough councils would then be but a step, and at last we arrive at a House of Commons echoing emptily because the members have forgotten all about the hustings, or at least decided that the world could get on without them.

Fantasy, perhaps; but remember the words of Chairman Hosgood: "It will all come out in the wash." The Tamworth Manifesto is blown; history books of the future will dwell on the Barkham Snooze, and be grateful.

Norway's turn-round on whaling

From Mr. Sidney Holt
Sir, Your Oslo Correspondent ("Norway wants to resume whaling", report, May 3) has unwittingly passed on to *Times* readers some misleading statements being promulgated by the Norwegian Ministry of Fisheries. Norway is the only whaling country that still formally objects to the moratorium decision, despite pressure not merely from "American conservationists", but from a large majority of Governments, which together represent more than two thirds of the world population.

The International Whaling Commission has considered an estimate of 20,000 minke whales remaining in the north-east Atlantic including the Arctic (not just "in Norwegian waters"). Since 1984 it has used alternative figures from "recreative" "tagged" whales for its *total* numbers, including juveniles, of 60,000 and 44,000; these are comparable with their new estimate of 77,000 from a research survey last year.

All have wide ranges of statistical error; at least plus or minus 50 per cent. The earlier figures led to the conclusion that this "stock" should be protected because it is depleted according to the commission's management rules; in themselves they would not change the conclusion.

To portray the current argument as simply one between born-again whalers and "conservation and animal-rights groups" is misleading. The issue is the implementation of the IWC mandate "in the interests of the nations of the world [to] safeguard future generations the great natural resources represented by the whale stocks".

Having failed for 30 years to honour this (blue, fin and hump-

back whales throughout the southern hemisphere were reduced to less than 1 per cent of their original numbers, primarily by Norwegian whalers and under the IWC's "regulations") the IWC has been trying, during the moratorium, to devise a new set of rules which would protect the minke whale from the same fate, if and when commercial whaling is resumed. Norway has played little part in that except, during the past year, to try to short-cut and fudge the process, in the interest of an immediate resumption.

One of the difficulties the IWC will have in evaluating the new Norwegian claims is that officials repeatedly "massage" the same data. Until 1983 the story was that the data showed that the minke population had not been declining. Then, under pressure from British scientists, it was admitted that they did show a decline. When, two years later, it was shown that the consequence of this, taking into account the historical reported catches, was that the stock should be protected, it was leaked that the catch data had been falsified by the whalers, so should not be used.

We are now being asked to believe, on the basis of "revised" data, that the stock is still as numerous as it was when intense exploitation began in the 1930s, despite the killing of nearly 2,000 whales annually for several decades. This leopard is really clinging to its spots!

Yours faithfully,
SIDNEY HOLT (Member, Scientific Committee, International Whaling Commission),
Podere II Falco,
06062 Città della Pieve (PG), Italy.
May 4.

Museum cuts

From Mr. Robert Ross
Sir, In your leading article of April 27 you defend the staff cuts at the Natural History Museum by arguments based on the assumption that the prime purpose of the museum is "to fire the imaginations of young and old with the glories of nature" by means of the displays in its public galleries.

Throughout its history, however, the museum's major commitment has been to research in taxonomy and to the building-up and maintenance of the scientific collections of animals and plants, both recent and fossil, that are essential tools for this work. The information that this research provides is essential to scientists in many disciplines: ecology, genetics, stratigraphical geology, medicine, amongst others.

Many groups of organisms, particularly those of small size, are still inadequately known taxonomically, even although they are of great biological importance. One such group is the diatoms, unicellular algae with silica shells.

Transport priorities

From Mr. Richard Planck
Sir, The Treasury is to be asked to approve plans by the Civil Aviation Authority to spend an additional £400 million on capital projects... Mr. Cecil Parkinson, Secretary of State for Transport, will outline the proposals in Paris... (report, April 18).

Mr. Michael Portillo, Minister for Transport, said in Leeds, speaking in connection with the Channel tunnel link: "We see no case for treating rail services differently from sea or air services, which are unsubsidised" (report, April 18).

No wonder transport is in such a chaotic state in this country. Yours faithfully,
RICHARD PLANCK,
Leybourne Lodge,
Birling, Kent.

History teaching

From Professor H. MacL. Currie
Sir, Another instance to be added to the list given by General Woods (April 25) of really significant technical achievements which ought to figure in any adequate national curriculum for history is the codex, or hinged book. This took the place of the volume or roll, and thus made exact scholarship at last possible. Yours truly,
H. MACL. CURRIE,
25 West Street, Yarm, Cleveland.

Strangeways riot

From Mr. Louis Blom-Cooper, QC
Sir, You kindly published an article from me ("Prisoners inflamed" on April 24) in which I ventured the opinion that the appointment of assessors to assist Lord Justice Woolf in his inquiry into the disturbances at Strangeways Prison and other penal establishments was inappropriate. Since I wrote I have been reading the report by Mr. Herbert du Parc, KC, "on the circumstances connected with the recent disorder at Dartmoor Convict Prison" in 1932.

Mr. du Parc was provided with the assistance of one of His Majesty's Commissioners of Prisons, Mr. Alexander Paterson, in the conduct of the inquiry. The final paragraph of Mr. du Parc's report stated: "I wish to acknowledge the great assistance given to me by Mr. Alexander Paterson. I may be permitted to add that he has scrupulously abstained from any endeavour to influence my judgment."

I wonder whether such a sense of an exclusively personal responsibility for the report of an independent judicial inquiry will

be probably the most important primary producers in both the seas and in fresh waters, at least as important there as the grasses, including all the cereals, are on land.

Although there are only two other institutions in the world where the resources in collections and staff for such work are comparable to those of the Natural History Museum, research on diatoms there is to be abandoned. Yet there is to be little reduction in research on flowering plants, even though there are in Britain alone two other Government-funded major centres of research on their taxonomy, the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, and the Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh.

Some aspects of the museum's corporate plan seem to need second thoughts. Yours faithfully,
R. ROSS
(Keeper of Botany, British Museum (Natural History), 1966-77),
The Garden House,
Evesham,
Bishop's Frome, Worcester.
April 29.

Trains to suit needs

From Mr. David L. Jones
Sir, The problems of Mr. Simon Hardwick (April 19) in travelling by train to Taunton make an interesting comparison with my own experience in Paris recently. In company with a colleague and 28 schoolboys I arrived at Montparnasse station with five minutes to spare before catching the train to Laval — a journey I know well. What no one had told me was that this train now leaves from Montparnasse-Vaugrard, which is not part of the main station, so by the time we reached there our train had left.

Within minutes an official was on the phone trying to make alternative arrangements for us. Another official arrived armed with a walkie-talkie, and an hour later we left on the high-speed train to Le Mans, paying no surcharge, where we caught up with and changed to the train we had missed.

I was also told that if I had explained my problem as soon as we arrived our train would have been held back long enough for us to reach Vaugrard, and the guard at Le Mans said that if he had been on the high-speed train he would have kept us on it and ordered an additional stop at Laval. Yours faithfully,
DAVID L. JONES,
Elham College,
Grove Park Road, SE9.

constitute a precedent for Lord Justice Woolf in relation to Mr. Gordon Lakes (the recently retired Deputy Director of the Prison Service). Miss Mary Tuck (recently retired head of the Home Office Research and Planning Unit) and Professor Rod Morgan (Professor of Criminal Justice at Bristol University). Yours faithfully,
LOUIS BLOM-COOPER
(Chairman, the Press Council),
2 Ripplevale Grove, N1.
April 30.

From Mr. John Hair
Sir, My father joined the prison service on coming down from Oxford in the early 1920s. During the early 50s he was Governor of Strangeways and retired as a prison commissioner in 1964.

At that time, the commissioners were all prison administrators with a wealth of wide and varied experience of the establishment for which they were responsible, with the chairman responsible direct to the Home Secretary.

Letters to the Editor should carry a daytime telephone number. They may be sent to a fax number — (071) 782 5046.

New horizons for national parks

From the Leader of Norfolk County Council

Sir, In her article on April 28, "Now the call of the tame demands to be heard", Marion Shoard poses some interesting ideas for new national parks which no doubt the Countryside Commission will consider carefully. This, however, is not the remit of the review panel, and she does less than justice to the Countryside Commission and the courage of the Countryside Commission.

It is true to say that the concept of a national park for the Broads did not receive unanimous support in 1976, although opinion was fairly evenly divided. However, the local authorities, with the blessing of the Countryside Commission, did set up by common consent a statutory joint committee for the Broads and with considerable good will it became a successful body.

When the time came to review the functioning of the authority in 1984, the Countryside Commission, having taken careful soundings, recommended a statutory authority for the Broads. This was finally achieved by the Norfolk and Suffolk Broads Act which received the Royal Assent in March, 1988.

This Act is no compromise. The Broads Authority has far-reaching powers which are the envy of the other national parks. It was achieved by the hard work and perseverance of the large number of people who were determined to see a Broads authority with wide-ranging responsibilities, adequate powers and funding and a secure future. It was promoted with enthusiasm by the Government.

It has fair representation of local authorities and interested parties, in addition to national nominations with specialised interests. Above all it is working with the good will of everyone in the Broads area.

In my view it is an ideal solution for the difficult conflicts which arise in such areas. The varying interests are all represented and the local authorities have willingly surrendered much of their own powers in the area covered by the authority, so that all involved feel a commitment to deliver solutions. I believe the Countryside Commission has been strengthened by this experience and I hope that

Accountants merger

From Mr. Derek Fowler
Sir, The accountancy profession in the UK comprises three Institutes of Chartered Accountants (England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland); the Chartered Institute of Public Finance and Accountancy; the Chartered Association of Certified Accountants; and the Chartered Institute of Cost and Management Accountants.

Each institute was developed to fulfil a specific need and members of each institute are justifiably proud of their antecedents. However, the institutes have moved much closer together over the years. For example, education and training requirements are comparable, as are post qualification training commitments and disciplinary codes.

In spite of this convergence of standards, the accountancy profession is still divided. This results

Nelsonian sundial

From Mr. A. R. Eden
Sir, Mr. Davidson's fears (April 25) that Nelson's Column would not work as the gnomon of a sundial unless tilted at an alarming angle are unjustified.

Provided that the position of the hour markers, suitably calculated, are set out on an ellipse rather than a circle, and a small modification made to Nelson's Column so as to allow it to be moved north or south by a few feet each month, it will work accurately as an analemmatic dial.

It would remain to be decided if the public could be expected to make allowance for daylight-saving schemes, or whether Trafalgar Square should be rotated by some 15° biannually, at the times of change to and from summer time. Yours faithfully,
A. R. EDEN,
Torberry House,
West Harting,
Petersfield, Hampshire.
April 25.

The commissioners themselves, the governors and their staff at all levels considered that not only did they form integral elements of a service in which they had a pride but also set standards of discipline on themselves which inevitably had an effect on the men and women in their charge.

The prison commission should be re-established. The prison service as a whole would thus regain its reputation as world leader in its pragmatic approach to penal reform. Yours faithfully,
JOHN HAIR,
6 Clarendon Road,
St Helier,
Jersey, Channel Islands.
April 30.

From Mr. M. C. Tucker
Sir, On Saturday I noticed that my sons and a few of their friends had, for the first time, climbed on to the garage roof and were clearly establishing a camp there. "Hello Dad", they shouted down, "We're playing Strangeways, will you please be a warden?" So I turned the garden hose on them. Yours faithfully,
M. C. TUCKER,
2 Goodwood Close,
Camberley, Surrey.
April 30.

other parties in other areas will follow our example.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN ALSTON, Leader,
Norfolk County Council,
County Hall,
Martineau Lane,
Norwich, Norfolk.
May 3.

From the Chairman of the Countryside Commission
Sir, Marion Shoard's enthusiasm for national parks is most welcome. The parks do indeed command great public support. But they also face great challenges — the uncertain future of hill farming, the pressures of tourism, the tensions between jobs and conservation, the threats from pollution and so on.

That is why the Countryside Commission set up a review panel, now labouring away under Professor Ronald Edwards, to advise us on the way forward for the existing 11 national parks, including the Broads, which cover nearly 10 per cent of England and Wales.

I am sure that Professor Edwards' panel will also want to look at the case for new national parks as advocated by Ms. Shoard. I wonder, though, whether the national park designation is always the best solution for the kind of problems she has correctly identified in lowland England.

Rather than the one club approach, we surely need a broader view: more emphasis on the care of the areas of outstanding natural beauty and heritage coasts; yet wider encouragement for environmentally friendly farming; new initiatives to create lowland forests for the future; and tailor-made bodies for special areas such as the one set up last year, with great initial success, for the Broads.

If national park designation is to be more than gesture conservation, then the priority must be to ensure that the parks which exist can do their job properly; and any new national parks must be justified as the best available approach to the conservation of the areas concerned. Yours faithfully,
DEREK BARBER, Chairman,
The Countryside Commission,
John Downer House,
Crescent Place,
Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.
May 3.

in confusion to employers and new entrants and a considerable waste of resources in education, training and research.

Against that background, recent proposals (report, Money, April 21) by the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales and the Chartered Institute of Public Finance and Accountancy to merge are commendable.

The proposed merger justifies wide publicity so that those who employ members of these two chartered bodies can exert influence on the membership to vote in favour of the merger and take an important step towards simplifying the structure of the profession, with attendant benefits to employers and practitioners. Yours faithfully,
D. FOWLER (Deputy Chairman),
British Railways Board,
Euston House,
24 Eversholt Street, NW1.
April 26.

Segregated eating

From Mrs. E. Wyndham
Sir, Mrs. Beryl Williams (April 28) is right about our war-time eating at Blechley. However, a year after the war ended, I was appointed to a senior position in the Control Commission for Germany and found myself back at Blechley for a course before going to Berlin.

To my astonishment, the dining hall had been divided by a wall into areas for "officers" and "other ranks". Worse still, coffee was served in the main building to "officers" only, to which "other ranks" could not be invited.

As the "other ranks" in the CCG included many who had served as senior officers in the war-time services, the absurdity was further heightened. I am, Sir, your obedient servant.
ELIZABETH WYNDHAM,
Hampton Cottage,
19 Dean Way,
Chalfont St Giles,
Buckinghamshire.
April 29.

From Mr. G. A. Dawson
Sir, Thirty years ago I returned from Australia where I had a job with an international oil company. Everyone from the directors to the shop floor lunched together and rank was temporarily suspended.

Back in England I took a job with a Midlands engineering group. There were five different levels of canteen and dining-room. Yours faithfully,
G. A. DAWSON,
4 Highbury Street,
Portsmouth,
Hampshire.
April 29.

On the slide?

From Mr. K. Speakers
Sir, Bearing in mind rampant inflation, balance of payments crises, riots, the presidential style of the country's leader, torrential storms and now blazing sunshine, does England at last truly qualify as a "banana republic"?

Yours faithfully,
K. SEAKENS,
12 Atfield Grove,
Widnesham,
Surrey.
May 4.

SATURDAY'S TELEVISION AND RADIO

BBC 1

- 6.40 Open University
7.30 Playdays (7.50 The Muppet Babies)
- 8.15 The 6.15 from Manchester. Rock stars from all over the world meet to commemorate John Lennon in a memorial gig in Liverpool. Charlotte Hinde attends the final rehearsals and meets some of the performers including Wet Wet Wet and Kylie Minogue.
- 11.00 Film: *Dusty* (1982) starring Bill Kerr. Delightful tale of an old bushwacker who is lobbied off with a dingo puppy when he wanted a young dog. The old man teaches it to herd sheep but sometimes the animal's natural instincts rise to the surface. Unsentimental and appealing to both children and adults. Directed by John Richardson.
- 12.30 Grandstand introduced by Desmond Lynam. The line-up is (subject to alteration): 12.35 Football: Barry Davies reports on the action in Group D of the World Cup - West Germany, Yugoslavia, Colombia and UAE. 1.00 News: 1.05, 1.40 and 2.10 Home News: 1.25 Racing from Haydock Park; 2.40 Golf: the Benson and Hedges International Open from St Mellon, Cornwall; 3.35 Rugby Union: the Pilkington Cup final between Gloucester and Bath; 4.00 Twickenham; 4.35 Final Score, Wales: 2.40-4.40 Schweppes Rugby Union Cup final: Bridgend v Neath

- 5.05 News with Moira Stuart. Weather 5.15 Regional news and sport. Wales: 5.15-6.05 Wales on Saturday
- 5.20 Cartoon
- 5.30 The Flying Doctors. Outback adventures of a Royal Flying Doctor Service crew. (Ceefax). Wales 6.05 Cartoon
- 6.15 Film: *Meteor* (1979) starring Sean Connery and Natalie Wood. A fine cast is wasted on a banal script and shoddy special effects in this sci-fi tale of a meteor hurtling towards earth with the superpowers having only seven days to unite to destroy it before it destroys them. Directed by Ronald Neame. (Ceefax)
- 8.00 The Eurovision Song Contest. It is easy to hear song on this annual anthology of the most forgettable in popular music, but the delights of the show can be rich indeed. Among them are spotting the winner from a heap of mediocrity but there is more fun betting on last place, for which the competition is arguably much greater. The longest odds should be reserved for a country ending up without a single point, as Norway did on one priceless occasion, although this may have been a statistical freak unlikely to be repeated. The other joy of the Eurovision is watching Terry Wogan trying to square the circle of affecting to maintain a proper scepticism about the whole charade while managing not to be the hand that so abundantly leads him. For the record, this year's bash comes from Zagreb in Yugoslavia and British hopes rest with



British entry, 15-year-old Emma (8.00pm)

- 10.45 News with Michael Buerk. Sport and weather
- 11.05 Paramount City - With Arthur Smith. Host Arthur Smith is joined by impressionist Steve Coogan, Curtis and Ishmael, stand-up comedian Mickey Miller and John McEnroe. With music from Hot Butter, Northern Ireland: highlights of the Bass Irish Cup final 11.55 Paramount City 12.35am-1.20 Gloria Gaynor in Concert
- 11.45 Film: *The Awakening* (1980) starring Charles Heston, Susan York and Stephanie Zimbalist. Third-rate horror movie, based on a Bram Stoker novel. Directed by Mike Newell
- 1.25am Weather

BBC 2

- 6.50 Open University: Learning and Doing Maths 7.25 A Sample Story of Country Folk 7.40 Latin Squares
- 8.05 Living Choices: New Dimensions in the Brain 8.55 Land Use in Brazil 9.20 Physics: Painting Pottery 9.45 The Trouble with Science 10.10 Living with Technology: UK Power 10.35 Broadcasting Rituals 11.00 The History of Mathematics 11.25 The Novel and Television 11.50 The Successful Seven 12.15 Physics: Ideal Solutions 1.40 Weapons Procurement 1.05 Personality, Development and Learning 1.30 Modern Art: Picasso 1.55 Discovering Sixteenth Century Strasbourg 2.20 An Exam for All Reasons
- 2.45 Mahabharat. Episode four of the 91-part dramatization of India's great epic. After renouncing the throne of Hastinapur and taking a vow of celibacy, Bhishma takes Satyawati to his father, King Shantanu. Starring Rishabh Shukla, Debashree Roy and Mukesh Khanna. In Hindi with English subtitles
- 3.25 Film: *Meet Me at the Fair* (1952). Diverging musical tale of an orphan who runs away to join a travelling medicine show. Dan Daeley, Diana Lynn and Chet Allen star in another film in the Douglas Sirk season
- 4.50 International Golf. Action from the second round of the Benson and Hedges International Open from the St Mellon course in Cornwall, introduced by Harry Carpenter
- 5.25 Badminton Home Trials, presented by Raymond Brooks-Ward. The climax of the cross-country phase of the Whitbread Trophy. The commentators are Michael Tucker, Lucinda Green and Lorna Clarke
- 6.15 International Gymnastics. Coverage of the Women's European Gymnastics introduced by Barry Davies from



Dustin Hoffman plays Willy Loman (8.15pm)

- 8.15 Film: *Death of a Salesman* (1951). Arthur Miller's play was first filmed in 1951 by Laszlo Benedek (later to make the notorious *The Wild One* with Marlon Brando) with Fredric March as Willy Loman, the elderly New York salesman at the end of his tether. It was generally well received, but not by Miller who complained that it had imposed naturalism on a work that exists much of the time in Willy's mind. This 1955 version, made as a

- television special by the German director, Volker Schlöndorff, is based on a Broadway stage revival in which Miller was closely involved. The result tends to be a respectful record, rather than a freshly minted piece of filming, though it is closer to Miller's original intentions. Dustin Hoffman (who took the role as a challenge, without salary) plays Loman as an ordinary guy, whose failure and self-inflicted demise nevertheless have the ring of tragedy. It is sometimes a mannered performance but always a compelling one. Charles Durning, as Charley, Willy's assistant and only friend, and John Malkovich, who plays the Loman son Biff, stand out in an excellent supporting cast
- 10.25 Saturday Night Comedy. Television and radio presenter Clare Ginepro teams up with singer of Hue and Cry, Pat Kane, and media personality Stuart Cosgrove, to take a cabaret look at the best of Glasgow's International Arts Festival over the next six weeks
- 11.05 The Salesman Goes to China. In 1974, 35 years after he created Willy Loman, Arthur Miller was invited to direct *Death of a Salesman* in Peking. Jill Evans's documentary, which was first shown in *Ormaiztegui*, charts the remarkable meeting between the two worlds as the Chinese company try to come to grips with the family from Brooklyn
- 12.10am Film: *Success* (1978) starring Jeff Bridges and Stefania Bauer. Offbeat, uneven but very funny story about a couple in a frustrated marriage who revive the romance when the husband assumes a gangster alter ego and begins an affair with his own wife. When she falls for the new him, he steals five million dollars from her father to buy a new start in life. Directed by William Richert. Ends at 1.35

ITV LONDON

- 6.00 TV-am begins with News read by Susie Grant followed by Good Morning Moments in which Ulrika Jonsson looks back at the highlights of the past week on TV-am. 7.00 WAC 90. Children's entertainment presented by Michaela Strachan and Mike Walsh
- 9.25 Ghost Train. Includes music from Beasts International with Linda Layton and an interview with Neighbours actress Jessica Muschamp
- 11.30 The ITV Chart Show. The Vintage Video features U2
- 12.30 Huakoberry Film and His Friends. Adventures of Mark Twain's heroes
- 1.00 News with Nicholas Owen. Weather 1.05 LWT News and weather
- 1.10 Saint & Greaves. On the final Saturday of the official League season, an St John and Jenny Greaves look at the promotion and relegation issues still to be decided and feature the Goal of the Season
- 1.40 Sportsmasters. Dickie Davies hosts the grand final of the quiz for sports buffs
- 2.10 Coronation Street. The omnibus edition of the episodes shown last Wednesday and yesterday
- 3.05 Matlock. Courtroom drama series starring Andy Griffith as a shrewd hazy lawyer who takes on a murder charge
- 4.05 Katts and Dog. Harmless American policeman-with-dogs adventures starring Jesse Collins and Tim Tin Tin
- 4.35 071/081 For London presented by Michael Aspel. At midnight London switches over to 071 and 081 telephone prefixes
- 4.45 Results Service introduced by Eilon Welsh
- 5.00 News with Nicholas Owen. Weather 5.05 LWT News and weather
- 5.15 Steel. Computer quiz game show hosted by Mark Walker
- 5.45 Baywatch. Glossy, shallow adventures of a team of California beach guards. Starring David Hasselhoff. (Oracle)

- 6.40 Davro. More clever mimicry from the man with a thousand faces. Last show in the current series
- 7.10 The Two of Us. Likeable domestic comedy starring Nicholas Lyndhurst and Janet Dibley. Tonight the young couple are reluctant to pose nude for each other (r). (Oracle). Followed by 071/081 For London
- 7.40 Film: *Lady Lou* (1973) starring Donald Sutherland, Jennifer O'Neill and Robert Duvall. An insurance investigator who dies before the film and goes into partnership with a gangster's daughter. Unamusing Miami-based thriller directed by Tom Gries
- 9.25 071/081 For London presented by Michael Aspel. At midnight London switches over to 071 and 081 telephone prefixes
- 9.30 News with Nicholas Owen. Sport and weather 9.45 LWT Weather
- 9.50 Aspel & Company. Michael Aspel's guests tonight are a thespian bent - Oliver Reed, John Thew and Sir Richard Attenborough
- 10.35 Lennon. A huge tribute to John Lennon, performed before 45,000 people at the Rock in Liverpool, and hosted by Yoko Ono Lennon, Sean Lennon, Christopher Reeve and Mike Read. It is 10 years ago in December that Lennon was cut down by an assassin's bullet. Like other pop figures who died before their time, he has become the stuff of myth and legend though his tangible legacy remains his songs. These are being performed tonight by a raft of artists running alphabetically from Ray Charles to Wet Wet Wet and including former Beatles, Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr, Natalie Cole, Roberta Flack and Cyndi Lauper are also there and so, perhaps a little incongruously, is Kylie Minogue. Proceeds from the concert, which continues on Channel 4 at 11.50pm, will go to the Spirit Foundation, which was set up by Lennon and Yoko Ono in 1978 to fund environmental projects
- 11.50 Live from Telecom Tower. Michael Aspel hosts a special programme to



John Lennon: a musical tribute (10.35pm)

- 12.30am Golf: PGA Tour 1990. Highlights from the penultimate day's play in the USPGA Classic in New Orleans
- 1.30 Film: *The Return of the Man from U.N.C.L.E.* (1963) starring Robert Vaughn and David McCallum. Harmless hokum with Napoleon Solo and Illya Kuryakin brought out of retirement after 15 years to save an American nuclear device from the clutches of their old enemy, T.R.U.S.H. Sub-James Bond formula but the old chemistry between the stars is still there
- 3.15 Throb. Comedy series set in a record company (r)
- 3.45 Raging Yachts. A musical interlude
- 4.00 The Hit Man and Her. Dance the hottest sounds from the coolest clubs, plus fashion and competitions
- 5.00 ITN Morning News with Richard Bath. Ends at 6.00

CHANNEL 4

- 6.00 Comic Book. Cartoons for younger viewers 7.00 Kaboodle. Children's series combining comedy, adventure and fantasy 7.30 International Times. Reports on the stories behind the headlines and a look at the ways in which foreign television stations cover news stories 8.00 Transworld Sport 9.00 Channel 4 Racing: The Morning Line. A look back at the past week and a preview of the weekend's racing events
- 9.25 Sing and Swing with the stars of the 1930s and 1940s (r)
- 9.30 Listening Eye. Deal people of all ages look back on their school days (r)
- 10.00 Film: *Amanush* (1974). Uttam Kumar stars in this romantic tale of good and evil. Madhu is a kind, rich man who loses his love and fortune to the corrupt Mahim. The film cleverly conveys the guilt between corruption and moral goodness. Directed by Shakti Samanta
- 12.50 Edelweiss. Bulgarian animation
- 1.00 Film: *At War with the Army* (1951). Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis star in this crazy farce. Lewis is a stupid private who lets super-smooth Martin exploit him for his own ends. Directed by Hal Walker.

- 2.45 Channel 4 Racing from Newmarket. Brough Scott introduces live coverage of the 3.00, 3.40 (General Accident 2,000 Guineas Stakes), 4.15 and 4.45 races
- 5.05 Brookside Omnibus (r). (Oracle)
- 6.00 Right To Reply includes a discussion on *Cutting Edge's* No Home For Barry
- 6.30 Gallery. George Melly hosts the art quiz in which celebrities show off their knowledge on paintings, sculptures and drawings
- 7.00 The World This Week reports on the international talks on the reunification of Germany. Followed by Weather
- 8.00 Adventures: Right Up the Zippier! Lee Dickinson is in Florida to watch an attempt on the world record freetail title (r)
- 9.00 thirty something. American comedy/drama series about middle-class and middle-aged angst. (Oracle)
- 10.00 Film: *Masques* (1987). Claude Chabrol must be fed up by now with being called the French Hitchcock but he does rather invite Hitchcock to his party. The film playfully includes allusions to at least three Hitchcock films - *Rebecca*, *Suspicion* and *Notorious*. But Chabrol has long since escaped the influence of the master and evolved

- his own style and point of view. *Masques* is a light and amusing piece, assembled with the nonchalant skill of a film-maker who knows exactly what he is up to. The invariably excellent Philippe Noiret plays a television games show host whose genial public face is gradually stripped away to reveal the villainy beneath. The spring for the plot is the visit to Noiret's country house, with its strange and sinister collection of staff and servants, of a writer who is ghosting his biography. As always with Chabrol, the interest lies not so much in whodunit, but in their motives
- 11.50 Lennon. Liverpool plays host to this celebration of ex-Beatle John Lennon. The live concert, introduced by Mike Read and Christopher Reeve, features Al Green, Roberta Flack and Sarah Alexander. All Paul McCartney and the Beatles are also recorded tributes from stars who are unable to be present on the night. Coverage of the event began on ITV at 10.35pm
- 2.10am The Mysteries of Edgar Wallace: Downfall (1963, b/w). A famous criminal mastermind, Wallace's material with a superior cast, including Maurice Denham, Peter Barkworth and T. P. McKenna. Ends at 3.15

ITV VARIATIONS

- ANGLIA**
As London except: 3.05pm-4.45 Film: *Attack on the Iron Coast* 7.40-9.30 Film: *Letting Go* 12.30am Film: *The Hit Man and Her* 4.00-5.00 In the Heat of the Night
- BORDER**
As London except: 12.30pm-1.00 The Life and Times of Gypsy Adams 3.05-4.45 Film: *Carry On Up the Jungle* 7.40-9.30 Film: *Letting Go* 12.30am Film: *The Hit Man and Her* 4.00-5.00 Senior League Professional Baseball
- CENTRAL**
As London except: 12.30pm-1.00 Hot Water 3.05-4.45 Film: *Attack on the Iron Coast* 7.40-9.30 Film: *Letting Go* 12.30am Film: *The Hit Man and Her* 4.00-5.00 Senior League Professional Baseball

CHANNEL

- As London except: 12.30pm-1.00 Rallycross 3.05-4.45 Film: *Attack on the Iron Coast* 7.40-9.30 Film: *Letting Go* 12.30am Film: *The Hit Man and Her* 4.00-5.00 Senior League Professional Baseball

GRAMPIAN

- As London except: 12.30pm-1.00 Am Fasach 3.05-4.45 Film: *Two Thousand Women* 7.40-9.30 Film: *Letting Go* 12.30am Film: *The Hit Man and Her* 4.00-5.00 Senior League Professional Baseball

GRANADA

- As London except: 2.10pm-4.45 Film: *Dark Victory* 7.40-9.30 Film: *Letting Go* 12.30am Film: *The Hit Man and Her* 4.00-5.00 Senior League Professional Baseball

HTV WEST

- As London except: 3.05pm-4.45 Film: *The Command* 7.40-9.30 Film: *Letting Go* 12.30am Film: *The Hit Man and Her* 4.00-5.00 Senior League Professional Baseball

ITV WALES

- As London except: 12.30pm-1.00 Rallycross 3.05-4.45 Film: *Attack on the Iron Coast* 7.40-9.30 Film: *Letting Go* 12.30am Film: *The Hit Man and Her* 4.00-5.00 Senior League Professional Baseball

TSW

- As London except: 12.30pm-1.00 The South West Week 1.40-2.10 Film: *Attack on the Iron Coast* 7.40-9.30 Film: *Letting Go* 12.30am Film: *The Hit Man and Her* 4.00-5.00 Senior League Professional Baseball

TVS

- As London except: 12.30pm-1.00 Rallycross 3.05-4.45 Film: *Attack on the Iron Coast* 7.40-9.30 Film: *Letting Go* 12.30am Film: *The Hit Man and Her* 4.00-5.00 Senior League Professional Baseball

TYNE TEES

- As London except: 2.10pm-4.45 Film: *Boogie* 4.00-5.00 Film: *Attack on the Iron Coast* 7.40-9.30 Film: *Letting Go* 12.30am Film: *The Hit Man and Her* 4.00-5.00 Senior League Professional Baseball

ULSTER

- As London except: 12.30pm-1.00 The Munster Today 2.00 Film: *Caracul Jack* 3.50-4.45 Film: *The Life and Times of Gypsy Adams* 7.40-9.30 Film: *Letting Go* 12.30am Film: *The Hit Man and Her* 4.00-5.00 Senior League Professional Baseball

YORKSHIRE

- As London except: 3.05pm-4.45 Film: *Attack on the Iron Coast* 7.40-9.30 Film: *Letting Go* 12.30am Film: *The Hit Man and Her* 4.00-5.00 Senior League Professional Baseball

SAC

- As London except: 6.00am Early Morning 9.25 Sing and Swing 9.30 Listening Eye 10.00 Waive Talkie 10.30 Consuming Passions 11.00 Gardeners: Calendar 11.30 The Best of the Week 12.00 The Sportsman's World 12.30 Hard News 1.00 Film: *Secret People* 2.45 Cyprian Chronicles 4.40 Racing from Newcastle 5.50 Breakfast 6.00 Right 6.30 The Wonder Years 7.00 Not Pals 7.30 Newsworld 7.40 News 8.40 Y Masses 9.00-9.30 Unholyday (Theatre) 9.30 Cymru 9.40 Film on Four On the Block 11.10 News 1.35 The Mysteries of Edgar Wallace: *Phantom*

RADIO 1

- FM Stereo and MW
6.00am Gary King 7.00 The Bruno and Lush Show 8.00am News 8.15am The 10.00am Adrian Justice 2.00 The Classic Albums: Steve Miller talks to Roger Scott about his album *Fly Like an Eagle* 3.05-4.45 The Gun of the Week: *Gun Train* 9.30am Concert: Kungs Mayfield, recorded at the Town and Country Club, London 10.00am Radio 1 Live Show 11.00-12.00am The Saturday Rock Show

RADIO 2

- FM Stereo
6.00am News 6.05am Graham Norton 6.15am The 6.30am News 6.45am The 7.00am News 7.15am The 7.30am News 7.45am The 8.00am News 8.15am The 8.30am News 8.45am The 9.00am News 9.15am The 9.30am News 9.45am The 10.00am News 10.15am The 10.30am News 10.45am The 11.00am News 11.15am The 11.30am News 11.45am The 12.00am News 12.15am The 12.30am News 12.45am The 1.00am News 1.15am The 1.30am News 1.45am The 1.55am News 2.00am The 2.15am News 2.30am The 2.45am News 2.55am The 3.00am News 3.15am The 3.30am News 3.45am The 3.55am News 4.00am The 4.15am News 4.30am The 4.45am News 4.55am The 5.00am News 5.15am The 5.30am News 5.45am The 5.55am News 6.00am The 6.15am News 6.30am The 6.45am News 6.55am The 7.00am News 7.15am The 7.30am News 7.45am The 7.55am News 8.00am The 8.15am News 8.30am The 8.45am News 8.55am The 9.00am News 9.15am The 9.30am News 9.45am The 9.55am News 10.00am The 10.15am News 10.30am The 10.45am News 10.55am News 11.00am The 11.15am News 11.30am The 11.45am News 11.55am News 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SUNDAY'S TELEVISION AND RADIO

BBC 1

6.45 Open University
6.55 Playdays (r)
9.15 Making Sense... Of the Church, Donald Reeves, the Rector of St James's Church, Piccadilly, looks at the place of the Church in everyday life (r)
9.30 This Is the Day. A simple religious service from a vicar's home in Great Whing, Gloucestershire
10.00 Bazaar. Janice Long hosts this magazine programme which includes Harry Green offering tips for decorating the outside of the house (r)
10.25 Take Nobody's Word for It (r)
10.50 Business Matters (r). Wales: The Flying Doctors
11.15 Women Mean Business (r). (CeeFax) 11.40 Step Up to Power. Chris Smith with reading and writing help for adults. (CeeFax). Wales: 11.35-12.30 Time For Sport
12.05 See Hear! Magazine for the hearing impaired
12.30 Country File. Reporter Anne Brown reveals that a pint of slurry from farms has the same pollution potential as 200 gallons of treated sewage. Wales: Farming in Wales
1.00 News with Moira Stuart. Followed by the Tories John Rentoul reports on whether they can recover in time for the General Election, and whether they will need to change their leader in order to regain their popularity
2.00 Eastenders (r). (CeeFax)
3.00 Film: The Battle of the River Plate (1955, b/w) starring John Gregson, Anthony Quinn and Peter Finch. Conventional Second World War adventure about the Royal Navy's efforts to destroy the "Gravel" a German pocket battleship that was wreaking havoc on British merchant shipping. Written and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger
4.55 Bugs Bunny. Cartoon
5.10 All Our Children. In Yorkshire four children have their first day at the seaside. In China a three-year-old girl

spends six days a week at a 24-hour kindergarten. Meanwhile, in the remote Andes region of Ecuador, the children adapt and find things to play with while, in Lancashire, a four-year-old boy learns how to bake. (CeeFax)
6.00 The Clothes Show. A consumers' guide to education in fashion. The Clothes Show team visits more than a dozen colleges offering a variety of fashion courses, looking at the final-year shows and talking to students and tutors
6.25 News with Moira Stuart. Weather
6.40 Praise Be! The first in a new series of popular hymns presented by Thora Hird. (CeeFax)
7.15 All Creatures Great and Small. Robert Hardy overacts delightfully in the pretty-photographed vet series (r) (CeeFax)
8.05 The Black Adder. Final episode in the repeat series of the cult comedy sees Black Adder on a quest to recruit the seven most evil men in the land so that he can seize the throne. (CeeFax)
8.35 Mastermind. The specialist subjects are the life and career of Montrose 1612-1650; Edward IV, the life and reign of Akbar 1542-1605; and the archaeology of Wessex 2500BC-AD43
9.05 News with Michael Barker. Weather
9.20 That's a Life! Consumer affairs
10.00 Single Voices
● Sheila Hancock continues the series of dramatic monologues with a piece she wrote herself about dowry. Doreen, who compensates for a lonely and unfulfilled life by harbouring fantasies about the famous. Her first love, she reveals, was Danny Kaye ("he had such lovely trousers always"), whose photograph now shares her wall with Barry Manilow. But Danny and Barry may both have to go because there's now a new man in her life, none other than the Duke of Edinburgh, about to visit the bells where she takes the tickets. Convinced that "he needs me desperately", but worried about sparking off another scandal like the Windsors, she knocks up a new dress and practises curtsies. We can laugh



Sheila Hancock as dowry Doreen (10.00pm)

means broadcasting intrusions into privacy. We soon have an admission from the Prime Minister's daughter, Carol Thatcher, that she would tell lies in the interests of getting a good story for the whole of the imaginary situations (national soccer team wiped out in an air crash, death of a public figure rumoured to have AIDS) finds the panelists divided on predictable lines. As always with the format there are too many contributors and the programme is more than half way through before Persinger Worshome manages to get word in. The star of the show is undeniably the moderator, Professor Arthur Miller from Harvard, a witty and incisive questioner who does not put up with any squawking
9.05 Ten Commandments. The first in an acclaimed series of films by the Polish director Krzysztof Kieslowski
10.00 Moviedrome: Assault on Precinct 13 (1976)
● Even if the films are rubbish, as they sometimes are, the series is worth catching for the presence of Alex Cox, who has been the host for this selection of cult offerings from cinema. Cox, whose own cult status has sadly not progressed beyond his debut film, Repo Man, is not only a terrific enthusiast for the cinema but

also knows what he is talking about. He makes you want to watch. Tonight he is on fairly easy ground since John Carpenter's Assault on Precinct 13 does not need any special pleading. A low budget homage to vintage B-movie exploitation, it is the tough professionalism of the films of Howard Hawks, it is a thriller about a police station under siege.
10.30 Everyman. An examination of what psychological changes affect soldiers who are trained to kill.
11.10 Women Mean Business. Sheila, Audrey and Jane share their experiences with Glenda Jackson as they choose to take re-training courses to update their skills and return to work. (CeeFax). Wales: Annual Conference of the Wales TUC
11.35 The Sky at Night. Dr Mike Hawkins of Edinburgh's Royal Observatory joins Patrick Moore to discuss the recent discovery of a Brown Dwarf in Wales.
11.40 From Welsh International Rally
11.55 Mahabharat. Episode four (r) Wales: Women Mean Business 12.20am Mahabharat 1.00 The Sky at Night
12.35am Weather. Wales 1.20

Alex Cox: cinema's cult offerings (10.00pm)
Essentially it transposes a well-used Western plot to the world of the cinema. Cox, who has been the host for this selection of cult offerings from cinema. Cox, whose own cult status has sadly not progressed beyond his debut film, Repo Man, is not only a terrific enthusiast for the cinema but

ITV LONDON

6.00 TV-am
6.00 Anne Diamond on Sunday. The day's papers are reviewed by Carol Thatcher and Brian Johnston
9.25 Swamp (1977) starring Vic Morrow, Noah Beery and Jeff East. Part one of a Disney story about the tracking down of a panther attacking farmers' stock. Directed by Vincent McEvety
10.15 The Campbells. Canadian adventures of a Scottish pioneering family
10.45 Link. Peter White examines how disabled people in Belfast manage to move around the city
11.00 Morning Worship. A service from Belfast to celebrate 150 years of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland
12.00 Villains. A reflective programme examining criminal and religious figures
12.30 071081 for London. Paul Ross reminds Londoners of the telephone number changes 12.40 Police 5
12.55 LWT News and weather
1.00 News at One with Sue Carpenter. Wales
1.10 Eyewitness includes an appraisal of Neil Kinnock with contributions from his political allies; and a report on the high percentage of Falklands veterans who have suffered Post Traumatic Distress
2.00 Film: Fifth Man in a String Quartet (1972). Average McCloud investigation, this afternoon looking for the perpetrator of a gangland-style killing. Directed by Russ Mayberry
3.30 Film: The Stone (1983) starring Paul Smith and Alan Cassell. Emotional story of a young man working in Australia's opal mines, determined to find a big stone and reunite his estranged parents. Directed by Gary Conway

CHANNEL 4

6.00 Transworld Sport (r) 7.00 Gardens in a Garden (r). (Oracle) 7.30 Bright Sparks. Cartoon fun with science in mind 6.00 Early Bird. 8.30 David the Gnome 9.00 Joyce and the Wheelchair Warriors
9.25 Movie Match: Bimal Roy - The Silent Thunder. A portrait of Indian director Bimal Roy, a pioneer of Indian cinema, and his dialogue with actor Dilip Kumar and Amitabh Bachchan. Roy is best known for his naturalistic approach and his way of adding melancholy aspects to his musicals (r). (Oracle)
10.00 Wales in Politics examines the significance of the local election results; mulls over Peter Walker's last days as the minister for Wales; and asks if Labour is changing its policy on Europe
11.00 Car for It. From the forests of Northumbria, the Kladder Challenge final, featuring six teams from various parts of England (r). (Oracle)
11.30 Gopher! Children's comedy series set in the animal world (r)
12.00 The Waltons. Adventure series about a law-abiding Appalachian mountain family at the time of the Depression
1.00 Land of the Giants. Vintage science fiction series, first shown in the 1960s, about the experiences of the passengers of a space craft that crashes on a land populated by hostile giants. Starring Kevin Hagen

5.15 Cartoons
5.30 Bullseye
6.00 Brave New Wilderness. Wildlife series in which Gavin Weightman looks at how land once lost to industry has returned to nature
6.30 News with Sue Carpenter. Weather
6.35 LWT News and weather
6.40 Appeal by Paul Nicholas on behalf of the British Deaf Association
6.45 Highway. Sir Harry Secombe is in Cupar, Fife
7.15 A Kind of Living. Silly sitcom starring Richard Griffiths (Oracle)
7.45 Perfect Soundbites: The Milk of Human Kindness. Peter Bowles and John Murray as a pair of mutually distrustful comrades. (Oracle)
8.45 Jeeves and Wooster. Stephen Fry and Hugh Laurie are in superlative form as the latest manifestations of P. G. Wodehouse's celebrated characters - a daff gentleman of leisure and his superior manservant. (Oracle)
9.45 News with Sue Carpenter. Weather
10.00 LWT Weather
10.05 Not with a Bang. Last in the series of the off-beat comedy about four people who think they are the sole survivors of a nuclear accident
10.35 Celebration: Madchester - The Sound of the North. The first of three arts documentaries under this title on Sunday evenings makes a plausible attempt to argue the case for Manchester as the nation's latest swinging city. It is the story of a young working class determined to escape from the recession and the dulle queues in an outpouring of music and fashion, creating what the film calls "a psychedelic dawn and the dawn of the enterprise culture". Among those who have contributed to the movement are the local bands Northside, The Happy Mondays and 808 State; the Joe Bloggs clothing emporium with its



Shaun Ryder of The Happy Mondays (10.35pm)

11.35 Golf: The American PGA Tour 1990. The final round of the USPGA Classic from New Orleans
12.35am Soap. The continuing comic saga of the Campbell and Tale families (r)
1.05 Whitebread Round the World Yacht Race. Followed by News headlines
1.35 The TV Chart Show (r). Followed by News headlines
2.35 Film: The Hanged Man (1964) starring Edmund O'Brien and Robert Culp. Average drama about a man who unwittingly becomes a pawn in a deadly game between a government agent and a union racketeer. Directed by Don Siegel
4.05 Pick of the Week. Robert Brydson picks out the week's regional television highlights
4.35 Outdoor Life. Fishing for trout
5.00 ITN Morning News. Ends at 6.00

serves as a protective breaker. (CeeFax)
8.00 The Media Show. Presented by Emma Freud, this week's programme goes behind the scenes to look at Ken Roach's controversial new film about Northern Ireland, Hidden Agenda. There is also an interview with Robert Maxwell about his latest venture The European, a weekly newspaper to be launched on Friday
9.00 The Managers: Steel Your Heart Away. Coogan drama series starring Cherie Lunghi as the manager of a Second Division football team pushing for promotion. Despite being on a winning run, the team lacks sparkle, and Gabriella sets out to alter this by giving a new coach. Meanwhile, the regular coach has even deeper problems. (Oracle)
10.00 Film: The Asphalt Jungle (1950, b/w). Classic thieves-fall-out thriller about a jewel robbery planned by an ex-convict and financed by a corrupt lawyer. A marvelous cast stars Sam Jaffe, Louis Calhern, Sterling Hayden and, in a minor role, Marilyn Monroe. Crisply directed by John Huston
12.00am Film: The Horse Thief (1986). A Chinese-made movie about a Tibetan herdsman and his wife, who are thrown out of their tribe and forced to live the lives of nomads. Slightly censored by the China Film Bureau, this film still provides an insight into Tibetan life, culture and ceremony. Directed by Tian Zhuangzhuang. Ends at 1.40

BBC 2

6.35 Open University
12.00 Westminster Week. Followed at 12.35 by regional reviews of the Parliamentary week. (CeeFax). Wales: See Hear! Northern Ireland: Raw
1.00 Open Forum Magazine
1.25 Sunday Grandstand. 1.30 Hockey: The National League Cup final between Hounslow and Havant; 2.50 Motor Racing: The Esso British Touring Car championship; 3.10 and 5.30 Gymnastics: Women's European Championships from Athens; 4.00 Horse Trials: from Badminton; 4.20 Golf: the Benson and Hedges International Open
5.50 Rugby Special. The Pilkington Cup and Schweppes Cup final
6.35 The Money Programme. Making firms responsible for training their workforce
7.15 The Natural World: Wild Waterfalls (r)
8.05 Hypotheticals: Privacy and the Press
● Like What the Papers Say this is a long-running ITV show which has been given a new home by the BBC. Three programmes spread through the week take aspects of the media, starting tonight with press (which also

means broadcasting intrusions into privacy. We soon have an admission from the Prime Minister's daughter, Carol Thatcher, that she would tell lies in the interests of getting a good story for the whole of the imaginary situations (national soccer team wiped out in an air crash, death of a public figure rumoured to have AIDS) finds the panelists divided on predictable lines. As always with the format there are too many contributors and the programme is more than half way through before Persinger Worshome manages to get word in. The star of the show is undeniably the moderator, Professor Arthur Miller from Harvard, a witty and incisive questioner who does not put up with any squawking
9.05 Ten Commandments. The first in an acclaimed series of films by the Polish director Krzysztof Kieslowski
10.00 Moviedrome: Assault on Precinct 13 (1976)
● Even if the films are rubbish, as they sometimes are, the series is worth catching for the presence of Alex Cox, who has been the host for this selection of cult offerings from cinema. Cox, whose own cult status has sadly not progressed beyond his debut film, Repo Man, is not only a terrific enthusiast for the cinema but



Alex Cox: cinema's cult offerings (10.00pm)

Essentially it transposes a well-used Western plot to the world of the cinema. Cox, who has been the host for this selection of cult offerings from cinema. Cox, whose own cult status has sadly not progressed beyond his debut film, Repo Man, is not only a terrific enthusiast for the cinema but

RADIO 1

6.45am News and Weather
6.55am Gary King 7.00 The Bruno and Lush Show 7.30am Dave Lee Travis 7.45am The Top of the Pops 8.00am The Big Breakfast 8.15am The Big Breakfast 8.30am The Big Breakfast 8.45am The Big Breakfast 9.00am The Big Breakfast 9.15am The Big Breakfast 9.30am The Big Breakfast 9.45am The Big Breakfast 10.00am The Big Breakfast 10.15am The Big Breakfast 10.30am The Big Breakfast 10.45am The Big Breakfast 11.00am The Big Breakfast 11.15am The Big Breakfast 11.30am The Big Breakfast 11.45am The Big Breakfast 12.00am The Big Breakfast 12.15am The Big Breakfast 12.30am The Big Breakfast 12.45am The Big Breakfast 1.00am The Big Breakfast 1.15am The Big Breakfast 1.30am The Big Breakfast 1.45am The Big Breakfast 2.00am The Big Breakfast 2.15am The Big Breakfast 2.30am The Big Breakfast 2.45am The Big Breakfast 3.00am The Big Breakfast 3.15am The Big Breakfast 3.30am The Big Breakfast 3.45am The Big Breakfast 4.00am The Big Breakfast 4.15am The Big Breakfast 4.30am The Big Breakfast 4.45am The Big 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WALL STREET

Early advance for Dow

New York
SHARES advanced after news of a gain of only 64,000 in the number of non-farm jobs in April. The figure surprised Wall Street, which had expected a gain of 382,500. The unemployment rate reached 5.4 per cent, against an expected 5.2 per cent. The Dow Jones industrial average was 5.86 points ahead at 7,022.03 in early trade, and gaining issues held a narrow lead over declining shares.

● **Hong Kong - The Hang Seng** index lost 7.64 points to 2,946.97. (Reuters)

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**You may call this number
free of charge
at any time for a message
from your
Chairman, David Hardy**

ELECTRON TRADED ON TULSA										
	Series				Cuts				Cuts	
	Series	July	Oct	Jan	July	Oct	Jan	Series	May	Aug
Add Lyons (4248)	420	23	40	49	19	22	24	P & O	500	28563, 66
	100	30	10	15	8	8	11	(571)	100	28563, 66
ASDA	110	30	10	15	8	8	11	500	2100, 23	
	110	30	10	15	8	8	11	200	30, 9 14	
Base	112	12	13	15	24	24	24	(734)	200	100
(344)	900	79	101	101	14	20	28	Poly Pack	300	1966, 71
	1000	22	23	25	25	25	25	(406)	200	100
Boots	1060	22	23	25	25	25	25	Prudential	420	5 20 35
(280)	260	22	23	25	14	17	18	(119)	200	5 17 18
	280	4	4	4	27	28	28	Racal	200	1 6 12
Brit Air	100	30	10	15	13	13	17	(194)	200	5 13 20
(1193)	200	6	12	18	13	13	17		200	5 13 20
	50	1	1	1	50	54	54	RTZ	500	307 37 52
Brit Com	50	1	1	1	50	54	54	(530)	550	6 25 44
(794)	70	7	7	7	7	7	7	Scott & New...	290	18 28 40
BP	300	35	35	41	7	7	7	(243)	300	6 16 24
(319)	300	7	7	7	25	19	22	Teaco	1000	1281, 283, 340
Brit Steel	120	24	24	24	1	1	1	(139)	200	15 10 17
	360	7	7	7	1	1	1	Thames Wr...	100	18 18 20
C & W	140	6	6	6	12	9	9	(133)	140	3 18 20
(478)	450	38	38	38	17	18	22		160	15 18 20
Com	500	10	10	10	17	17	17	Way Package	500	90 120 130
Cons	500	10	10	10	17	17	17	(1408)	500	90 110
(458)	460	27	37	35	18	25	27		500	10 40 65
Courtside	500	10	10	10	44	46	47		1500	15 40
(300)	327	4	11	11	42	42	42		50	2
OKN	360	50	50	50	11	11	11	Ferranti	40	2
(396)	390	29	36	36	52	52	52	(21)	50	1
Grand Hotel	300	80	80	80	92	92	92		1000	50
(561)	600	15	15	15	78	78	78		50	1
ICI	100	15	15	15	50	50	50		1000	50
	1050	102	117	117	11	22	28	Reuters	1000	50
Kingfisher	1150	34	34	34	52	52	52	(1123)	1000	50
(278)	290	13	19	19	10	10	13		1000	50
LeadBrite	300	4	4	4	31	31	31		1000	50
(278)	260	11	11	11	13	13	13		1000	50
Land Sep	500	14	14	14	31	32	32		1000	50
(405)	500	7	7	7	47	51	51		1000	50
M & S	500	17	17	17	38	41	41		1000	50
(191)	220	18	18	18	16	16	16		1000	

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First Dealings	Last Dealings	Last Declaration	For Settlement
April 17	May 4	July 19	July 30

The Guinness trial

DTI inquiry into takeover was 'unfair and cavalier'

By A Correspondent

THE Department of Trade inquiry into Guinness's £2.7 billion takeover of Distillers was described as being "unfair and cavalier" in a letter to a Conservative minister, Southwark Crown Court heard.

The letter, to Mr Michael Howard, was prepared by Freshfields, the then Guinness lawyers.

Mr Ian Taylor, a solicitor with the firm, told how it was felt the announcement of the DTI inquiry sparked speculation damaging to the company's share prices.

He also agreed that there was political pressure on the Government.

Mr Taylor told the court he

identified four areas of concern, including £25 million of confidential payments, and discussed them with Mr Ernest Saunders, the former Guinness chief, after the DTI inspectors were appointed.

"Ernest Saunders said, as far as he was concerned, there had been no wrong-doing and he did not know why the inspectors were appointed," he said.

Mr Taylor, recalled to give evidence, said he was given the impression Mr Saunders knew what he was talking about.

The letter to Mr Howard was never sent.

"The thrust of the letter was

to say 'look, Mr Howard, this is a quasi-judicial inquiry and it should be fair, a lot of harm is being done to the company,'" said Mr Taylor.

In December, Freshfields was replaced by Kingsley Napley, the solicitor.

At a meeting with Mr Saunders on December 15, 1986, he said Freshfields understood the focus of the inquiry was linked to purchases of Guinness and Distillers shares and guarantees and deposits.

Mr John Chadwick, QC, prosecuting, asked if by that date the areas of concern had been identified.

"You could read that in the

newspapers in the first week. It was particularly annoying to me you could not get that information from the inspectors but could spend 30p on *The Times* and read it," Mr Taylor said.

Mr Richard Ferguson, QC, defending Mr Saunders, asked if there was political pressure on the Government "criticizing (it) for being allegedly soft on white collar crime in the City."

Mr Taylor agreed.

Mr Saunders, aged 54, and three others variously deny 24 counts including theft, false accounting, and breaches of the Companies Act.

The trial continues.

Guinness Mahon dips 14% at half way

By Neil Bennett
Banking Correspondent

GUINNESS Mahon, the merchant bank, suffered a 14 per cent fall in post-tax profits to £2 million in the six months to end-March, its first period under the control of the Japanese Bank of Yokohama. The half-time dividend, however, is maintained at 0.8p.

The fall was caused by the lack of property trading profits. In the first half last year the sale of land in Ickenham made more than £500,000.

Mr Geoffrey Bell, chairman, said the bank had taken a cautious view of the property market, which traditionally makes up a large part of the bank's business.

Film finance did well, with the bank backing productions like *My Left Foot* and *Scandal*, and post-tax profits on the banking side edged up 7 per cent to £1.6 million.

Guinness Mahon was taken over by Yokohama last summer in the wake of the collapse of Equiticorp in New Zealand, the bank's previous owner. Yokohama now owns 65 per cent of the shares, while other Japanese insurers and manufacturers hold 12 per cent. Mr Robert Maxwell still has a 9 per cent stake.

Since the takeover, the two banks are planning joint ventures and started Guinness Yokohama, a leasing company. Yokohama also allowed Guinness to help underwrite the water privatization by underwriting its risk.

"The Japanese always say they take a long view," said Mr Bell. "We have done deals together but these things take time to develop and we all recognize that."

Pre-tax profits at the non-banking division slumped by two-thirds to £265,000, due to the lack of property sales, but there was a 98 per cent surge in profits from asset management, where the group stopped the losses at Henderson Crosthwaite, the stockbroker.

There was also a turn-

around to a £170,000 profit in the securities trading companies, after a £172,000 loss last time.

Burmah expands in Germany

By Wolfgang Münch

BURMAH Oil's West German subsidiary, Castrol, has bought Optimal Ölwerke Industrie, a supplier of specialty greases for DM52 million (£19 million).

Burmah said it strengthens the company's position in continental Europe. The deal is an important step into high margin specialist sectors of the industrial lubricants market.

Optimal's products include gear oils, synthetic lubricants and additives, which are sold to industrial customers.

Two-thirds of Optimal's DM52 million turnover is sold within West Germany. The rest is exported to Eastern Europe, the EC and North America. Optimal employs a staff of 175 in Munich.

About DM42 million of the purchase price will be paid on a deferred basis until 1994.

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UK hotel is first overseas venture for Rosewood

JAMES GRAY



Going for the top end of quality: Atif Mankarios at the St George's Hospital site

ROSEWOOD Hotels, which boasts the Hotel Bel-Air in Los Angeles among its properties, is to manage the luxury five-star hotel planned in the former St George's Hospital building at London's Hyde Park Gate (Derek Harris writes).

The 94-bedroom hotel, which forms part of a £200 million development, including an office tower, is due to open in the summer of next year.

A group of international investors, Goodwill Nominees, is backing the scheme. It is Rosewood's first venture outside America, and its first move in a drive to establish itself in key cities around the world.

Paris is to be next if the right development—either greenfield or existing adapt-

able premises—is available. Berlin or Frankfurt are also high on the Rosewood president's agenda.

Mr Atif Mankarios is a long-time hotelier and hands-on manager, who has created several individual hotels noted for their level of service, whose character is closely tied to their environment.

Rosewood has been backed since 1979 by Miss Caroline Hunt through the asset-rich Caroline Hunt Trust Estate set up by the Hunt family.

The Rosewood operation, whose name is never used as a brand for its hotels, has four properties in and around Dallas, Texas, where the company is based.

It manages the Hotel Bel-Air (which it owned and then sold), as well as the Hana-Maui in Hawaii (also built up

and then sold). There is an hotel in Tokyo with which it has a marketing association, the Seijo-Ginza.

Mr Mankarios said: "If we had gone for volume rather than the top end of quality we would have had 30 hotels by now. We particularly wanted to be in London, New York and Washington are other strong possibilities. Worldwide I would look to 12 to 15 properties altogether."

Mr Mankarios, who has been accustomed to seeing royalty, captains of industry, international stature politicians and top entertainers coming through the door of the group's hotels, claims the highest repeat bookings factor in the industry.

"It is what makes sense now of securing a world presence," he said.

Greene King in £15m deal

By Jeremy Andrews

GREENE King has achieved its aim of circling London with public houses by buying 87 outlets from Allied-Lyons' Ind Coope subsidiary for £15.25 million.

Most of the public houses are outside the M25 in a broad sweep from Kent to Oxfordshire, linking up with Greene King's existing estate in East Anglia and the northern Home Counties.

Allied denied that the disposals were connected with the recommendations by the Monopolies and Mergers Commission that the big brewing groups reduce their involvement in beer retailing.

The group has been selling

public houses at a rate of two or three a week for several years, reducing the total from 8,000 to 6,500.

All but one of the properties is freehold and Allied said the relatively low price of £175,000 per outlet reflected the fact that all but four were tenanted.

They were second line outlets in areas where Ind Coope was over-represented.

Mr Tim Bridge, the Greene King managing director, said the brewery had wanted to expand south of the Thames and had opened a depot in Tunbridge Wells just before Christmas to serve its free trade customers in the area.

He added that the low price reflected events in the property market over the past year, as well as the depressing effect of the Monopolies Commission report on the prices of public houses.

The purchase will be the first batch of public houses bought by Greene King for some years, boosting its estate from 750 to 840 outlets. The deal will be financed by borrowings, leaving the balance sheet with gearing of 20 per cent.

In March, Elders placed its 13 per cent stake in Greene King, ending speculation that the Australian brewer would launch a bid for the company.

Consumer groups hit at weak protection measures

From Peter Guilford, Brussels

EUROPEAN consumer groups have complained that credit card users remain under-protected against theft and negligence, and that European Community measures imposed on card-issuers in 1988 have been toothless.

The Bureau of European Consumers' Unions gave warning that unless the Commission forced banks, other financial institutions and retailers to carry greater liability for the credit cards they issue, "consumers are going to lose total confidence in the approaching single market."

Eager to defend the Commission's consumer credentials, Mr Karel Van Miert, the EC Commissioner responsible, reacted swiftly to the accusations. He admitted that card-issuers had been flouting the EC recommendations and promised to assess the chance of drafting legally binding rules instead. The bu-

reau's concern stems from a survey carried out by the Dutch group, Consumentenbond, into 190 credit card contracts on offer in different EC states.

West Germans enjoy the greatest protection, followed by British cardholders, while the Mediterranean countries are singled out for criticism. But even so, Britain falls far short of EC standards, according to the results.

Not one bank or retailer, for example, respects EC demands that the issuer and not the cardholder should carry the burden of proof if a card is stolen and used by someone else.

Card issuers in all EC countries fail to accept liability in the case of a faulty credit card transaction, again in breach of EC standards, according to the survey.

In seven out of twenty British cases, the issuer failed to limit the holder's liability to £110, as requested by the EC,

if a card was lost, stolen or copied. The worst offenders appear to be retailers, who offer little or no protection at all. In 58 out of 95 cases, the issuer failed to assume liability even after being notified of loss or theft, although Britain's record here is fairly clean.

The bureau maintains that Brussels was too easily swayed by the Community's powerful banking lobby when it decided to scrap a planned EC directive in favour of a set of non-binding recommendations.

Bankers are pushing to have these further diluted into a Code of Best Practice, which would mean an even greater decline in consumer protection, the Bureau adds.

Brussels is now under increased pressure to keep its word after promising two years ago to provide binding rules if card issuers failed to follow its recommendations after one year.

Management must shoulder the blame for industry's ills



KENNETH FLEET

IF the age of Thatcherism is drawing to a close, industry's officer class will remember it for the boom years; the curbing of trade union power; freedom from income, dividend and foreign exchange controls; a vast improvement in their own pay and pensions; and — with perhaps less enthusiasm — competition against free market forces. For her part, Mrs Thatcher may wonder how much, net, industry gave in return.

In its own inimitable way, the Confederation of British Industry, taking a day off to celebrate 25 years trying to compete with the Trade Union Congress conference, provided an answer. According to the director-general, John Banham, "many of us have become a little bit complacent. We gave too much of the fruits of productivity growth in wages rather than achieving internationally acceptable profit levels."

In other words "many of us" have not made the investment in plant and skills we ought to have done; our industrial strategy has remained more or less the same; and now that the boom years have given way to mild recession, "many of us" are having to react as we have always done: laying off people and cutting investment to contain the (self-inflicted) damage to costs and profit margins of high wage awards. The evidence of fundamental change in many British companies may be largely an illusion.

Not, of course, in all. This week ICI, conventionally seen in the City as the country's industrial barometer, reported first quarter profit figures which though 6 per cent lower were well ahead of analysts' forecasts. The reaction in the ICI share price and the equity market as a whole was instantly favourable.

Looking beyond the figures, which most analysts don't do, the story is

ICI's successful management of change, in making the business international and more diverse, and reducing the relative importance of the UK market as a source of earnings. In the pharmaceutical sector, ICI is by no means alone. Glaxo and Wellcome are other outstanding examples. You can find them also in electronics, retailing and service industries. The problems lie mainly in engineering where the first chill breezes of recession are again causing screams of pain. Management is chiefly to blame.

The sharpest commentary on British management so far this year is Ford of America's decision to switch the £225 million investment in new engine-making capacity from Bridgend in South Wales to the Cologne plant in West Germany.

Published reasons for changing track were the unreliability of supplies from British factories, which have been hit by severe "industrial action" twice in three years, and changes in European Community exhaust emission regulations. Ford also saw the opportunity of catching the tide of reliable labour from East Germany. But, at bottom, the men in Detroit do not have sufficient confidence in UK management to handle the business in an expanding European context.

Labour accounts for no more than 5 per cent of Ford's costs. As for disruption, the Japanese motor manufacturers who have chosen the UK as their European base have no qualms about dealing with UK labour. The

Japanese, who are certain eventually to dominate the UK domestic market, are here primarily to compete for a significant share of the Continental European market. Ford, now much less concerned with the UK, is similarly focused on Europe and believes that it makes sense to leap-frog the Japanese by putting new plant on the Continent, not here where the disadvantages, in Ford's experience, are greater.

Roland Smith, chairman of British Aerospace, who gave the 25th CBI annual lecture, said in suitably professorial tones on Monday that to succeed in a competitive international environment, British companies would have to develop "premium products from intensive research programmes."

This is not as easy as it may sound in a country where government competition policy is geared to satisfying the interests of individual consumers who have votes. Companies have responded to what they perceive as excessive competition (and also to the instant performance measures of the stock market and the herd of prowling predators) with short-term decisions on investment and product research. They are quick to cut back.

Actually, it is worse than that. There is still not a widespread conviction among British companies that technology really matters. Rather than exploiting technology for profit they prefer, when push comes to shove, to cut costs and sell assets. These attitudes reflect the shortage of trained, high-quality people in management.

We do not have armies of technicians in West Germany and Japan know how to utilize technology to develop products that can sustain the business over a long period, through changing trading conditions. We have troops of MBAs, a class now being slaughtered in the US for their failure to counter the invading Japanese.

Confucius may have the right idea

The average Singapore taxi driver knows four things about

Britain: (in descending order) Margaret Thatcher, Rolls-Royce, Manchester United and Land-Rover. In terms of their perceptions, foreign speculators and investors in sterling and other UK assets would exclude only Manchester United.

The City, like the rest of the country, has been awash with speculation about the Prime Minister's involuntary departure for the delights of Dulwich, to be replaced by a charismatic leader in the manly shape of Michael Heseltine. The rest of the world cannot understand the logic, but foreign opinion is heavily influenced by what the City thinks and tells them is true. Some close observers believe the decision about Mrs Thatcher's future will be made within the next three weeks. It may, of

course, be a decision in favour of her staying to fight the next election.

May is undoubtedly a difficult month but it has started better for the Government than pundits and pollsters predicted. The local council elections will temper, at least for a time, the feeling that for the Tories all is lost. The remaining hurdles are the Retail Price Index next week, which may have gone above a morale-sapping 10 per cent, and the next set of trade figures. After the local election results, these can be taken more comfortably.

The mood in the equity market, which improved earliest in the week after the ICI figures, does not suggest a wave of selling.

The old saw "sell in May and go away" is not always reliable. But I suspect we may not see much of a climb from the FT-SE danger level of 2,100,

below which, the chartists say, there is a black hole.

Mrs Thatcher's Government is tired, the Thatcherite force within the Cabinet has almost evaporated and ministers are accident prone — all this against a background of heavy pay settlements, discouraging public opinion polls and the sound of companies crashing.

Confucius's words are probably right for the season: "He who catches falling knives will cut his hands." Putting it more crudely, while share prices remain under pressure why take the risk of bleeding? Risk-free deposits paying up to 15 per cent are unbeatable by any equity in the short term. If the next published RPI figure is read as the peak of the current inflation cycle, it might make sense to "lock in" high returns by switching from deposits into high-yielding gilts.

TSB plans to publish review

By Our Banking Correspondent

THE TSB Group is expected to demand greater co-operation between TSB Trust Company and Hill Samuel Life, its two remaining life assurance companies, after the disposal of Target Life which it confirmed on Thursday.

The group will publish details of a review of its investment services division next week after holding meetings with staff to discuss changes.

The review, agreed by the main board last week, is thought to suggest a partial merger of the Trust Company's and Hill Samuel's administration and computer facilities. Some redundancies are also expected, although a spokesman stressed these would be far less than the 5,000 announced at the banking division last year.

The Trust Company will continue to sell its policies through the branch network, while Hill Samuel Investment Services will remain a quality retail savings group.

TSB is set to make a loss of more than £100 million on the sale of Target which it acquired for £227 million in August, 1987. Analysts estimate the disposal will raise between £120 million and £150 million.

Hill Samuel, TSB's merchant bank, has contacted about 20 potential buyers for Target. Each is being asked to make an initial offer.

Hoechst

Invitation to the Annual General Meeting

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting will be held at 10 a. m., on Tuesday, 12th June 1990, at the Jahrhunderthalle Hoechst, Frankfurt am Main

Agenda

1. Presentation of the Accounts and situation report of Hoechst Aktiengesellschaft for 1989, with the Report of the Supervisory Board, and the Hoechst Group Accounts and situation report for 1989
 2. Allocation of the profit available for dividend
- It is proposed to pay a dividend of DM 13.- per share of DM 50.- nominal for the financial year 1989.
3. Ratification of the actions of the Board of Management for 1989
 4. Ratification of the actions of the Supervisory Board for 1989
 5. Election of auditors for the financial year 1990

The full agenda, including the proposed resolutions, is contained in the Bundesanzeiger no. 83 of 4th May, 1990.

Shareholders wishing to be present and to vote at the Meeting must comply with Article 14 of the Articles of Association and deposit their share certificates during usual business hours by Tuesday, 5th June 1990, at the latest until after the Meeting, at one of the depositaries listed in the Bundesanzeiger no. 83 of 4th May 1990, or, in the United Kingdom, at the offices of

S. G. Warburg & Co. Ltd.
1 Finsbury Avenue
London EC2M 2PA

Hoechst Aktiengesellschaft
Frankfurt am Main, May 1990

[illegible]

FOREIGN EXCHANGES

STERLING SPOT AND FORWARD RATES **OTHER STERLING RATES**

DOLLAR SPOT RATES

MONEY MARKETS

<p> Weekly Bill (Discount %) Buying: 2 mth - 14 1/16 3 mth - 14 1/8 Selling: 2 mth - 14 1/8 3 mth - 14 1/16 </p>	<p> Term 7 day 1 mth 3 mth 6 mth 8 1/8-8 8 1/16-8 1/8 8 1/8-8 1/16 8 1/16-8 1/8 </p>
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day: 15 7 day: 15 1 mth: 15^{1/16}
mth: 15% 8 mth: 15^{1/16} 12 mth: 15%
floating CDs (%): 1 mth: 15^{1/16}-15

THIRD MARKET

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ACCOUNT DAYS: Dealings began on Monday. Dealings end May 11. Settlement day May 14. Settlement day May 21.
 \$Forward bargains are permitted on two previous business days.

Prices recorded are at 4pm. Changes are calculated on the previous day's close, but adjustments are made when a stock is ex-dividend. Where one price is quoted, it is a middle price. Changes, yields and price earnings ratios are based on middle prices. (aa) denotes Alpha Stocks.

	Buy	Offer	Change	High	Low	P/E
Aluminum	34	37	..	33	82	..
Chemical	24	27	..	25	57	..
Electric	24	27	..	25	57	..
Food	24	27	..	25	57	..
Health	24	27	..	25	57	..
Insurance	24	27	..	25	57	..
Media	24	27	..	25	57	..
Oil	24	27	..	25	57	..
Pharmaceutical	24	27	..	25	57	..
Real Estate	24	27	..	25	57	..
Technology	24	27	..	25	57	..
Transportation	24	27	..	25	57	..
Utilities	24	27	..	25	57	..
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Yield (15%)	24	27	..	25	57	..
Yield (20%)	24	27	..	25	57	..
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Yield (40%)	24	27	..	25	57	..
Yield (45%)	24	27	..	25	57	..
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Yield (65%)	24	27	..	25	57	..
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Yield (75%)	24	27	..	25	57	..
Yield (80%)	24	27	..	25	57	..
Yield (85%)	24	27	..	25	57	..
Yield (90%)	24	27	..	25	57	..
Yield (95%)	24	27	..	25	57	..
Yield (100%)	24	27	..	25	57	..

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Year	Country	1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025	2026	2027	2028	2029	2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035	2036	2037	2038	2039	2040	2041	2042	2043	2044	2045	2046	2047	2048	2049	2050	2051	2052	2053	2054	2055	2056	2057	2058	2059	2060	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065	2066	2067	2068	2069	2070	2071	2072	2073	2074	2075	2076	2077	2078	2079	2080	2081	2082	2083	2084	2085	2086	2087	2088	2089	2090	2091	2092	2093	2094	2095	2096	2097	2098	2099	2100	2101	2102	2103	2104	2105	2106	2107	2108	2109	2110	2111	2112	2113	2114	2115	2116	2117	2118	2119	2120	2121	2122	2123	2124	2125	2126	2127	2128	2129	2130	2131	2132	2133	2134	2135	2136	2137	2138	2139	2140	2141	2142	2143	2144	2145	2146	2147	2148	2149	2150	2151	2152	2153	2154	2155	2156	2157	2158	2159	2160	2161	2162	2163	2164	2165	2166	2167	2168	2169	2170	2171	2172	2173	2174	2175	2176	2177	2178	2179	2180	2181	2182	2183	2184	2185	2186	2187	2188	2189	2190	2191	2192	2193	2194	2195	2196	2197	2198	2199	2200	2201	2202	2203	2204	2205	2206	2207	2208	2209	2210	2211	2212	2213	2214	2215	2216	2217	2218	2219	2220	2221	2222	2223	2224	2225	2226	2227	2228	2229	2230	2231	2232	2233	2234	2235	2236	2237	2238	2239	2240	2241	2242	2243	2244	2245	2246	2247	2248	2249	2250	2251	2252	2253	2254	2255	2256	2257	2258	2259	2260	2261	2262	2263	2264	2265	2266	2267	2268	2269	2270	2271	2272	2273	2274	2275	2276	2277	2278	2279	2280	2281	2282	2283	2284	2285	2286	2287	2288	2289	2290	2291	2292	2293	2294	2295	2296	2297	2298	2299	2300	2301	2302	2303	2304	2305	2306	2307	2308	2309	2310	2311	2312	2313	2314	2315	2316	2317	2318	2319	2320	2321	2322	2323	2324	2325	2326	2327	2328	2329	2330	2331	2332	2333	2334	2335	2336	2337	2338	2339	2340	2341	2342	2343	2344	2345	2346	2347	2348	2349	2350	2351	2352	2353	2354	2355	2356	2357	2358	2359	2360	2361	2362	2363	2364	2365	2366	2367	2368	2369	2370	2371	2372	2373	2374	2375	2376	2377	2378	2379	2380	2381	2382	2383	2384	2385	2386	2387	2388	2389	2390	2391	2392	2393	2394	2395	2396	2397	2398	2399	2400	2401	2402	2403	2404	2405	2406	2407	2408	2409	2410	2411	2412	2413	2414	2415	2416	2417	2418	2419	2420	2421	2422	2423	2424	2425	2426	2427	2428	2429	2430	2431	2432	2433	2434	2435	2436	2437	2438	2439	2440	2441	24
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MATTER

● Ex dividend ● Ex all b Forecast dividend ● Interim payment passed f Price at suspension g Dividend and yield exclude a special payment k Pre-merger figures n Forecast earnings ● Ex other r Ex rights ● Ex scrip or less than U.S. 100 shares. No dividend rights.

Building society merger battle claims its first victim

Frome chief suspended

By Lindsay Cook, Family Money Editor



Contested: one of Frome's two branches up for merger

THE battle for the tiny Frome Building Society intensified this week with a board announcement that Mr Jim Marshall, its chief executive, had been suspended.

Another mailing has also been sent out to the 14,600 investors and borrowers in the £47 million society.

The Frome, which is the subject of the first contested building society merger, has recommended amalgamation with the Stroud & Swindon. This would pay a 2 per cent bonus to savers, while the much larger Cheltenham & Gloucester has offered 3 per cent.

Although the Frome only has two branches and less than 2,000 mortgages on its books, the battle is being watched closely by other building societies who fear it is setting the standard for future mergers.

Members will expect large bonuses and may vote down proposed mergers where none are on offer.

In the case of societies with high reserve assets ratios investors could virtually requisition the winding up of the society.

At the National Council, with a reserve assets ratio of 21 per cent, the highest of all societies, members could win

a bonus of 21 per cent on their savings if it were wound up.

Mr Marshall has been suspended on full pay pending an investigation and disciplinary hearing. Neither Mr Marshall nor the society would comment, but it is understood he is accused of supporting the C&G offer.

The Frome, which needs to win the support of 75 per cent of the people who vote for the Stroud merger to go ahead, this week took the unusual move of sending out a further members' letter from Mr Roy Walwin, its chairman.

Mr Walwin has already put the society's arguments in favour of the Stroud merger in the documents sent to voting members at the end of last month.

This week's letter was accompanied by one from Mr Hilary Daniel, a director, and another from all the directors.

Mr Walwin's letter stated that the directors had not been influenced in recommending the Stroud offer to members by "personal considerations."

The C&G had also offered to set up a local board of the existing directors, which had only been withdrawn after the directors' vote had gone against them.

The board supported the

Stroud offer but it had a policy to confine its operations "to a part of England it knows well and understands."

The letter from the whole board states that none of the 22 staff will be made redundant.

The second mailing will have cost the Frome an additional £10,000 to £15,000.

A local protest group, the Campaign Against the Stroud Merger, has collected more than 50 signatures to requisition a vote of no confidence in the board.

The society has turned down the demand because its rules required 23 days' notice when the members gave 20. Also, the group had not enclosed the necessary £10 for each member signing, as they were calling for extra item to be placed on the agenda of the special meeting on Thursday weekend were not requisitioning a separate meeting.

It is not unknown for a merger to go ahead without the support of a chief executive.

The Guardian has recently completed its merger with C&G despite its chief executive resigning in protest.

Mr Marshall, who is not a member of the society's board,

said he had not been told why he had been suspended. In his absence, Mr Richard Payne, the chief executive of the Stroud & Swindon is already acting as Frome spokesman.

For the merger to go ahead 75 per cent of members who vote must be in favour. If it fails, however, the Frome's board is not compelled to put the rival C&G offer to the membership.

Members of the Peckham society voted this week in favour of its proposed merger with the C&G. In this case the members will receive a bonus of 0.75 per cent next month.

The merger won 92 per cent support.



Suspended: Jim Marshall

TSB announces sale of Target

By Jon Ashworth

INVESTORS in Target, the life insurance and pensions group, have learned it is to be sold by the TSB because it no longer fits in with its other activities.

But Target, which was bought by the TSB only in 1987, says it will be "business as usual" as far as its 320,000 unitholders are concerned.

The sale of Target has been seen as inevitable ever since another TSB purchase, the Hill Samuel life and pensions group, in 1987. The two were made within three months of

each other, leading analysts to point to TSB's apparent lack of direction.

Mr Paul Taylor, Target's managing director, said a sale had always been the most probable outcome.

Directors and staff, including fund managers, would stay on, and there was no reason why investors would be affected, he said.

"This has cleared the uncertainty out of the way. It is much better for us to continue separately than to be integrated, and this is the option we wanted."

There was no longer a

strategic fit between Target and the rest of the TSB Insurance and Investment Division. A management buy-out was not being contemplated.

Target has been most successful in the sale of unlinked life insurance, but has expanded into pensions, unit trusts and savings plans. It has 200,000 life insurance policyholders, and 100,000 pension clients. Total premium income in the year to September 1989 was £212 million, of which £53.6 million was new annual premiums.

The sale is just another chapter in the saga of Target,

which changed hands four times during the 1980s. TSB paid £227 for the group, but analysts say it would be lucky to get half as much today.

Target, which relies on a large network of tied agents to sell a range of unlinked products, has been criticized for its investment performance. Target Australian and Target Gold & General are two of the worst performing unit trusts available in Britain. An investment of £100 in Target Australian five years ago would now be worth £23.31, offer to bid, according to Mifcoral.

Societies 'fail to help borrowers in arrears'

By Our Family Money Staff

BUILDING societies are not doing enough to help borrowers who fall behind on their mortgage payments, says the National Consumer Council.

It called on the societies to get in touch with borrowers earlier, and has urged the Government to make the system of dealing with arrears less intimidating.

The NCC said the societies were failing to reach borrowers who had fallen behind with their payments, even though this was their aim. It

said the first time many borrowers met their society about arrears was in court - when it was often too late to reschedule payments or find a solution.

Lady Wilcox, the NCC chairman, said that families were losing their homes in court hearings that last just 90 seconds on average.

There was not enough time to hear evidence of financial circumstances or assess whether families were in a position to pay arrears, she said.

INTEREST RATES ROUND-UP

	Normal rate	Compounded at 25% 40%	Waymax Investment 2	Notice	Contact
BANKS					
Ordinary Dep A/c Typical	5.00	5.10	4.08	none/none	7 day
Fixed Term Deposits:					
1 month	10.54	10.94	8.75	25,000-50,000	1 mth 01-625 1857
3 months	10.53	10.53	8.45	2,500-10,000	3 mth 01-625 1857
6 months	11.00	11.00	8.45	2,500-10,000	6 mth 01-625 1857
1 year	11.00	11.00	8.45	2,500-10,000	1 year 01-625 1857
2 years	11.00	11.00	8.45	2,500-10,000	2 years 01-625 1857
3 years	11.00	11.00	8.45	2,500-10,000	3 years 01-625 1857
4 years	11.00	11.00	8.45	2,500-10,000	4 years 01-625 1857
5 years	11.00	11.00	8.45	2,500-10,000	5 years 01-625 1857

10.53	10.53	8.45	2,500-10,000	1 mth	01-625 1857
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10.53	10.53	8.45	2,500-10,000	4 years	01-625 1857
10.53	10.53	8.45	2,500-10,000	5 years	01-625 1857

UNIT-LINKED INSURANCE INVESTMENTS

Unit	Offer	Change	Yld	Unit	Offer	Change	Yld	Unit	Offer	Change	Yld	Unit	Offer	Change	Yld
ALFA LIFE ASSURANCE	10.53	+0.02	10.53	ALFA LIFE ASSURANCE	10.53	+0.02	10.53	ALFA LIFE ASSURANCE	10.53	+0.02	10.53	ALFA LIFE ASSURANCE	10.53	+0.02	10.53
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FAMILY MONEY

City watchdogs set to bare teeth

Two years after the Securities and Investments Board was set up to protect the interests of small investors, 56 firms still await final authorization to conduct business. In the meantime, investors continue to be kept in the dark

BY EARLY summer the City watchdogs set up two years ago should be handing out final approvals or rejections to investment firms still seeking authorization.

Until then, the 56 firms are free to continue in the investment business they originally applied to do.

So long as they applied before the cut-off date of February 28, 1988, they have interim authorization from the Securities and Investments Board — but their investors have no compensation cover if they fail.

All investors can find out directly from the regulators about interim authorized firms is the name of the self-regulatory organization they have applied to join.

"Category not yet agreed" is the unhelpful note on the SIB's central register. Individual watchdogs are barred from elaborating.

So investors are unable to discover, for example, whether a firm is allowed to hold clients' money or is barred from doing so.

Information from Companies House records and the firms themselves may also be of limited use, to judge from Family Money's random spot-checks.

Klenner Securities, with a Munich, West Germany, address, appears on the interim authorized list as having applied to join Fimbra, the Financial Intermediaries, Managers and Brokers Regulatory Association.

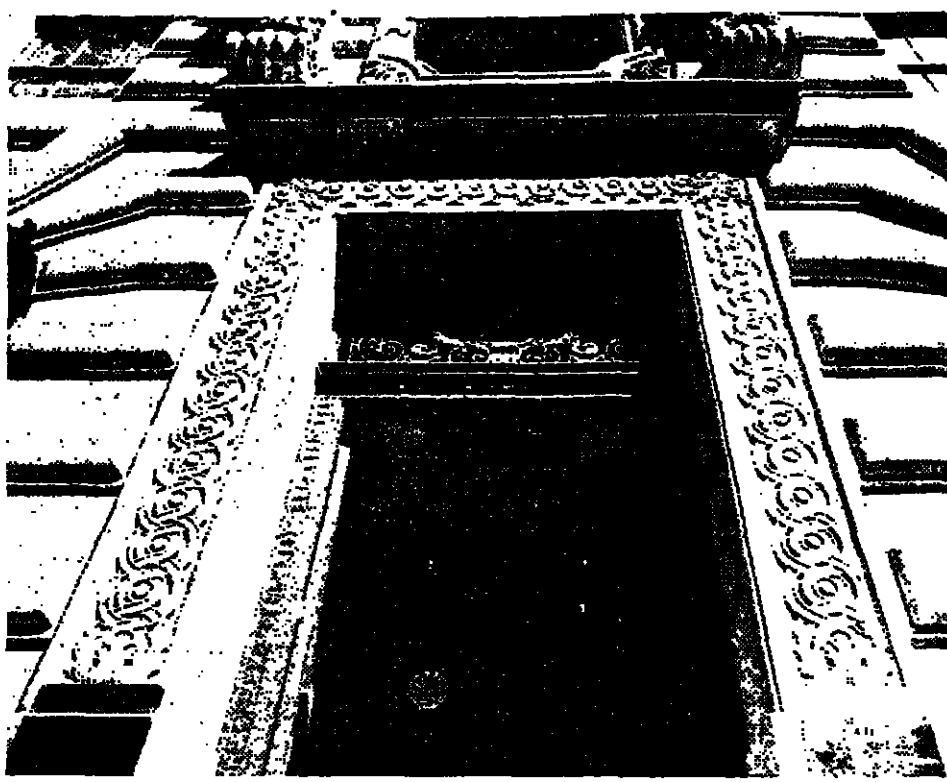
The Companies House file shows that Klenner Securities was incorporated in October 1987 with a registered office in London W8.

But a Department of Trade and Industry notice on the file dated April 3, 1990, gives a warning that "unless cause is shown to the contrary, at the expiration of three months from the above date the name of Klenner Securities will be struck off the register and the company will be dissolved."

A Companies House spokeswoman said that Klenner Securities had failed to file any documents since incorporation and had also not answered any letters.

She explained that it would need to file accounts to December 1988 and an annual return for 1989 to avoid being struck off.

Contacted in Munich, Mr



Open for business: the offices of the Securities and Investments Board

Peter Klenner said that the outstanding documents would be taken care of.

He said Fimbra had told him there would be a decision soon "whatever this means," but refused to discuss the reasons for the delay, apart from saying "They don't discuss things with me the way I want."

"I really won't comment until I have the decision in front of me," he added.

Mr Klenner said that his company was still trading in Britain, describing the business as "investment banking," but he refused to say how many clients it has.

"Why should I?" he said. He expected to be waiting to hear from Fimbra for perhaps another four weeks.

Another Fimbra applicant

is Rockefeller & Company Limited which was incorporated in Delaware, United States, in June 1987 with offices in London and Hong Kong.

According to its Companies House file, Rockefeller is a wholly-owned subsidiary of Rockefeller & Co Inc, a registered investment adviser with the Securities and Exchange Commission, the US watchdog.

This company in turn is a wholly-owned subsidiary of 5600 Inc, which is owned by a trust for the benefit of "certain members" of the Rockefeller family.

In 1988, the London office of Rockefeller is shown as having received \$1 million from its parent in fees for investment services, but pay-

ing \$610,000 to its parent towards personnel costs. Its net income was \$36,568.

In New York, Dr William Pounds, the president and chief executive officer of 5600 Inc, who is also a director of Rockefeller & Co Limited, said that the company did no investment business with the public in Britain.

All its dealings were for members of the family of John D. Rockefeller, the late oil magnate.

A London representative of Rockefeller & Co said that the company did not need authorization, but had applied in case it decided to take on British clients at some time in the distant future.

Barbara Ellis

Investors group appeals for help in cash crisis

By Jon Ashworth

THE Garston Amhurst investors' group is facing a cash crisis — just 10 weeks after it was formed to fight for clients of the collapsed insurance agent. It has appealed to its members to donate more cash to help pay £45,000 in legal and administrative costs.

Investors had earlier pledged £15,000 towards ongoing costs, but more funds are needed. It has threatened to take legal action against the TSB, which was ultimately responsible for the failed insurance agent, if full compensation is not paid to investors.

Mr David Shaw, Conservative MP for Dover, told investors at the House of Commons this week that the TSB had pledged £600,000 to help Garston Amhurst promote itself, and had a moral duty to make amends. The TSB has agreed to pay £30,000 in compensation to some investors, but Mr Shaw said this did not go far enough.

"The TSB has a responsibility to produce a just, fair and morally responsible solution," he said.

More than 300 investors lost nearly £3 million between them when Garston Amhurst collapsed in January. Mr Shaw said the TSB has a duty to compensate them in full.

He urged investors who have lost money to write to their MPs, saying they had lost money in a situation where the TSB had considerable responsibility for monitoring its agents.

Sir Nicholas Goodison, the TSB chairman, said in a letter to Mr Shaw that it would be misleading to think that every investor who dealt with the bank should be able to claim.

The National Financial Management Corporation, the TSB offshoot which authorized Garston Amhurst, has said it will make temporary "hardship payments" of £160,000 to 24 investors.



Letters: David Shaw MP

Non-taxpayers can take their pick of three gross-paying accounts which became available to savers this week. Taxpayer, an instant access savings account from the Abbey National, defers payment of interest until May 1991, when composite rate tax will have been abolished. It pays a top rate of 13 per cent gross on between £10,000 and £20,000. The Leeds Permanent Building Society has launched Tax Free Gold, a three-months' notice account, paying 13.75 per cent on £10,000. Overseas Gold offers the same deal to overseas residents.

The Stroud and Swindon Building Society has launched a two-year gross-paying account with a guaranteed rate of interest of 14.5 per cent. The Maxim Two account requires a minimum investment of £2,000 and as it is targeted at non-taxpayers has a maximum of £20,000. The first interest will be paid on May 1, 1991, and the second will be made on maturity of the two-year account.

One of the highest savings rates available — 16 per cent before tax — is being offered by the Leamington Spa Building Society. The Spa Bond is a limited offer which fixes the interest rate at 16 per cent for one year. The rate for tax-

payers works out at 12 per cent. The minimum investment is £5,000 and the maximum is £500,000.

Credit Commercial de France (CCF), the French bank, is to pay £18.75 million for a 25 per cent stake in Framlington, the British unit trust group. CCF plans to purchase a further 26 per cent from Throgmorton, the investment trust which owns Framlington, in April 1991. It is hoped that the deal will bring new stability to the group, which lost several key employees after it was taken over by Throgmorton in 1988 and has lost 11 fund managers in the past year.

Savers have put £28 million into investment trust savings schemes so far this year — nearly half as much again as the total for 1989. More than 50,000 people put an average of £62 into the plans each month. The number of lump sum investors has risen from 35,000 to 46,613, investing an average of £1,142.

River & Mercantile, the fund manager, has launched three new personal equity plans to complete its range. The Equity and Investment Trust Growth Plan and the River & Mercantile Trust are both aiming for capital growth. Investments are

of three income Peps, three balanced Peps and a growth £5,000 or £6,000 as a lump sum or £250 a month. The Managed Growth Pep combines the two for £6,000 as a lump sum or £500 a month. The initial charge is 3.75 per cent, and there is an annual charge of 1 per cent.

Prolific has introduced a range of Peps which can be linked to three of its unit trusts. Investors have a choice Pep. One of the income Peps pays income gross six times a year, making it attractive to pensioners. The Peps are linked to the group's High Income, Extra Income and Special Situations unit trusts. Charges are 5 per cent up front and 1 per cent annually.

Midland Bank has relaunched its HomePlan household insurance scheme in a simpler form. Premiums are now based on postcode and number of bedrooms to make it easier to work out the cost. Up to £35,000 is available in cover. Premiums on a three-bedroom house vary from £8.91 in Taunton to £19 in London.

The Bradford & Bingley Building Society has introduced an account for small savers. The amount of interest paid depends on withdrawals. The top rate of interest is 12.1

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since the Fund was launched in October 1985 would have grown to £2,715 by 1.4.90, a return of 67% on the total investment of

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To: Lucy Fountain, Client Services Department, GT Unit Managers Ltd, FREEPOST, London EC2B 2DL. Telephone: 071-629 6285. Please send me further details of the GT Germany Fund.

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FAMILY MONEY

Special deals multiply in the insurance companies' favourite market

Life packages promise to take worry out of funeral planning

By Barbara Ellis

HIGHLIGHTING the cost of funerals is currently one of the most popular methods of marketing life insurance.

The Fifty-plus Funeral Expenses Plan from the AA and Eagle Star is typical in urging over-50s to pay between £6 and £24 a month to "put the worry of rising funeral expenses behind you."

At AA Financial Services, Mrs Geraldine Scott, executive manager of marketing and development, said that tests had shown the focus on funerals to have more appeal than the idea of leaving money behind to pay outstanding bills or help a partner.

But as she acknowledged, the plan is simply a life policy, so all it provides is a cash sum - ranging from £341 to £11,560 - when the policyholder dies. There is no guarantee that the money will cover a funeral by that time and no offer to help to make the arrangements.

However, the AA has been looking into providing a full funeral package for some time and is soon to start talks with undertakers, said Mrs Scott.

"We'll have to see whether it would appeal or whether people would be affronted," she said. "They want to pay for funerals, but if you take it down to picking a coffin and the finish, it could be a bit close to the mark."

Undertakers have no such qualms about specifying and costing every last detail for the pre-arranged funeral plans they sell, claiming to offer a better hedge against inflation than insurance.

But their plans are difficult to compare and can contain as many get-out clauses as guarantees.

Still, stockbrokers point out that "pre-need" marketing is highly profitable for undertak-

ers and is likely to help them outperform the rest of the market in the next three years.

The statistics that form the basis of many pre-paid funeral sales pitches are very varied. The AA is using an average figure of £1,200 taken from an article in Post Magazine three years ago, though Mrs Scott said this was to be updated.

However, £920 is the average given by the Manchester Unity Friendly Society or Independent Order of Odd-fellows in its regular survey last published in February. This is made up of £638 for burial and £282 for "disbursements," such as payments to a church. Around the country, costs range from £385 to £1,300.

Against this, the pre-paid funeral plans on the market range from £575 to nearly three times as much. Each of the three main undertaking groups has a range of four funeral packages standardized in different ways, plus a number of optional extras.

At the Co-operative Wholesale Society's Funeral Services Group, Mr Bruce McDougall, the chief executive, emphasized that the Co-op's funeral bond is not an investment or an insurance policy.

"Our focus is on the family and helping people, not making money," he said.

The Co-op offers four standard funerals from the "Earl" at £595 to the "Edwardian" at £900, all plus disbursements of £193, but Mr McDougall stressed that it also pre-arranges "bespoke" funerals.

As with other plans, Co-op funeral bond holders pre-pay for a funeral either in a lump sum or by instalments, protecting themselves against inflation on a very precisely defined set of goods and services.

The money they pay in goes into a fund which is conservatively invested - largely in index-linked government securities. Co-op bond holders can get a refund of their payments on request, less a £50 administration fee.

But buyers of one of the Dignity in Destiny funerals run by Pampas, Furness-Hodgson-Kenyon International will only very rarely get money back, according to Mr David Meakin, Dignity's chief executive.

"It's like theatre tickets - you don't get the money back if you decide not to go," he said. Refunds would only be given in exceptional circumstances.

Since last July, Dignity in Destiny has sold 3,500 of its plans which start with the "Westminster" at £595, going up to the "Lichfield" at £1,610.

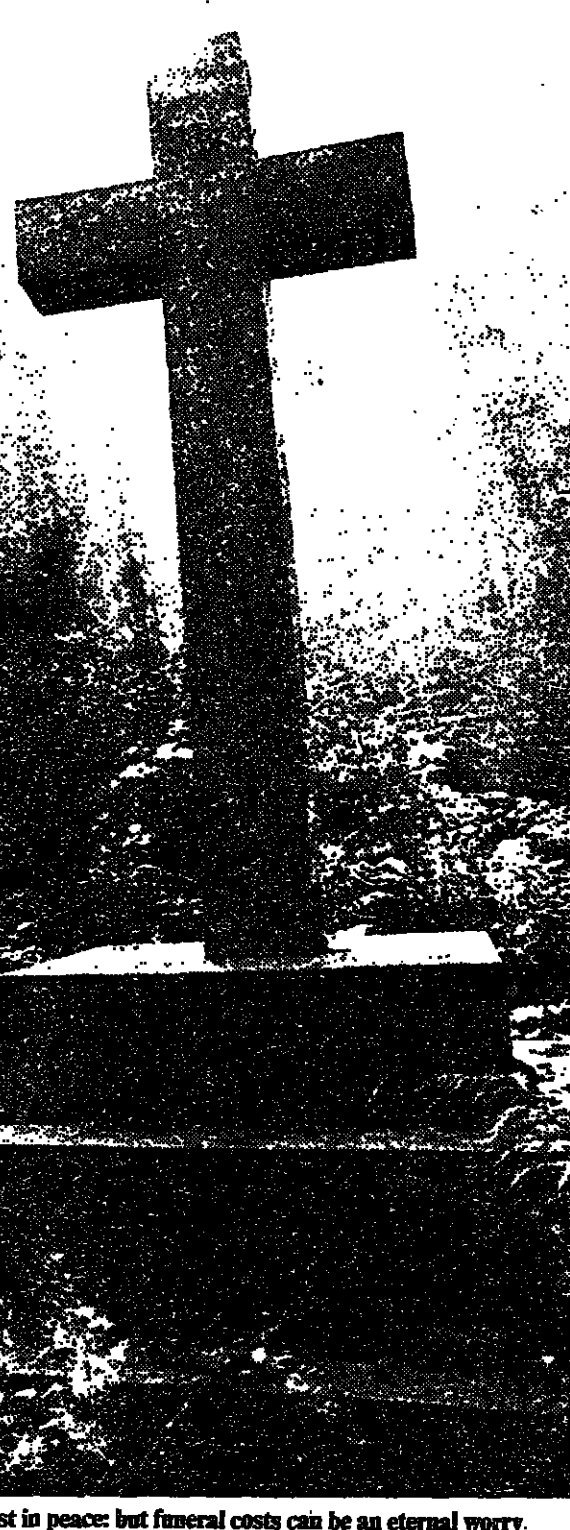
The Great Southern Group's three Chosen Heritage funerals range from the "Simplicity" at £575 to the "Heritage" at £1,095 and refunds are allowed, less the £40 membership fee.

Chosen Heritage has so far sold 21,000 plans and like its competitors stands to make a triple profit on them, according to Mr Mark Josephson, an analyst with Pannure Gordon, the brokers to Great Southern.

He points out that Chosen Heritage makes profits on the funerals themselves, on its membership fee and on the fund when actuarial surpluses arise.

Making valid comparisons is painstaking work. For example, Chosen Heritage's Simplicity at £575 covers all the funeral directors costs, including disbursements, but Dignity and Destiny's £595 Westminster does not include a minister's fee.

Even then, with Westminster Dignity would not remove a body outside business hours or if the death took place more than 25 miles from the plan holder's home - except at extra cost at the time.



Rest in peace: but funeral costs can be an eternal worry.

Hallmarks from the provinces have silver linings

By Conal Gregory

SILVER buyers and investors have their eyes very much on the saleroom this month with top quality pieces much in demand.

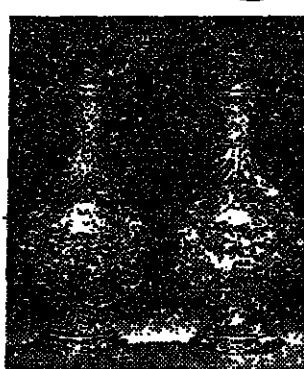
Sotheby's held period silver sales in both Scotland and London this week, with rare or unusual items doing well.

Mr Peter Waldron of Sotheby's has seen strong interest in the lesser known assay marks - the town or city hallmarks. Many command a premium over similarly marked London pieces. He tips Chester and York, followed by Newcastle and Exeter. Both Hull and Norwich are difficult to find but can fetch twice the equivalent London price.

S J Phillips, the specialist dealer of New Bond Street, London, advises to look for coffee pots from Newcastle and tankards made by John Plummer of York.

It is not always necessary to have the assay mark if the piece is reputable in its own right. Mary Cooke Antiques of 5 King Street, London, recently offered a York tumbler by John Smith, circa 1686, weighing about two ounces with just his sponsor's mark, for £875.

The very small offices, like Arbroath and Greenock, produced relatively unfashionable spoons and forks, but larger items, such as salvers or



In demand: silver vases

tea pots, are sought after. The current exhibition of fakes at the British Museum includes silver, but sometimes an article may not intentionally be made to deceive.

A Victorian jug could take in a section of older silver which contains the hallmarks of an earlier era. Mr Waldron expects to see a fake or a piece which has been added to once a fortnight. There was a trade in such articles in the second half of the 19th century and so they do still surface. They make only half the price of a good antique piece.

Watch out for modern engraving on an older piece. If in doubt, consult the leading silver dealers, a list of whom can be obtained without charge from the British Antique Dealers' Association, 20 Rutland Gate, London SW7 1BD.

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SAVE & PROSPER THE INVESTMENT HOUSE

Portfolio PLATINUM

For readers who have missed a copy of *The Times* this week, we repeat below the week's *Portfolio* price changes (today's are on page 23).

Share No.	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thur	Fri	Sat	Sun
1	+2	+4	+3	+8	+6		
2	+2	+1	+7	+4	+3		
3	+5	+2	+4	+6	+3		
4	+1	+3	+3	+7	+7		
5	+3	+2	+3	+5	+3		
6	+3	+3	+6	+5	+2		
7	+6	+3	+3	+5	+7		
8	+1	+5	+2	+7	+8		
9	+3	+3	+4	+7	+5		
10	+5	+3	+5	+3	+2		
11	+4	+2	+4	+3	+3		
12	+5	+2	+5	+6	+4		
13	+4	+2	+2	+3	+3		
14	+2	+2	+6	+2	+2		
15	+1	+3	+4	+8	+7		
16	+3	+3	+3	+5	+4		
17	+1	+6	+2	+7	+8		
18	+5	+3	+8	+6	+3		
19	+2	+2	+8	+4	+4		
20	+1	+3	+3	+9	+6		
21	+3	+4	+3	+7	+5		
22	+2	+1	+6	+3	+4		
23	+7	+2	+3	+5	+1		
24	+2	+2	+7	+3	+2		
25	+2	+3	+2	+9	+8		
26	+3	+4	+5	+6	+5		
27	+7	+3	+3	+4	+2		
28	+2	+1	+8	+4	+3		
29	+1	+4	+2	+7	+6		
30	+3	+2	+7	+5	+2		
31	+3	+4	+4	+6	+3		
32	+2	+3	+6	+4	+3		
33	+6	+1	+4	+3	+1		
34	+1	+3	+3	+8	+5		
35	+1	+3	+4	+8	+7		
36	+5	+1	+2	+4	+2		
37	+3	+3	+6	+5	+2		
38	+4	+2	+3	+9	+1		
39	+3	+2	+4	+7	+4		
40	+4	+2	+3	+3	+1		
41	+2	+3	+4	+7	+6		
42	+3	+2	+3	+5	+3		
43	+4	+1	+2	+8	+2		
44	+2	+1	+8	+4	+4		

FAMILY MONEY

The great National Savings dilemma

Lindsay Cook on a problem facing many National Savings investors now that no new certificates are being issued

THOUSANDS of loyal National Savings investors are now looking for somewhere fresh to put their money as there are no new certificates to invest in as holdings mature.

One Family Money reader is lost as to what to do with his money now that National Savings have effectively been withdrawn from him. He will cash in more than £14,000 of certificates this year and a similar amount next year.

He already has the maximum £11,000 invested in the 34th Issue of National Savings Certificates, paying 7.5 per cent tax-free and £5,000 in the 4th Issue Index-Linked Certificates paying 4.04 per cent above inflation.

He had invested to the limit for the past 10 years or so in the certificates, often using the proceeds of matured certificates to invest in new ones.

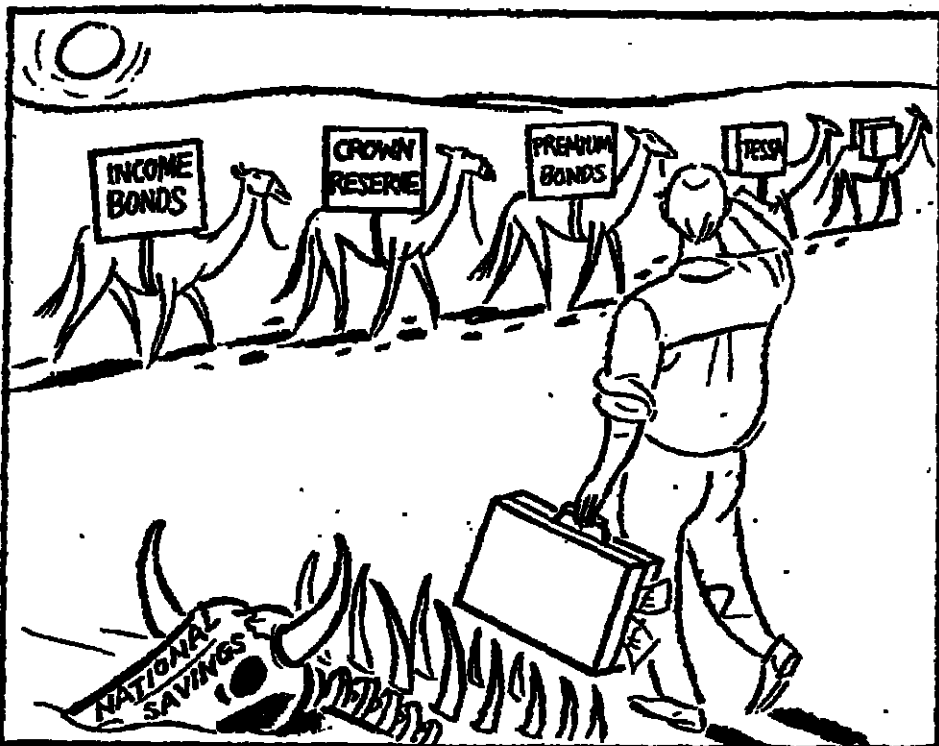
A single man in his forties, he has a company pension scheme and is a higher rate taxpayer. He had picked up the brochure for Income

Bonds from the Post Office and wondered if he should invest in the gross-paid account. Even National Savings said he should not. As a basic rate or higher rate taxpayer he would be able to do better elsewhere, said a spokesman.

There was only one tax-free option left, said the spokesman, and that had no guaranteed return: Premium Bonds. The reader could put up to £10,000 in the bonds, which return on average 6.5 per cent in prizes. Investing up to the limit he should on average win 10 or 11 prizes every year. These start at £50 and rise to £250,000 but luck is not even-handed and it is possible for large investors to receive no prizes at all.

He also suggested using the National Savings Stock Register to buy gilts. In this way he could invest up to £10,000 a day in one stock and would receive the interest in full but would be liable to tax on it.

But the spokesman did not hold out much hope of new



certificates to mop up the money flowing out of the matured 29th, maturing 30th and about to mature 31st issues.

At National Westminster

Bank, the largest independent adviser, Mr Kevin Jennings, director of retail banking, suggested a high return offshore account for the short-term, while a longer-term

course of action was decided. "He could get 14.75 per cent in Crown Reserve on £25,000, which compounds to 15.59 per cent. While it was there he would go check whether he

would benefit from topping up his pension through free-standing additional voluntary contributions.

Onshore he could earn 12.25 per cent by investing in the Cheltenham & Gloucester London Share Account. The postal account requires an investment of £2,500 and requires one month's notice.

Mr Mark Dampier, of Whitechurch Securities, the Bristol broker, said: "One thing he might consider is whether he is under-utilizing his company pension."

"He could either start paying additional voluntary contributions or a free-standing AVC. At a 40 per cent tax rate it could be quite attractive to put in as a lump sum. He could be in a deposit-based pension earning 15 per cent and have the tax benefits of a pension. But a pension lacks flexibility in that he would have to take out an annuity."

He added: "Zero preference shares are an alternative. They are designed not to give income and there would therefore be nothing to write in a tax return. The gains would be made in the form of a capital gain."

Beware paying twice to Pep up a broker's fees

By Jon Ashworth

ANYONE buying a personal equity plan may end up paying twice for the privilege — without even realizing it. The danger lies in the difference between commission and fees. Some brokers find the first is not high enough and charge a fee as well.

It has become traditional for independent brokers to advise clients "free of charge" and take commission if a plan is taken out. Now that pressure is growing on advisers to disclose exactly what they will earn in commission, many are opting for fees instead.

This way, clients know there is a one-off fee, and no fear that they will be charged in a hidden way later on.

Many advisers charge a fee for recommending Peps because they feel their commission is too little. The usual rate is three per cent of premiums. Advisers would make £1.50 a month on a typical £50-a-month savings plan.

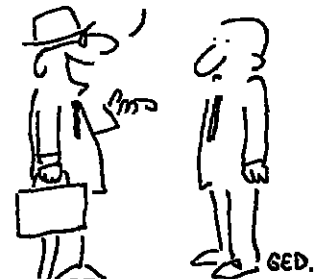
Advisers who do charge fees usually rebate the commission, leaving the client no worse off. But there is nothing to stop them from doing both — charging £100 for their advice, for example, and taking commission as it drips through.

Some advisers admit that they charge a fee and take commission on top because of the small amounts involved. Most charge more or less for their services depending on how much commission they stand to make. Nine times out of 10 the clients are happy and the system works well. But it is open to abuse.

A broker who recommends a client invest the annual limit of £5,000 in a Pep would make about £180 in commission. Some companies make up for the smaller amount due on regular savings by paying several instalments in one go.

Some of the newer Pep providers have gone out of their way to make the savings plans worth selling for independent brokers. Norwich Union is prepared to pay four years' worth of commission

With us, you don't have to pay twice... you only pay both once.



when a plan is taken out. This way, an adviser would be sent a cheque for £72 on a £50-a-month regular savings plan straight away, instead of £1.50. Normal monthly commission payments would pick up again in year five.

The most a broker can make on a regular savings plan is £15 a month, if the present monthly limit of £500 per person is taken up. Through Norwich Union the initial cheque would be for £2,640. The group has sold 3,000 lump sum and regular savings plans by direct mail and through intermediaries and tied agents. The total invested so far is £8.5 million.

Some advisers admit that they charge a fee and take commission on top because of the small amounts involved. Most charge more or less for their services depending on how much commission they stand to make. Nine times out of 10 the clients are happy and the system works well. But it is open to abuse.

A spokesman said it was possible for brokers to charge a fee as well as commission. The group does most of its business directly with the public. Brokers accounted for less than £6 million of the total. A lump sum Pep was launched last July, and a regular savings plan followed in October.

Ivory and Sime, the investment group, said about 10 per cent of its Pep and investment trust business is done on a commission-free basis.

Some offices pay more, others pay less, but in the end it comes down to the financial adviser.

LETTERS

Added offshore burden

From Mr Alfred H Silvertown Sir, Many building societies and some banks are urging their clients to invest in offshore companies or trusts now, so that they will receive interest paid gross. Many of these investments are located in the Isle of Man or in Jersey.

Bearing in mind that many of the investors who will gain by receiving interest paid gross, are elderly and normally resident in the UK, it should be borne in mind that the governments of both the above islands usually insist that upon the death of an investor, a grant of probate or letters of administration

should be obtained locally in the island. This usually means that in addition to the expense of a grant of probate in the United Kingdom, it is also necessary to obtain the offshore grant of probate. This is a fairly expensive operation, and I suggest that "fair trading" requires building societies and banks to draw the attention of such would-be offshore investors to this situation. Sincerely Yours, Alfred H. Silvertown, Solicitor, 37 Lanchester Road, Highgate, N6.

Cashing in on exchange commissions

From Mr A. F. Taylor Sir, Now that holiday time is with us again, your readers may find it useful to be reminded that the "minimum commission" charged by banks needs checking carefully before changing travellers cheques. Recently in Tenerife, at Puerto de la Cruz, the Spanish banks were charging a minimum commission

of 350 pesetas for changing a £50 travellers cheque, while Barclays charged 750 pesetas. The cashier could not give any reason for this. The exchange rate was the same at all banks.

Clearly one cannot rely on the British banks any more. Yours faithfully, A. F. TAYLOR, 58 The Ruffetts, South Croydon, Surrey.

Five Star safeguards for Abbey

From S.J. Callander Sir, Concerning your article about Miss Hill and her problems with the Abbeylink card and her "Five Star Account" (Family Money, April 28).

If the Abbey National are concerned with the cost of checking signatures on any postcards to activate the Abbeylink cards why do they not ask people to simply call into their nearest branch with their passbook to sign an activation form? Thus the signature could be checked immediately against the passbook, as with a withdrawal, there would be a degree of security because it could be assumed that the passbook holder is the person who they claim to be and finally activation of the card would probably be quicker and cheaper.

I can foresee few problems with this concept as it is already used by the Abbey National when customers make a withdrawal using their passbook and request a new PIN number.

Finally I would point out that Lloyds Bank require the return of a signed form to the appropriate branch before a cash card is activated. They

obviously believe that the benefits outweigh the costs and inconveniences. Yours faithfully, S.J. CALLANDER, Porters Lodge, Station Road, Copmanthorpe, York.

From Mr C.C.R. Church Sir, My attention was drawn to the article on building society cash machine cards, principally by the picture in which I recognized the front cover of the Abbey National Five Star Account.

Isn't there another issue of perhaps more significance, in that Emma is holding a passbook in which her signature is recorded, albeit in "invisible" print, so that the PIN number were this book to fall into the wrong hands, it is not inconceivable that the signature could be read from its impression or "shadow" in the paper or simply by somebody who has access to the right sort of lamp.

When an account may have £20,000 or so in it, isn't that a real opportunity to get rich overnight? I don't see having to notify the building society of a lost passbook as a real safeguard, and I have never

Cushion for bereavement

From Mrs R.M.W. Sir, As a recently bereaved widow, I would like to comment on Mr Broadwell's letter (April 21) regarding the widows' bereavement allowance. Surely this is not intended as some compensation for the grief of the loss of a partner?

I consider it a temporary measure to cushion the effect of having my husband's occupational pension halved, without any corresponding reduction in the household bills (power, water, house insurance etc) other than the much maligned poll tax.

Whether there is any justification for having a married man's allowance in the first place is a different question, and one that should be reviewed. Yours faithfully, Mrs R.M.W. Cardiff.

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*Source: Money Management April 1990 Managed Fund Sector Performance.

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*Money Management, February 1989 and January 1990

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FAMILY MONEY

Comfort for wary homebuyers as builders go bust

House prices have fallen by up to 20 per cent since the market's heyday. As builders discount heavily and auctioneers try to lure bargain hunters Lindsay Cook investigates some of the current pitfalls and pleasures

WORRIES about builders going out of business once buyers have put down a deposit may deter some people from considering the bargain deals currently on offer.

Several large builders are trading at substantial losses and virtually all developers are expecting their profits to be reduced this year as a result of high interest rates and the housing market slump.

As a result, some are making price reductions which amount to distress sales. This week one building firm executive said: "We will do everything but give houses away."

Cut-price properties, subsidised mortgages and other special deals are on offer from builders keen to cut their own borrowings.

But buyers worried about

being stranded with a half-built flat or house when a builder goes bust are mostly protected against this eventuality.

More than 90 per cent of housebuilders are covered by the National House-Building Council's Buildmark scheme, which will refund deposits paid to builders who become bankrupt after exchange of contracts but before the property is completed.

This will reimburse up to £10,000 or 10 per cent of the property's price, whichever is the greater.

The Buildmark scheme does not, however, apply to conversions, although some builders do take out a warranty on such properties through the NHBC.

A spokeswoman for NHBC said: "When the Kentish Prop-

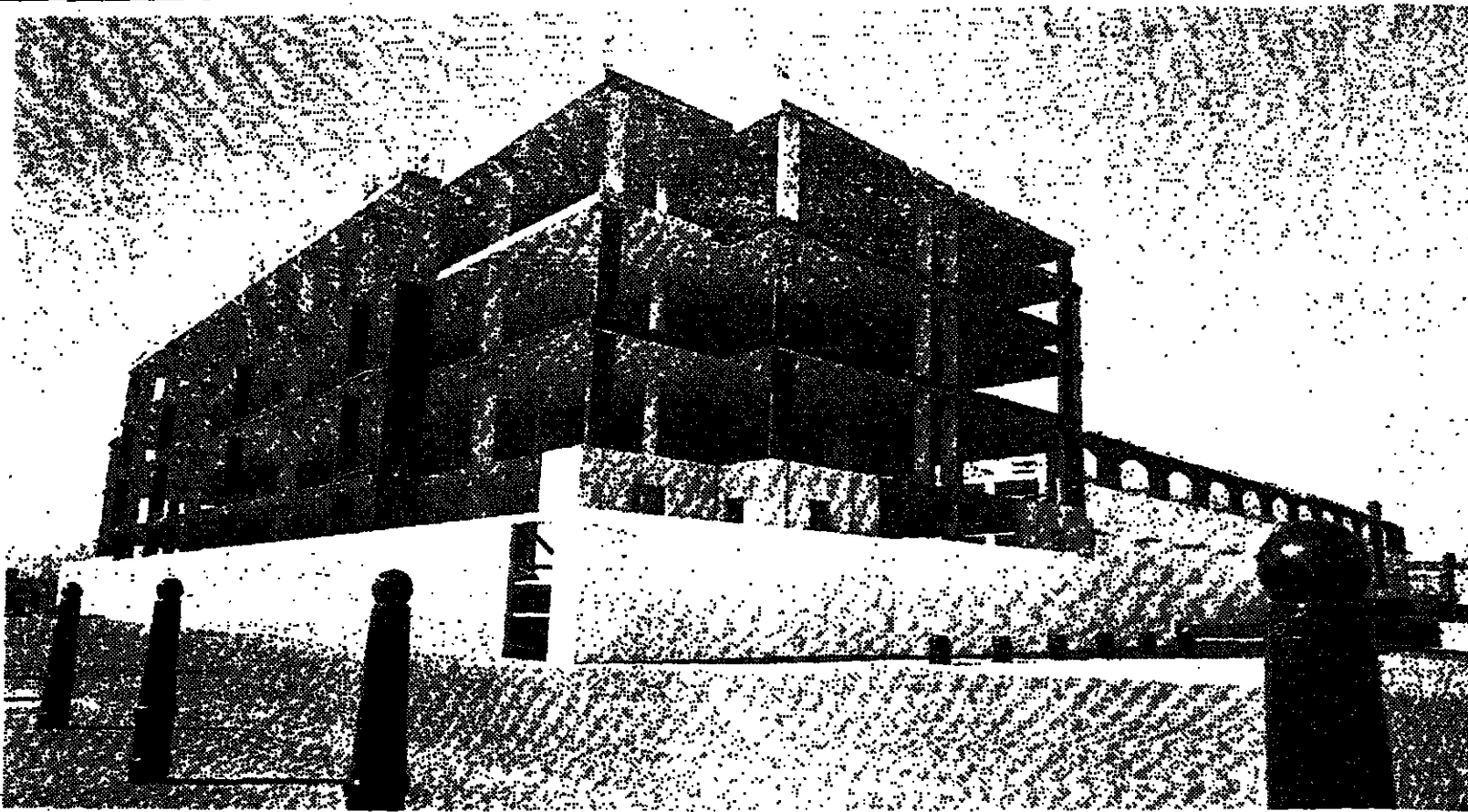
erty Group and Declan Kelly went bust many people did not realize they were covered for lost deposits.

"We did not have lists of the people who had paid over deposits so we couldn't contact them."

"The liquidator was able to point out to the buyers that they could get their deposits back. There were delays with paying out on these Docklands properties because of this, but normally it only takes a few weeks to pay out."

"Once the matter has been investigated and agreed by all parties the cheque is sent out in a matter of days."

"There were also some other problems with Burrells Wharf, the Kentish development on the Isle of Dogs, because buyers were offered different flats in the same



No one at home: Burrells Wharf on the Isle of Dogs in London's Docklands left buyers chasing their deposits when the developers went bust

development but just wanted to get out.

"We had to make exceptions to the rules in some cases and pay back deposits."

The warranty offered by NHBC also requires builders to remedy defects in the two years after a property is built. The Council then takes over in years three to 10.

However, if a builder goes

out of business as soon as the property is sold, NHBC takes on immediate responsibility for any defects.

A few builders who are not registered with the Council provide similar cover for their customers through Municipal Insurance's Foundation 15 scheme.

If a building group collapses the customers should not be

trapped with a half-built property, added the NHBC spokeswoman. The liquidators would have to find another company to develop the site.

Homebuyers should be wary of requests for deposits larger than 10 per cent and those people dealing with non-registered builders should not hand over a deposit on exchange of contracts.

If the builder insists on one the purchaser's solicitor should negotiate for the money to be placed in a joint account requiring the signatures of both parties for withdrawals.

In the current market builders keen to attract buyers should be persuaded to accept such a safeguard, although they would prefer to be able to

use the money ahead of completion.

Buyers who exchanged contracts before April last year were limited to £10,000 compensation.

Mr Steven Millington of the Halifax Building Society said the NHBC scheme protected most buyers. "But if there are only two or three properties which have been designed by a local architect there could be problems if they are left half-built when the builder went bankrupt."

"The liquidator would have to find a new builder to complete the work. It might be the reason the first builder went out of business was something to do with the site."

But he stressed the vast majority of buyers are covered by the warranty schemes. Those who were not should seek advice from their solicitors on how best they could protect themselves.

From next April the Buildmark scheme will require all builders to set out in clear and precise terms at exchange of contract what buyers are to get in terms of room layouts, sizes, facilities and services.

Some builders are already providing the information.



Going cheap: prices are tumbling at property auctions

Bargain house prices found under the hammer

TO BUY a house at auction can now cost 20 per cent less than finding a similar property through an estate agent. Auctioneers are also offering loans on the spot.

Any bargains are the result of auctioneers insisting that sellers fix realistically low reserve prices. One auctioneer, Stickley & Kent, will even accept bids below the reserve price which, they say, are binding on the bidder but not on the seller.

Mr Ray Mitchell, Stickley & Kent's auction manager, explained why they have changed a very fundamental auction rule. "So many times in the past, vendors whose property failed to reach the reserve price have come back and asked if we could try to get the offer again. But it's too late."

"It became apparent to us that, had we put the hammer down on a lower

price, they would have taken it. Nine times out of 10 the vendor is going to accept that bid because a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Prior to the auction, they would not have taken that lower price because of the hope value."

Under these different rules on the fall of the hammer, a contract is signed but the vendor has three working days in which to accept or decline the offer. Stickley & Kent is not a member of the Incorporated Society of Valuers and Auctioneers, which has expressed surprise at its changing standard auction rules.

Mr Norman Hartland, ISVA professional services officer, said: "You cannot bind one party to a contract without the other. You cannot have a one-sided contract in any transaction. If one says 'I'll buy your house and the

other says 'I might sell and I might not, it is not a binding contract'."

The change has been brought in because, in the current state of the housing market, purchasers expect to buy cheaply. Mr Hamlyn Whitty, chief executive of the ISVA, said: "In a boom market, as a seller, you are likely to get outrageous prices. As a buyer in present market conditions, the converse is true."

Mr Mitchell added: "The market we are in now is very difficult and those who are bidding expect to get things very cheap. Going below the reserve figure works very well for the purchaser who may make a bid on the property which, under the normal rules of sale, he would have lost."

At Stickley & Kent's next auction on Thursday week they have one property which has no reserve at all.

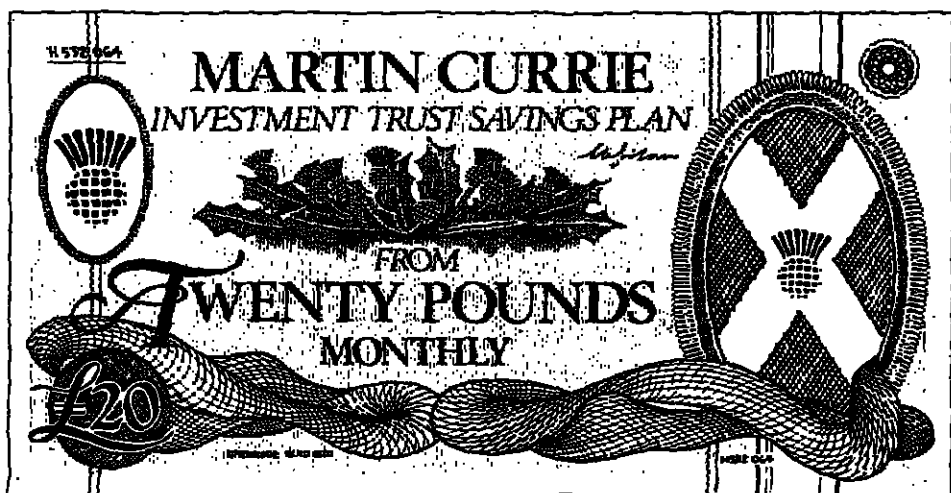
"Someone could bid £10 and buy it. We are starting to see changes like this come in which makes for an exciting auction," said Mr Mitchell.

And Bristol & West Building Society has started selling homes by auction too. Mr David Collett, its spokesman, said: "Those who are bidding are without doubt looking for a bargain and they're getting it."

To keep sales moving auctioneers are being tougher with sellers about the reserve price and refuse to accept properties if the owners insist on a high reserve figure.

This strict attitude means that reserve prices are low. Mr Mitchell calculates that most of the properties in the catalogue have reserve prices which are 80 per cent of the norm.

Margaret Dibben



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THE INVESTMENT HOUSE

REVIEW

SECTION 3

SATURDAY MAY 5 1990

Secret heroes of the Great Game

GLYNN BOYD HARTE



In the ancient Central Asian town of Bokhara, on a June morning in 1842, two ragged figures could be seen kneeling in the dust in the great square before the Emir's palace. Their arms were tied tightly behind their backs. Filthy and half-starved, they were in a pitiful condition. Nearby were two graves, which they had been made to dig. A small crowd of Bokharans looked on in silence.

Ordinarily, in this remote and medieval-like caravan town in Uzbekistan, executions attracted little attention. Under the Emir's despotic rule they were all too frequent. But this one was different. The two men kneeling at the executioner's feet were British officers. For months they had been kept by Emir Nasrullah in a dark and stinking pit beneath the mud-built citadel, with rats and other vermin as their only companions.

The two men - Colonel Charles Stoddart, aged 35, and Captain Arthur Conolly, aged 34 - were about to face death together, 4,000 miles from home, at a spot where today coachloads of foreign tourists alight, unaware of what once happened there.

Stoddart and Conolly were paying the price of engaging in a highly dangerous game - the Great Game, as it became known to those who risked their lives in its pursuit. The game was played against Russia, then engaged in carving out a vast empire in the Caucasus and Central Asia.

Today, as violent unrest threatens the survival of that empire, the events of those times have taken on a new significance: the seeds of the present turmoil were sown during the Great Game years. The current bitterness and resentment of the Central Asian peoples towards their Soviet rulers dates back to their forcible, and often brutal, subjugation by Tsarist generals. For their part, the British tried to pre-empt Russian moves. Stoddart had been sent to Bokhara by the East India Company to try to forge an alliance with the Emir against the Russians, whose advance into Central Asia was giving rise to fears about their intentions towards India. But things had gone badly wrong. Stoddart had offended the Emir by approaching his palace in the saddle instead of deferentially on foot, and when Conolly volunteered to go to Bokhara to try to negotiate his release, he had ended up in the same grim dungeon.

Conolly had conceived the bold idea of rescuing Stoddart while on

As one by one the squares on the Soviet Union's geographic chessboard erupt in dissension, Peter Hopkirk goes back to square one. The time: the mid 1880s. The principal players: Britain, Russia and Central Asia's local rulers. The prize: India

a Great Game mission in nearby Khiva. Recently rejected by the woman he had hoped to marry in England, and in a somewhat reckless frame of mind, he had ignored the Khan of Khiva's warning to avoid his notorious Bokharan neighbour.

As for Stoddart, he should never have been chosen for his delicate mission in the first place. "To attack or defend a fortress no better man could be found," one friend declared, "but, for a diplomatic mission, no less suitable person could be imagined."

Stoddart was the first to die, while Conolly looked on. Moments later, after rejecting the chance to save his life by embracing Islam, Conolly, too, fell victim to the executioner's blade, his head rolling in the dust beside his friend's. Today the two men's remains lie in a long-forgotten graveyard somewhere beneath the square, together with the Emir's many other victims.

The hapless Stoddart and Conolly were just two of the many British officers and other travellers who, over the best part of a century, took part in the Great Game. Their aim was to protect India, with its fabulous wealth and limitless markets, from the covetous designs of the Tsar. It was their task to fill in the blanks on

the maps, discover possible invasion routes, gather political and other intelligence, and befriend powerful rulers, such as the Emir of Bokhara.

The Russian bogey had arisen some 50 years earlier when Catherine the Great's troops started to fight their way southwards through the Caucasus towards Persia. British fears for India intensified when, in 1807, Napoleon proposed to Tsar Alexander I that they should together invade it. Eventually, he told Alexander, they might, with their combined armies, conquer the entire world and share it out between them.

Napoleon's breathtaking plan was to march 50,000 of his troops across Persia and Afghanistan and there join forces with Alexander's Cossacks for the final thrust across the Indus river. The threat never materialized, for the two soon fell out. But a new menace arose - that of Russia alone. So began the shadowy, undeclared war for supremacy in the shrinking gap between the two empires. It was Grandmother's Footsteps on an epic scale.

When play first began, the frontiers of British India and Russia lay about 2,000 miles apart. By the end, when London and St Petersburg reached an

accommodation in 1907, this gap had shrunk in places to less than 20 miles. At one time, the Tsar's empire was expanding at some 50 square miles a day.

One by one, the khanates and ancient caravan towns of the Silk Road fell to the fast-riding Cossacks, ever in the vanguard of the Russian advance. First it was Tashkent, then Samarkand and next Bokhara.

Rarely was Central Asia out of the headlines, and at times war between the two superpowers seemed inevitable. It was no secret to the British, moreover, that Russian officers in Central Asia thought of little else but the coming invasion of India.

To the young Indian Army officers who found themselves caught up in the Great Game it was the stuff of dreams. Here was the chance to escape the monotony of garrison life on the sweltering plains and, perhaps, win promotion, glory or even a place in the imperial history books.

But those who ventured beyond India's northern frontiers took their lives in their hands. As Stoddart and Conolly discovered, there was no prospect of rescue for those in difficulties. To avoid suspicion, some travelled in disguise, often as native horse traders or as Muslim holy men. They explained away their European features by professing to belong to distant Asian tribes.

Most of the players in this imperialist game were professionals, regular soldiers or political officers, chosen for their linguistic or other gifts by their superiors in Calcutta. Others were amateurs, often travellers of independent means, who found the challenge irresistible.

Some never returned. Indeed, certain regions were judged too dangerous, or politically sensitive, for Europeans to venture into at all, even in disguise. Yet if India was to be defended, these lawless parts had somehow to be explored and mapped. An ingenious solution was found. Indian hillmen of exceptional intelligence and resource, specially trained in clandestine surveying techniques, were sent across the frontier disguised as Buddhist pilgrims or Muslim holy men. In this way, often at considerable risk, the "pundits", as they were called, secretly mapped thousands of square miles of previously unknown terrain with

The last mission of Conolly and Stoddart
Captain Arthur Conolly (right) and Colonel Charles Stoddart are led in chains to the dungeons of the Emir of Bokhara. Months later they were beheaded. The Times recorded "intelligence of the most disastrous and melancholy nature"

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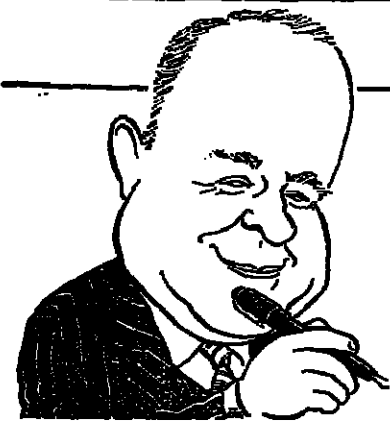
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'After rejecting the chance to save his life by embracing Islam, Conolly, too, fell to the executioner's blade'

In Persian disguise, Conolly, who coined the phrase "Great Game"



THE NED SHERRIN COLUMN



Warm welcome for our William

Let's get three bits of trivia out of the way first. Norman Tebbit is obviously big in Deal. My man overheard two old ladies in the library. "I do like a good murder," said one, "but only if it's English." Neil Shand has suggested a solution to King's problem of attracting audiences: bus them in. And I have at last found a story out of which Andrew Lloyd Webber emerges looking good. The American pop composer, Frank Wildhorn (two hits for Whitney Houston) met the great man at a Tony Awards party. He introduced himself, "I am America's Andrew Lloyd Webber." "Yes," said Andrew, "they certainly need one."

But I collected my favourite story of the week from David Firth. Along with Liz Robertson, Michael Williams and Judi Dench, Thomas Allen, Jane Lapotaire, Stephen Fry and the Dancowths, we were part of an entertainment organized for Sam Wanamaker's Globe Theatre at a Middle Temple feast. Firth was once in Jonathan Miller's prized production of *Measure for Measure*. It toured and eventually reached Barrow-in-Furness in a theatre not too unlike a working-men's club. The manager-compere greeted the Good Doctor with, "Will you need the microphone to introduce your acts, Mr Miller?"

It was a good night at the Middle Temple. According to John Mannington, the 17th-century lawyer, *Twelfth Night* was commissioned by lawyers there and performed in hall at a feast on February 2, 1602. Some years ago, Donald Wolfit gave a performance of the play for the Queen Mother in this same room, and there in the early Sixties I spotted a baby Michael Crawford as Feste in Colin Graham's production. This occasion gave me a chance to programme an excerpt from *No Bed for Bacon* in order to hear Dame Judi speak Viola's willow cabin speech once more. If you are looking for a recipe for goose pimples, this is it.

Manningham's diaries contain the only known contemporary anecdote about Shakespeare. I'm not saying that it is true. A woman fell for Burbage when he was playing Richard Crookback and made a date to see him (under the name of Richard III) at her house after the show. Shakespeare overheard this, got to her house before the play had ended and, in Manningham's words "was at his game ere Burbage came. Then, message being brought that Richard III was at the door, Shakespeare caused return to be made that William the Conqueror was before Richard III".

Our Middle Temple welcome was warm, especially from the staff. A

porter comforted Stephen Fry, who was nervously pacing the gardens going over unfamiliar material. "Bit jumpy, Mr Fry? Don't worry. Most of our gentlemen are like that. We've got one barrister never gets up but what he sits down."

Sam Wanamaker's fund-raising efforts are Herculean. The Dancowths were in at the beginning 15 years ago and once did a nine-city tour of the States with Sam, singing for contributions in the great houses of the Cabots and Lodges.

According to John, word got round that Sam was accepting no contribution of less than \$500,000. They appeared in Texas and at the end three frail old ladies apologetically explained that they knew they were expected to give half a million each, but would it be all right if they gave half a million between them? Sam graciously agreed.

Arthur Smith supplied me with the only known Shakespearean "knock knock" joke. "Who's

there?" "Mandy." "Mandy who?" "Man delights not me, nor women neither." Can anybody improve on that from the folio?

I AM reprieved by R. O Harris for not knowing that a better word for mismatches is oxymoron. In truth I was too idle to check it. He cites the burar of a public school in Dorset who swore that a sign saying, "beware: oxymorons abound here" was more effective in keeping out village lads than the usual, "trespassers will be prosecuted". And John Koski listed his good ones from a Sunday magazine back in July 1988. I like operator service, British Rail catering, Labour Party leadership, British tennis hopeful and working lunch.

APPEARING on BSB before David Frost had officially declared it open was a bit like calling oneself Sir Ned before the Queen gets her sword out. However, *Up Your News*, a nightly

15 minutes of topical "satire" was an adequate excuse for *lese-majesté*. An army of writers work through the day on a script. Three actors pre-record most of the sketches, and at 9pm the visiting presenter reads an autocue live in a studio situated roughly where the old dance floor of the Trocadero stood.

Ken Livingstone had done the chore the night before, but the Noel Gay office walls are papered with rejection letters from other politicians. Lord Jenkins of Hillhead "doubted his ability to perform the role". Edwina Currie, "having resisted Sky TV", said she would resist BSB as well. Baroness Falkender was "no good at TV". Norman Tebbit was brief and sour: "Thank you. I do not believe you will be on the air and in any event I do not wish to appear on it."

MY RECENT observations on the longevity of dukes has drawn a few proud marquesses — an even stur-

dier breed. Lord Curzon preferred "marquis" but Bluemantle Pursuivant assures me the correct form in England is marquess. Lord Normanby, please note. You spell your title both ways in *Who's Who*.

The first marquess was created on December 1, 1385 when the Sixth Earl of Oxford was given a leg-up by Richard II. This so annoyed the other earls that the title was abolished 12 months later. The present premier marquess is Winchester, created by Elizabeth I in 1551. As for longevity of title today, these lads have the dukes beat. Outright winner, as Bluemantle kindly pointed out, was the suitably named Arthur Wills Percy Wellesley Blundell Trumbull Sandys Hill, seventh Marquess of Downshire, who died last year after 71 years at the job.

Running him close is the present Lord Townshend, 69 years a marquess. Coming up on the rails are Normanby (the of the versatile spelling) with 58, and Waterford with 56. Two Scots, Lothian and Landsdowne, are galloping along at 50 and 46. Poor Bath has only 44 years under the ermine.

Alan Brien tells me that Randolph Churchill had an ingenious idea for keeping lordlings up to scratch. He suggested that hereditary peers should earn their particular rank by public duty, philanthropy etc. If they fail their rank goes down a peg. So if a duke did nothing all his life, his family title would become a marquessate, a marquess an earl and so on. On the other hand, an heir could regain his father's rank by his own efforts.

In an enterprise culture there is something to be said for it.

PETER McKAY

If I were...

If I were the Right Honourable Kenneth Wilfred Baker, MP, I would have dismissed the Beachy Head Option (Tory boss in death plunge. It's tragic, says PM.) Life's not all bad election results, even when you are in charge of thinking up means of avoiding them. Besides, there were enough Tory triumphs to take the edge off Labour's overall gains.

The light at the end of the tunnel today could still be the oncoming Labour election express; but it could also be a new dawn in which people decide to live with a watered-down poll tax, and damn out of office any Labour councils which can't produce a low one.

As a politician of 55, with two years on Twickenham Borough Council and 22 as an MP, I have known the ups and downs. For goodness sake, I was PPS to Edward Heath in 1975! The Party in the country, let alone the town halls, could go down with all hands within the next two years and No 10 would not necessarily be "Beyond Our Ken". I was not, after all, the sole architect of the hated poll tax.

In the event of a request to Dulwich by Margaret, Michael Heseltine would be a strong contender. But a Tory Party anguished with guilt about pushing out the most successful leader since the war might easily opt for the loyal stalwart who stayed on the bridge in the final days.

I am relaxed about power. That's the difference between Michael and me. There's a gleam in his eyes which unsympathetic columnists see as fanatical. The merriment in my own eyes annoys some of them, too.



... Kenneth Baker

but that is not the same thing. Some friends have been kind enough to say that I have that rare quality in a politician: I can be close to disaster, indeed part of it, without personally suffering its consequences — as if my cheerfulness gave me "distance".

When I aired my scheme to appoint three top advertising men to assist David Waddington, John MacGregor and Kenneth Clarke last week there was a mini-hullabaloo, with one of the ministers — unnamed but easily identified — wailing: "It makes us look like wallies."

In fact, it was a perfectly good scheme. Nothing new in it really. We have had bow-tied advertising men crawling all over the Party in the past 10 years. And when you are seen, respectively, as having organized month-long convict dancing parties on the roof of Strangeways, obscured our education policy and wrecked the National Health Service — we are talking about public perceptions here — a few new slogans could surely do no harm. There was always a danger that my plan might be seen as a means of scuppering rivals, but you cannot allow yourself to be paralysed by over-sensitivity. As for wallies, the first sign of one is the chap who complains that he is being made to look like one.

People should relax more, as I do. Read a book, see a play, have a jolly dinner with friends. I take genuine pleasure in life. While my smile might irritate some, at least I do not look in the photographs from outside No 10 like a defendant in a junk bond fraud case. When you have an interest in art, as I do, you have what Denis Healey calls a "hinterland". If the Conservative Party stands for anything profound, surely it is that we don't throw babies — or Bakers — come to that — out with the bathwater just because the people seek to exercise their healthy right to order up Pickfords for the Prime Minister.

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Great Gamesmanship

Continued from previous page

remarkable accuracy. Traveling alone or with naive caravans, they were away from India for months on end, some for years.

For their part, the Russians used Mongolian Buddhists to carry out secret missions judged too dangerous for Europeans on this great imperial chessboard, which stretched from snowy Caucasus in the west to Tibet and China in the east.

The Russians, too, suffered casualties in the Great Game. In 1829 an angry Persian mob stormed the Russian legation in Tehran after the Tsar's minister there, the eminent writer Alexander Griboyedov, granted sanctuary to three Armenian fugitives, one a eunuch from the Shah's harem. Sword in hand, and surrounded by his small Cossack guard, Griboyedov put up a desperate fight, but was overwhelmed when the crowd broke in through the ceiling.

Griboyedov's body was tossed into the street, where his head was hacked off by a kebab vendor who exhibited it, spectacles and all, on his stall. His corpse finally ended up on a refuse dump. Ever since, Russian historians have accused the British of inciting the Persians to attack the legation.

Like the Cold War of our own times, the Great Game was kept alive by fear and suspicion on either side. Some British hawks were even convinced that the sinister hand of St Petersburg lay behind the Indian Mutiny.

Such fears of the other's intentions sometimes led to precipitate, and disastrous, moves. In 1839, alarmed by rumours that the British were ingratiating themselves with the Khan of Khiva, the Russians decided to annex his domains before the British did. That autumn, a 5,000-strong force set out from Orenburg to free a large number of the Tsar's subjects who had been captured by tribesmen and sold as slaves.

But they had not allowed for the severity of the Central Asian winter, which that year began unusually early. Soon the snow was so deep that the Cossacks were toiling in it up to their waists, trying to force a way through for the camels and artillery. Men and beasts

began to die at an alarming rate. Finally, after three months and still not halfway to Khiva, it was decided to abandon the expedition. Without a shot being fired or a slave freed, the force limped back to Orenburg, having lost 1,000 men and 9,000 camels.

Meanwhile, a British subaltern, Lieutenant Richmond Shakespear, had proceeded alone to Khiva from Herat, in Afghanistan, and managed to persuade the Khan to free his Russian slaves. There were 416 in all, including women and children. A sturdy male slave, Shakespear learnt, changed hands for around £20, the price of four camels. Many of the Russian men had been in bondage for 10 years or more, some of the women for longer.

To secure their release, Shakespear convinced the Khan that this would remove any pretext for the Tsar to invade his territory. It was agreed that he would accompany the party across the desert to the nearest Russian post. Many of the slaves' owners were reluctant to hand them over, and the Khan had to threaten them with death if they failed to obey.

But there was one slave, a nine-year-old girl, whom the Khivans seemed particularly reluctant to surrender. It soon became evident that she was intended for the Khan's own harem. "I have seldom seen a more beautiful child," wrote Shakespear in his diary. He told the Khan that so long as even one Russian slave remained, the Russians would have reason for attacking Khiva. Finally, rather crossly, the Khan ordered the child to be handed over to Shakespear.

On reaching Fort Aleksandrova, 500 miles away on the eastern shore of the Caspian, Shakespear handed his grateful charges to the astonished Russian commandant, who gave him an official receipt. Tsar Nicholas formally thanked Shakespear for his audacious and humanitarian deed. However, it was no secret in St Petersburg that the Tsar was privately furious at the young British officer's unsolicited enterprise.

Single-handedly, he had achieved what a powerful Russian force had so humili-



The notorious Emir Nasrullah of Bokhara

ingly failed to accomplish, not to mention removing the pretext needed by Nicholas for annexing Khiva, seen by strategists on both sides as one of the principal stepping-stones leading to India.

So delighted was Queen Victoria, a Russophobe, that she knighted the 28-year-old subaltern and promoted him to captain.

Another 30 years were to pass before the Russians finally absorbed Khiva into their Central Asian empire.

But the Russians were not alone in overreaching themselves in their efforts to preempt their rivals. In 1839, in a bid to frustrate apparent Russian designs on Afghanistan, the British seized Kabul and placed their own puppet on the throne.

To maintain him there they stayed on for 13 months, becoming more and more unpopular with the Afghans, who finally rose against them. The British agreed to leave if the Afghans gave them safe passage. But they were treacherously betrayed, with the result that 16,000 British and Indian troops, families and camp-followers were massacred in the passes.

It was one of the worst catastrophes to befall a British

army and only one man, Dr William Brydon, got through, on a mortality wounded pony, to break the news to a horrified nation.

Among those who perished, hacked to pieces by a mob in Kabul, was Sir Alexander Burnes, better known as "Bokhara" Burnes, one of the most renowned of all the Great Game players. A brilliant linguist, with immense charm which he exercised to great effect on Europeans and Asians alike, he had believed to the end that he could talk his way out of trouble.

Besides those who were actively engaged in the Great Game, a host of amateur strategists followed it at home. In a torrent of books, pamphlets and articles they freely offered their advice on how best to halt the Russian advance towards India.

The closing chukka of the Great Game was played out in the passes of the High Pamirs, to the north of Pakistan, where the gap between the two front lines had by now shrunk to less than a day's march.

It was here that Captain Francis Younghusband manoeuvred his men against his Russian rival, Captain Gromchevsky. However, this did not prevent them, on one occasion, from dining together over a camp fire and amicably debating their countries' ambitions in Asia, before resuming the struggle the next morning.

In 1907, the Russian boggy was finally laid to rest with the signing of the Anglo-Russian Convention, which divided the disputed region into spheres of influence, as both powers turned to meet the growing German ambitions in the east.

But the repercussions of those years continue to haunt us today. The overthrow of Asian rulers, the storming of embassies, inglorious retreats from Afghanistan, and blood-letting in the Caucasus... all these were familiar to Victorian newspaper readers.

With the whole future of Russia's Central Asian empire now in doubt, the epic story of the Great Game is still an ominously topical one.

● Peter Hopkirk's *The Great Game: On Secret Service in High Asia* (Jonathan Cape, £17.95) is published on May 10

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A CHILDHOOD: RICHARD HARRIS

'I was reticent about my poetry. I would have been regarded as a real sissy: a big strapping Irish boy like me writing poetry'

by Ray Connolly

The greatest thing that ever happened to Richard Harris was, he believes, getting tuberculosis at the age of 19. Confined to his home in Limerick for three years, there was nothing he could do but read. His bedroom became his university.

"In those days there was a bit of a stigma attached to tuberculosis so I didn't tell my parents at first. But then, because I was always sleeping, I became the object of derision in the house. My father thought I was shirking.

"When they found out the reason for my always being tired there was a complete reversal of attitude to overcrowding affection, which in some ways is worse than derision."

He was 23 before he was given a clean bill of health and allowed to begin his adult life with a ticket for the boat to Liverpool.

Born in 1930, the fifth child of eight, he was brought up in Limerick, in a staunchly Catholic family of mixed Catholic and Protestant origins, who owned a large flour mill. They were, he says, in relative terms, very well off, but it was a wealth which was to diminish yearly as he was growing up, as the large companies took over the mass milling of flour and the baking of bread.

The family company finally went bankrupt in 1962 just after he had made the film *This Sporting Life*. He bought the mill with its large silos on the Shannon docks and said he would only sell it when the wind and the rain had washed away his great-great-grandfather's name James Harris (and Sons) from the sign.

"I've just sold it this week," he says. "The name is completely gone." A skilled and wealthy property speculator, he got a good price. Property values, even in Limerick, have gone up enormously in the past 30 years.

As a child he was as he is as a man - always desperately seeking attention. This he puts down to being in the middle of such a large family. He never had anything that was new. And, though it is difficult to believe, he swears his father would forget his name.

"What's his name again?" his father would say. "That's Dick," his mother would reply.

Perhaps not surprisingly he was known to run away from time to time, sleeping rough by the river. "I was wild, excessively wild. I can remember my mother looking at my father, and saying 'Ivan, what

are we going to do with him?"

The wildness in adult life is well documented. He is still, he feels, exceedingly restless.

Educated, along with his five brothers, at the Jesuit Crescent College in Limerick he was for years a daily communicant, going three miles on his bicycle every morning. At night there would be the family rosary. Although no longer a practising Catholic, he still says the rosary and has two sets of rosary beads always with him.

As a boy he had two great loves: rugby and writing poetry. He played for his province, Munster, at rugby ("Because I was big they would put me in the second row, but I didn't do much in the scrum. I played it like a wing forward, wanting to be off and trying to score tries") and he wrote poetry.

The two pursuits could hardly have been less compatible. "I love poetry, always have done. When I was ill with tuberculosis I discovered Gerard Manley Hopkins, although my father's reading was Mickey Spillane. I wrote all my poems in school books. You should read them. They were published in 1972 and were a big success in America."

As a boy he was more reticent about his poetry. "I'd have been regarded as a sissy if people had known about it. A big strapping Irish boy writing poetry? I'd have been regarded as an oddity."

For different reasons, some of which he does not fully understand, he was reticent about acting and, when offered the lead in a school production, turned it down and settled for a part in the chorus.

The theatre, however, was a major influence on him.

"In those days they'd have touring companies visiting Limerick and I'd go to see them all the time." Not involved with any amateur dramatics, he did appear on stage in a professional capacity a few times during his teens, playing, on one occasion, the Crow in *Oedipus Rex*, for which he got two shillings a week.

A more formative moment came, he thinks, at around the age of 18 when he persuaded his father to let him go to Dublin to see a rugby match. "I had never been anywhere other than to Cork for rugby matches or to County Clare where my parents would rent a house every summer, but I wanted to see Ireland play Scotland. I think it was around 1948 or 1949.

"So I mowed the lawns and helped out in the mill and did all

these things and went off to Dublin with the boys, Paddy Lloyd and Gerry Murphy and the others. And after the match we were drinking cider in a bar, you could drink more cider for less money, and planning to go to a dance when I saw this notice: 'The Gate Theatre presents Micheal MacLiammoir in Pirandello's *Henry IV*'. And I said 'That's where I'm going. I'll meet you later at the dance.'

He would like, he says, to be able to say that seeing MacLiammoir is the nice romantic reason he is now bringing the Pirandello to London's Wyndham's Theatre 40 years later, but it would not be true. The play did leave its mark, though. He can still remember some aspects of the production.

I was shortly after this that he discovered he had tuberculosis. With two brothers already in the family business and not enough money to pay for him to go to university (there were no grants in Ireland in those days), the three years' convalescence gave him time to think about his future, and to get over the fact that he would never play rugby for Ireland. He read prodigiously, and still does. The Jesuits had trained the mind; as he became a burden to his friends and they visited him less frequently, tuberculosis helped to complete the education.

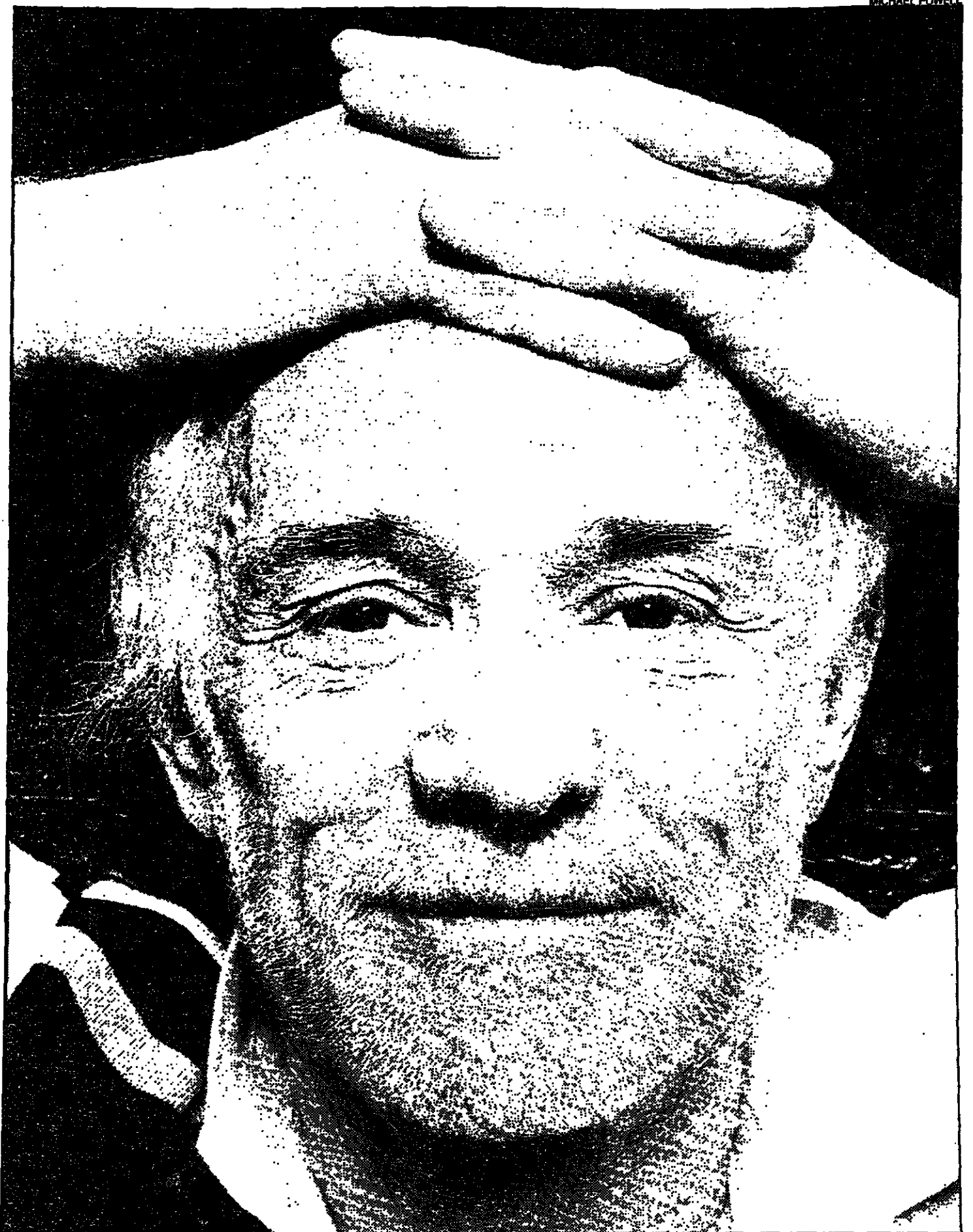
"Just think, if I hadn't got TB I'd probably now be a 60-year-old ex-international attached to some club or other who turns up at dinners and talks about the old days and is a total pain."

Instead of which, I'm sitting in the Savoy Hotel in London being roasted by the English Press for being irresponsible and temperamental, both of which are not true - in this instance."

(He is feeling particularly bruised about the advance publicity for *Henry IV*, not all of it flattering, some of it no doubt unfair, and much of it gossipy.)

In 1953, with £21 in his pocket, he came to London. He didn't have any options. There was no future for him in Ireland. After being turned down by the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and the Central School, he was accepted by the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art.

After a year at LAMDA he went to work for Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop. "I was very, very lucky. I learned more in one month with her than I did in 12



Richard Harris: "I never got to know my parents, they had so many kids to look after. But I feel I never made my peace with them"

months at LAMDA. She was extraordinary and had a tremendous influence on my life.

"She'd say 'go for it, Mixer'. She always called me Mixer because that was the first part I played in the West End in *The Quare Fellow*. That was my first professional job at the Comedy in 1956. £10 a week."

In all he worked with Joan Littlewood off and on for three seasons, including the Pirandello play *Man, Beast and Virtue*. Perhaps that is partly why he is so keen to get *Henry IV* right, he suggests. That was where he learnt so much about Pirandello. "If Joan Littlewood did a play it was like doing a PhD in it, her preparation was so thorough."

What he particularly likes about

Henry IV is that it is about a man who re-invents himself. He knows that feeling. "We all create ourselves and rewrite ourselves constantly. I did."

"My mother gave me birth, my father sired me and I've got all those genes from the Protestant and Catholic sides of my family and the Freemasons, they're all mixed in. But I created myself. Somewhere along the line I slowly created Richard Harris."

"All this stuff about people being the results of their social environment is just sociological rubbish. People come out of here." He taps his forehead. "That's what Pirandello's about and that's what I believe."

By the time he reached Hollywood he had largely invented the

creature he was to inhabit for the next 40 years. He got to know every one of his theatrical generation and to drop the names of the celebrated on every possible occasion. He did not, however, satisfy his father's curiosity. On his return to Ireland his father asked if he had met Betty Grable, or "Betty Grable" as he called her.

"No, Dad," he said.

"You know Betty Grable was my hero, Dick, don't you?"

"I know, Dad."

Now 60, with his two sisters and his closest brother, Dermot, dead, death and the afterlife are peculiarly on his mind. A few years ago a medium told him of a spirit called Rosie who was with him, a woman from his family who had died before he was born.

When his brother turned up with a mass card from 1912 for Rosie Hartley (his mother's family), he began to take the medium seriously. He carries the mass card in his pocket and says he talks to Rosie constantly.

He will not be buried in the family vault in Limerick. Both his parents died without him ever making friends with them.

"I didn't dislike them by any manner or means. They were OK parents. It was a good family. We were all happy. But I never got to know them. It wasn't deliberate on their part. They had so many kids to look after."

"But I feel, why would I want to be buried with someone I never got to know? I never made my peace with them."

Clothed in false glory?

LOOK at the people at Badminton this weekend. There won't be a nylon anorak to be seen amid the forest of Barbour's. Or, if the sun continues to shine, there won't be a short-sleeved polyester shirt among the acres of Vivella. The clothes are saying: "This is our club, we wear the uniform, we belong. If you want to wear man-made fabrics, pop along to the dog-track, there's a good fellow."

At Badminton, people know where, and who, they are.

Mind you, dressing to type can be useful. If you go to a point-to-point meeting, you can be fairly sure that a chap in a Barbour or Church's brogues will have a corkscrew, while someone who obviously shops at Millefatti will probably be able to tell you where to catch the local buses.

Such accurate clothes-casting does not quite work in London. If a young man on the London Underground is wearing a maroon and white striped shirt, dog-eared club tie, tweed jacket, yellow cords and scuffed brogues, you could bet he won't have a glacial stop. It is a stone-cold certainty that he went to a public school, even money that he has an army connection and 2 to 1 that he lives, is staying, or going to dinner, in Fulham.

In hair fashion, the short back and sides has already made a comeback. So could brogues, cords and braces be a regular sight in Carnaby Street from now on? For guidance, I asked Ashley Lloyd-Jennings, co-founder and director of Hackett, the shop that started in Fulham in 1983 and has opened not only in Covent Garden, but also in Tokyo, Paris, and next year, New

York, selling the kind of clothes your father wore, and that you can hand down to your son.

Fashion is a dirty word to Mr Lloyd-Jennings. "We sell traditional clothes; we don't advertise. We attract the same kind of customer we always have - it's just that there are more of them."

Television is a factor. Stephen Fry and Hugh Laurie, Jeeves and Wooster on ITV, have done a lot for the young fogey image. So can we all relax, wear comfortable old-fashioned clothes and avoid being typecast? Could one, for instance, wear the Hackett gear and vote something other than Conservative? Maybe Hackett's customers include some prominent Labour politicians?

Mr Lloyd-Jennings, who has been so forthcoming about some of his celebrity customers - Fry and Laurie, the Princess of Wales, for instance - became suddenly tight-lipped. "Do you want to drive us out of business?" he exclaimed, only half in jest. He was not prepared to name names.

Peter Mandelson, the Labour Party's chief press officer, red-rose image-maker and potential future MP, had no such inhibitions. "How did you guess?" he said. "I'm wearing a narrow red-striped button-down shirt, and a pair of shoes, both from Hackett. And I went to a grammar school and I certainly don't vote Conservative."

Badminton types, you have been warned. The person next to you at the water jump may not only be a Labour voter; he may be actively plotting your downfall.

Rupert Morris

CRAIG BROWN

Hypothesis in need of a trim

While watching an intense television discussion between Clive James, Lind Agran, John Sessions and Anthony Burgess on the nature of the British Establishment, I began to understand the full extent of the problem of hair. As they tackled the questions of class divisions in Britain, our lack of a solid intellectual tradition, the rights and wrongs of the Royal Family, and so on, I couldn't help but think that they must each of them, in their own way, find their hands quivering beside the "Problem Hair" shampoo bottles when shopping in Boots.

Though Linda Agran, a television mogul, was arguing very firmly against the Thatcherite policies of the last decade, her hairstyle told a very different story. Buoyant to the point of indestructibility, giving every indication that a grand piano, accidentally dropped from the roof of the studio, would simply bounce off, hers was a hairstyle that would have been inconceivable before the pioneering hairstyle of Mrs Thatcher and it owed much to the values contained therein.

Working anti-clockwise around the table, John Sessions, the comedian, was talking very, very, seriously indeed, as is *de rigueur* for comedians these days. An enthusiastic conspiracy theorist, he had worked out that television quiz shows were a means by which the Establishment kept the proletariat in its place. Mr Sessions' hair seemed well-suited to his argument. A fluffy, devil-may-care, combs-are-for-sissies hairstyle that betrays the formative influence of Dennis the Menace, it is a role-model peculiarly ill-suited to the propagation of conspiracy theories.

Next along, Clive James spent his time reining the others back, suggesting that there was much to admire about Britain, the BBC some-

thing to be proud of, the Royal Family not so bad, and so forth. A decade ago, Mr James would have been leading the waspish anti-establishment remarks, but the years have matured him, and now he prefers to save the full weight of his waspishness for Japanese panel-games. Oddly enough, his shaved convict hairstyle seems well-suited to both his before and his after personas: 10 years ago, it made him look caustic, tough, irreverent, and now it makes him look important, dependable, prefectural. It has, you might say, grown on him, though not, alas, literally so.

Finally, the hairstyle of Anthony Burgess. Where to begin? Where to end? As the distinguished critic and novelist linked existentialism to Princess Grace, to our victory in the Second World War to the homosexuality of the British upper classes to the 19th century musical tradition, all in one gigantic breath, his hair seemed to swirl and pirouette in time with the argument, here folding back on itself, there sprouting afresh from some previously undiscovered territory of the skull. Not soft and silky, not pure and gentle, not dry or greasy, Mr Burgess is very much a Problem Hair sort of person.

A few days after watching this fascinating display of hair and conversation, I found myself watching the story of Mr Messy, narrated by the late Arthur Lowe. Mr Messy is a Mr Man, the Mr Man being a collection of cartoon figures, each with a singularly distinct character or type not often encountered in real life. Mr Happy is always happy, Mr Forgetful always forgetful, and so on.

As a general rule, if a Mr Man is characterized by a failing (e.g. Mr Greedy) his story will conclude with the discovery of a means by which he can put that failing to good use (e.g. eating up discarded apples).

To my horror, the tale of Mr

NICK MALAND

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FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Warriors in the desert

RICHARD WILLSON

TINDOUF
5 MAY
1990
ALGERIA

Deep in the Sahara desert, in an area once considered too inhospitable even for hardy nomads, there are market gardens rich with carrots and cabbages. Even more astonishing, three enormous aluminum chicken sheds are full of hens, which lay 20,000 eggs a day. The birds benefit from conditions of controlled temperature and moisture, correct food and a measured water supply, while the surrounding community of bedouins survives as best it can in a bleak tented city, on rationed supplies of tinned and dried foods handed out at distribution centres.

These are paradoxes in a region where the surreal has taken on the cloak of the commonplace, where one nation's army has built a roughly bunkered defensive wall for some 1,560 miles, to repel the guerrilla fighters who for 15 years have been trying to reclaim an area of desert territory they claim as their homeland. It is war on a stubbornly unrelenting level, largely forgotten by the rest of the world, but a deadly contest for the sides involved.

The combatants are the fighters of the Polisario Front (the military and political representatives of the Saharawi bedouins) and the army of Morocco. They face each other along the border of Western Sahara, the former Spanish Sahara, from which Spain withdrew in 1975 when the dictator Franco was on his deathbed. The Moroccans now occupy almost all of Western Sahara, while the Polisario fighters, who had spent years fighting the Spanish for independence, hold a small corner of desert from which they mount mobile rocket and small arms attacks. Morocco does not accept that it has "occupied" this territory which the Saharawi claims. It says it is administering it, and that the tribesmen owe a tradition of loyalty to Morocco, which pre-dates Spain's control of the country.

To the north, just inside the Algerian border, an estimated 160,000 Saharawis live as resourceful refugees, in an area of virtually no rainfall and extremes of temperature.

When I flew into the small, dirty airport at Tindouf, the view was of sand and more sand. It swirled in through the doors and around the passengers disembarking from the Algeirs flight. Many were national servicemen, bound for the desert training camps, but there were

In the inhospitable Sahara, bedouins are fighting for their land and growing cabbages, Susan MacDonald reports

also men of a different type: tall with desert turbans, one without an arm, another walking on crutches. I was approached by a tall man wearing an army greatcoat and heavy boots, his face almost hidden by a khaki turban. He picked up my bag and strode off towards a rainbow-coloured Jeep, which was one of a number of vehicles driven here in a supply convoy from Britain a few months ago.

Tiny spots appeared ahead. As we drew near they became a vast area of dusty sand-coloured tents — one of the four sprawling refugee camps. There has been much speculation as to whether the refugees in these camps are Saharawi tribesmen. It has been asserted that they are really mercenaries, paid by Algeria to fight Morocco under the banner of the Polisario Front. Looking around the tattered tents, I felt that after 15 years of this life even the most avaricious mercenary would have got up and gone home.

Instead, an estimated 25,000 Polisario fighters launch attacks against some 150,000 Moroccan troops who man the defensive walls, which stretch the length of the Western Sahara frontiers with Algeria and Mauritania.

"Our greatest achievement in the camps has been to settle nomads in a place that cries out to be left alone — and make it work," a Polisario official says. "If King Hassan of Morocco didn't manage to get rid of us 15 years ago when we were at our weakest and on the run, what hope has he now?"

Both Morocco and the Polisario have, in principle, accepted a United Nations plan to hold a self-determination referendum for the Saharawi people, but there is no agreement on how or when this should be held.

The Saharawi could not survive here without the massive help given by Algeria and international aid organizations. But the infrastructure is their own, including a few permanent buildings such as schools, workshops, health-care clinics, hospitals — and army training camps.

The committees which run them include strong-minded

women who keep the community going while their men are at the front. Their doctors and teachers have been trained in countries such as Algeria, Cuba and Libya, but now more frequently they are being trained in the camps.

The miracle — on which all the rest hangs — is that through diligent searching they have found water, albeit 12 and 15 metres down. Huge, seemingly bottomless wells have been hand-constructed, using truckloads of large rocks brought across from the small patch of the Western Sahara that the Polisario holds.

Here the market gardens bring forth their produce in defiance of the barrenness all around. I did a balancing act with Ali along the narrow ridges that separate rows of carrots from rows of cabbages — and the indispensable mint for the Saharawis' strong bitter-sweet tea. He explained how, by bringing in more fertile earth from across the border and creating a complicated drainage system which helps eliminate their chief enemy, salt, four market gardens, complete with palm and fruit trees, have been lovingly created.

He went on to show me his first love — chickens. I stared in disbelief at the enormous sheds and their generator, donated by the United Nations High Commission for Refugees.

The eggs, chicken meat and market garden produce are given first to "priority" people: children, nursing mothers and those in hospital. Walking around one of the hospitals, I was struck by the drabness of the building and the poor equipment, but there was also a tremendous sense of enthusiasm among the doctors and nurses. Dr Scinabu Bana, a 27-year-old just back from six years' training in Cuba, talks positively of how the medical staff are combating malnutrition among children and the intestinal diseases which plague adults.

My visit to a primary school produced the same effect of clear-minded professionals who face the inadequacy of their workplace with humour and patience. Children crowded round the Jeep as we arrived. They were brought to order by the young headmaster, who was dressed like teachers anywhere, in corduroys, turtle-neck sweater and woolen scarf. "How many children do you have here?" I asked brightly. Behind my back I clutched a plastic bag containing what I believed to be a generous gift of 200 pens. "Eight hundred," he replied. I quietly dumped my offering on a chair in his office, to be found later.

On the sort of tour that every pupil dreads, I stood in the corner taking in a geography lesson on Eastern Europe and then a Spanish language lesson — an obligatory second language after Arabic dialect. There is a chronic shortage of everything — test books, exercise books, writing materials. A knitting class had come to a halt through lack of wool.

In the infants school alongside, teachers have decorated the bare stone rooms with all the stickers and coloured paper they can find. The children look at pictures in books written in Dutch. "It doesn't matter," a teacher said. "We make up the stories for them." In the little sand courtyard is a replica of a wide black bedouin tent, large enough for the children to crawl inside, so they can learn about their traditional homes rather than the huge tents of the camps.

On the wall of the reception room in the efficient army training school is a large, naive painting of the colourful land on the other side of the Moroccan walls. It is a vision of a peaceful Shangri-La, where small streams run through the desert, greenery flourishes and camels, goats and sheep graze peacefully.

"It reminds us of what we are fighting for," the camp commander said. Up a hill, past 18-year-old boys being drilled on a sand parade ground, I inspected a replica section of the Moroccan walls. The soldiers use it for practice before tackling the real thing. "Only the Moroccans are missing," the commander said with a smile.

The faces of the 36 recently captured Moroccan soldiers lined up in the middle of the desert for me to talk to said it all. They, too, wore the same greatcoats and ill-fitting boots. It was hard to find questions to ask. "Are you well-treated?" Laughter erupted at the stupidity of my question. "We eat the same food and live like the Saharawi," said one. It was not patriotism, but a need to feed his

family that made him volunteer for the army, said another. They join a Polisario estimate of 2,000 captured Moroccan prisoners. Many have spent many years in Polisario hands, because King Hassan refuses to acknowledge their existence or negotiate their release. Nor will he give news of the hundreds of Polisario fighters captured by Morocco.

If it is hard to find words to say to these men, what can one say to the 200 Moroccan prisoners laterally freed by the Polisario last year after 13 and 14 years of capture? They are still here because Morocco refuses to allow them to go home, despite international Red Cross pleas.

King Hassan, in his role as defender of the faith, would be proud of them. Their first action on being freed was to build a small

brick mosque in the area of the desert where they now live. The mosque adds to the sense of unreality because it is the only one around; the Saharawi consider

religion a personal matter and use tents for prayer.

Now the freed prisoners are building beehive houses made of bricks from their own kiln, aware that they could be here until the end of the conflict. Sitting on the bare floor of a tent with some of those I met three years ago when they were still prisoners, I complimented them on their craftsmanship. "There is a world of difference between a prisoner and a free man," said one grey-haired Moroccan officer proudly. The Saharawis' refusal to build houses is partly explained by their firm belief that their time here is only temporary and soon they will go home. Their faith is clearly greater than that of the former Moroccan soldiers who, in a state of limbo, prefer to sit out the days within the comfort of solid walls.

For more than 15 years, the Saharawis have been fighting the Moroccan army for their land. The conflict is a deadly contest for the sides involved.

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brick mosque in the area of the desert where they now live. The mosque adds to the sense of unreality because it is the only one around; the Saharawi consider

religion a personal matter and use tents for prayer.

Now the freed prisoners are building beehive houses made of bricks from their own kiln, aware that they could be here until the end of the conflict. Sitting on the bare floor of a tent with some of those I met three years ago when they were still prisoners, I complimented them on their craftsmanship. "There is a world of difference between a prisoner and a free man," said one grey-haired Moroccan officer proudly. The Saharawis' refusal to build houses is partly explained by their firm belief that their time here is only temporary and soon they will go home. Their faith is clearly greater than that of the former Moroccan soldiers who, in a state of limbo, prefer to sit out the days within the comfort of solid walls.

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WEATHER

Follow the sun

THE brilliant start to May, coming after the sunniest April in at least 60 years, is already raising expectations for the summer. This year has so far outstripped the record-breaking year of 1989, but can we expect a repeat of last year's glorious summer with its lack of rain, unparalleled sunshine records and sustained warmth from May to September?

One thing is certain: the standard forecast of our daily weather cannot be used to predict what will happen in the months ahead. At best it provides a good guide to the weather up to a week from now. Although bigger computers and better measurements by satellites may extend this performance a few days further, there are no prospects of significant improvements by using this approach.

However, the stagnant anticyclone, which has produced the current heatwave, is a good example of stable weather which can give forecasters their best chance of producing accurate predictions over this time-scale.

The search for stable patterns also underlies attempts to make seasonal or longer range forecasts. By rummaging through past temperature and rainfall records and examining seasonal pressure maps, it is possible to detect some shadowy indications of a recognizable pattern. The recent mild winters and the warm summer last year seemed to fit such tenuous basic rules.

In Britain mild wet winters like this year's do not provide a good guide to the following summer's weather (although a mild dry winter like last year's is more often followed by a very good summer). But when combined with a warm dry March, such as we enjoyed this year, the prospects for a fine summer improve appreciably. Overall, the records suggest that the chances of a good summer this year are reasonably high, albeit not up to the standards of last year. The prospects are most promising for the early summer, so, for those holidaying in Britain, the best bet is likely to be before mid-July. After this the good weather may tail off.

W. J. Burroughs

CAMPUS

Some swot and some panic, but no third-year is immune, Ben Webster writes

As the finals fence looms

Is this all you know after three years study?



The days when rich young aristocrats could pay poor scholars to take finals for them may be over, but the better-off can pay for extra tuition. In the attempt to improve their relative standing, the desperate resort to psyching out the opposition. They fatten their files with blank but impressive wads of A4 paper, and ask other finalists for their reading lists, claiming to have finished all their own.

Question spotting is a popular pastime of the finals bluffer. It is often approached with a scientific rigour: tables and graphs are drawn up, and the probability theory applied. Arguments over the chances

of a particular topic turning up generate so much interest and excitement that occasionally odds are offered by student bookmakers. You can then revise a subject and bet against it turning up — whatever the outcome, you are a winner!

Perhaps finals are a necessary conditioning process to transform malingering students into responsible citizens, but it is a peculiar system. For most of your university career you have been expanding your soul in the cosmopolitan hubbub of university life; at the end, you must form a suffocating relationship with a pile of books.

lower-income families from entering higher education are misplaced. The graduate, not the family, repays the loan, and most graduates, regardless of background, will earn higher than average salaries.

The system has its faults. The time-scale over which the system is to recoup its outlay is too long and the bureaucracy needed to run the scheme is worryingly large. However, the scheme's benefits may prove to outweigh the drawbacks, and the Government could find the scheme is not as wholly rejected by the student community as NUS would have us believe.

Simon Hart
The author is a student at the University of Durham.

1990/91 academic year, as a result of loans and the grant increase, would be £2,700, before banking overdrafts.

The NUS could win back some supporters if it abandoned its negative approach. The call for higher grants is unlikely to succeed, since the Government is attempting to rein in public spending.

In any case, the grants system has failed. It is common knowledge that some parents do not give their full parental contribution. Grants have not greatly widened access to higher education.

Finally, fears about loans discouraging those from

MUSEUMS

A day at the races

Richard Evans checks out the form of a museum that tracks the history of the sport of kings

COUNTRYSIDE

For centuries Britons have loved the wild beauty of the Lake District. Chris Bonington hopes the area can be preserved for future generations

The Howill Gap is the gateway to the North. The broad sweep of the motorway and the main railway line to Scotland cling to tight narrow valleys between the rolling hills of the Howill Gaps on the left and the outer ramparts of Lakeland hills. My heart always lifts as I drive or ride through this majestic valley. I know I'm nearly home and am among the hills that I have come to love so much in the past 30 years. In a way, the Howill Gap epitomizes the beauty and character of Lakeland.

This wilderness is not untouched. Man has been affecting the terrain since the days, several thousand years ago, when the lowlands and moor hills were covered in oaks and mountain ash and birch grew on higher ground.

The Howill Gap shows the full range of change, the clearance of the original forest, slowly at first for subsistence farming, but speeding up through the Middle Ages with the cutting of forest for building materials, charcoal for smelting and the wooden walls of the British Navy and mercantile fleet. The introduction of sheep and the enclosure of land, leaving the pattern of dry stone walls and the nesting farm houses, gave Lakeland its present appearance. The railway came to the Howill Gap in the 19th century, seeking the easiest way north, to be followed by the broad sweep of motorway in the Seventies. And yet even this great stretch of Tarmac has its place, giving a certain majesty to the gateway to the North Lakes.

The Lake District is not a huge area — the hills stretch a mere 36 miles from their south-westerly tip, at Black Combe above Millom, to the north-easterly bastion of High Pike above the village of Caldbeck. From west to east is about the same distance. Yet, within this relatively small area is some of the most exquisitely beautiful mountain country in Britain, with four peaks of more than 3,000 ft, its lakes and glaciated valleys, which spread from the centre of the mountain mass rather like the spokes of a wheel, each one with its own special character.

In the past 28 years my wife, Wendy, and I have lived on the edge of the Lake District, slowly working our way round from its south-west tip to the north-east, getting to know it better and coming to love it more and more with the knowing. We started off in the spring of 1963, living in a single room over a garage at Loughrigg Farm, just above Skelwith Bridge near Ambleside. This was the closest place to the centre of the Lakes in which we have lived. After a couple of months we rented a furnished cottage in Woodland, a quiet little valley to the east of Broughton in Furness. This was where I started writing and lecturing. In 1965 we



Growing wild in the country: the National Trust has carefully blended its new paths into the landscape, and it is still possible to have the mountains to yourself

moved to the foot of Ennerdale, to rent a traditional Lakeland cottage attached to a farmhouse, before moving two years later to Cockermouth to buy our first house. Then came a slight aberration.

I was doing more and more work as an adventure journalist and wanted to move to London to be closer to magazine editors, and what I perceived to be the centre of things. Wendy wanted to stay in the Lakes so we reached an uneasy compromise by moving to Manchester, where we stayed for five years. It was a good centre for two of my major expeditions to the Himalayas, but the lure of the Lakes was strong. In 1971 we bought a cottage on the northern edge of the Northern fells for weekends. We found ourselves spending more and more time there, and then in 1974 we moved in permanently.

In 28 years I have climbed and walked throughout the Lakes, built friendships there and seen the inevitable changes caused by an ever greater number of visitors

and an increasing prosperity. This is partly a reflection of the rising standard of living, but it is more specifically due to the development of tourism and the numbers of people who, with the aid of improving communication systems, run their businesses from a cottage in the heart of the country.

However, the popularity of the Lakes poses problems. Something like 11 million visitors come here every year, filling the roads with their cars and, once on the hills, driving a swathe of foot-eroded trails across the mountains. It is wear and tear on a grand scale, affecting the dry stone walls, woodland and the banks of lakes and streams.

Foot erosion on the hills is the most serious, for it starts a chain reaction. Once the grass is worn away and the roots are killed, rain water sweeps away the soil, leaving an ever-widening scar of rock and pebbles. The only solution is to build new paths and encourage walkers to use them.

The National Trust, which protects 140,000 acres of some of the

most beautiful parts of Lakeland, has done particularly good work in this direction. The paths are cobbled from natural rock and blend into the landscape. They have been carefully crafted in a tradition that dates back to neolithic times: paths have been unearthed in Langdale leading down from the axe factories of those bygone days. The Lakes are rich in footpaths: the miners' paths of the 16th and 17th centuries, shepherds' paths, or ones like that over Sty Head, which were major thoroughfares dating back to the Middle Ages.

Now the National Trust employs four footpath teams, of three to four people each, working full-time throughout the year. It is slow, painstaking work. A single path up one of the side valleys takes more than two years to complete, and even when finished there is need for constant upkeep. I find these paths aesthetically pleasing, unlike those in other hill regions where concrete and materials foreign to the area

have been used, turning a wild country area into what feels like an urban park.

There is no such feeling in the Lake District, and it is still possible to have the mountains to yourself. Most people go to the popular areas, Scafell Pike, Helvellyn, Sty Head Pass, Watendlath and all the other places described in countless guide books, but there are hidden areas in the Northern Fells, around Eskdale and the Duddon valley, where you can wander on a bank holiday and perhaps see no more than two or three people all day.

In the winter, if the fells are clad in snow, they assume an altogether fiercer mien. On a wild, blizzard day in February, they can feel as wild and empty as the Highlands, or even an Arctic waste. They can be equally dangerous too, with the upper slopes covered in wind-blown, rock-hard snow and ice that can catch out the ill-equipped or the unwary. This is when the mountain rescue teams, all volunteers, work overtime.

The Lake District is under greater pressure than ever before.

The hills can absorb more people than at present, provided sufficient funds are made available to help the National Trust and Lake District National Park employ sufficient maintenance staff. Most of these funds are provided by the Lake District Appeal, although John Toothill, the National Park Officer, did try to raise more funds by proposing a local sales tax to be collected from accommodation in the Lake District.

There was an outcry against this, but it is something that is widely employed on the Continent, particularly in Switzerland, and would at least mean that the people who use the Lake District would also contribute to its upkeep. There is also the problem of an ever-growing weight of traffic in the Lakes, with an accompanying demand for greater car park facilities and wider roads, which the Lake District Planning Board is resisting, since the introduction of either would destroy the character of the Lakeland valleys. The narrowness of the roads and limit to parking places act as a natural filter.

Perhaps the most serious impact of tourism is on the lives of the people who live in the Lakes. Tourism may have brought prosperity and be the greatest provider of employment, but there are less desirable by-products in the shape of inflated property prices.

The strict planning regulations, which have limited development and helped preserve the character and quality of building in the Lake District, have undoubtedly exacerbated the problem, helping to create a housing shortage, which in turn increases prices and makes it more difficult for local people, particularly first-time buyers, to compete in the market. As a result they are forced out of the areas and the growing number of second homes can empty villages of their year-round population, thus killing the local village shop, for want of regular customers, and the village school declines because of the dearth of pupils.

We are lucky to live near the villages of Caldbeck and Hesketh Newmarket, which have a strong and active community of people born and bred in the area, combined with newcomers like ourselves, who either work in the local towns, particularly Carlisle, or who run their businesses from home.

As a result the villages have a primary school, church, medical practice and an effective recreational life, reflected in cricket, tennis, squash and bowling clubs. There are good grocery shops in each village, a clogger and even a hairdresser.

Local industry varies from a tiny brewery behind the Old Crown public house in Hesketh Newmarket, to Stobart's feed mill and Steadman's flourishing steel erecting business.

More importantly, there is a strong community feeling that is reflected in social activity and demonstrated by the action of a local businessman, who is building low-cost housing for first-time buyers within the village. He built six houses some years ago, three of which are occupied by the original purchasers and all of which are lived in throughout the year. He is building a further development of terraced houses and is looking into ways of ensuring, within the deeds of sale, that they can be sold only to local people. If only more individuals or companies could take similar action.

The Lake District remains a good place both to live in and to visit. However, if it is to maintain its beauty, more care, and therefore money, will be needed. Perhaps even more essential, careful thought is needed to make sure that not only is the beauty of the area preserved, but that it can be freely visited and still provide work and affordable housing for its people.

● The National Trust Lake District Appeal, Freeport, Ambleside, Cumbria LA22 9BR.

MOTORING CHALLENGE

Champagne on the ceiling

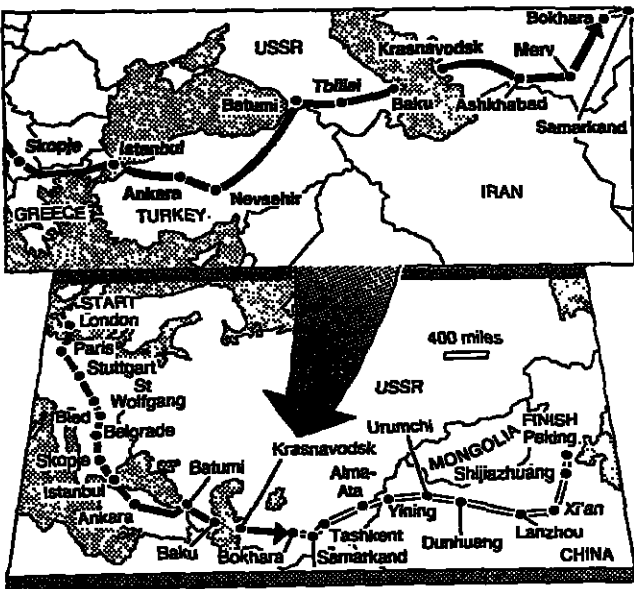
Mikhail Gorbachev and I had a day to forget on Tuesday. We both made a hasty exit from the May Day celebrations. He in Moscow, to avoid taunts, and I in Bokhara to confront the time-honoured scourge of the traveller in Asia.

For more than half an hour the parade in Uzbekistan had rolled by, a kaleidoscope of colour swept along on a tide of goodwill. Just as the final column was in sight, a piercing needle of cramp deep down told me I had to be elsewhere. I spent the next 18 hours shivering in bed, leaving only to wear a straight line in the carpet direct to the bathroom. I do not suppose the president of the Soviet Union enjoyed the rest of his day either, but I would happily have changed places.

Since leaving Baku last week, the London to Peking Motoring Challenge has crossed the Caspian Sea by ferry and the Kara Kum Desert by road. With temperatures unseasonably high, sometimes more than 100°F, the air-conditioning units in the vehicles have been working overtime. There are three kinds: the one with a switch in the car, the natural kind from winding down the windows, and a less sophisticated version on some of the vintage cars which are open. Those with artificially cooled air turn it up until the glass is frosted inside and sail past the rest of us with an irritating complacency.

We are now experts in Central Asian archaeology, having visited several sites recently: a Temple of the Fire Eaters outside Baku, where early Zoroastrians worshipped flames from natural gas, the Palace of the Parthian kings near Ashkhabad, and the ancient cities of Merv, 20 miles from Mary.

Here Genghis Khan's 80,000 troops won a narrow victory against the defending forces 90,000, gaining the upper hand only after cutting off the city's water supply. They went on to slaughter a further one million local inhabitants.



It was over 100° in the non-existent shade when we visited Merv. With dozens of video-cameras whirring simultaneously, a passer-by might have taken us for a class of the David Lean film school.

At least we are getting the hang of the equipment now. By now, too, the organizers, Voyages Jules Verne have got into it, as their local representatives, believing that we are not a group. We are 160 individuals.

They are almost right; 160 egos would be more accurate. People wander off at will during sightseeing, not one bus has left on time. If you want to shoot an extra five minutes of film, you will let your video roll until you are satisfied, and return to the bus late, staring defiantly ahead.

After visiting Merv, we were taken to a collective farm in deepest Turkmenistan, more than 2,500 miles south of Moscow, and our meeting with the elected chairman of the council proved one of the liveliest hours of the past month.

The farm covers 5,000 hectares and has 10,200 inhabitants from 17 nationalities. The main crop is cotton and last year, with a turnover of 17 million roubles, the collective showed a profit for the first time. Half of this was distributed to the workers as wages,

wheel of the telephone system, attempting to reach the world outside. There is plenty of perestroika in the commercial sector but you have to be careful.

Arriving in Mary last Saturday evening with a week's dirty washing, I took a bagful to the key lady on our floor but received a firm "Nyet". I produced 50 roubles and the deal was done; it would be ready tomorrow, at the same time, 7.30.

At 7.30pm exactly the key lady triumphantly arrived with the clean washing. 50 roubles had not only paid for the laundry, it had commanded an express service too.

Every evening each table for eight is enhanced by half a litre of vodka, four bottles of champagne and more for the asking. The champagne has been warming gradually for months and consequently dinner is accompanied by an 80-gun salute. The velocity of the plastic corks is such that most of us go to bed wearing a fine crust of ceiling plaster.

At Bokhara eyebrows were raised when our best marksman brought down two light fittings.

Baron Guy de Wimmel and his lady companion might have enjoyed the fun, but we will never know. His Lamborghini ground to a halt for a second time in Turkey and the visas expired: we had seen little of the dashing nobleman, a mysterious figure in the background, but rumours of his escapades were a universal topic and we will miss him.

The Motoring Challenge moves on relentlessly, a microcosm of western society surging eastwards, but brought back to earth from time to time. In Ashkhabad the hotel management refused to turn on the air-conditioning, claiming a local law prohibiting its use until later in the year. We might have had closed borders opened for us, and open roads closed to speed our progress, but even challengers, the Marco Polos of materialism could not turn spring into summer.

Graham Rock

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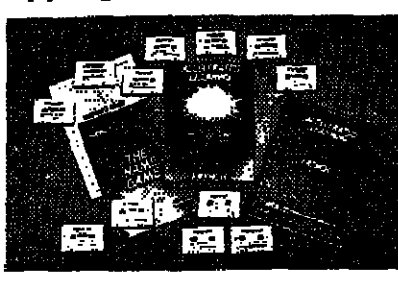
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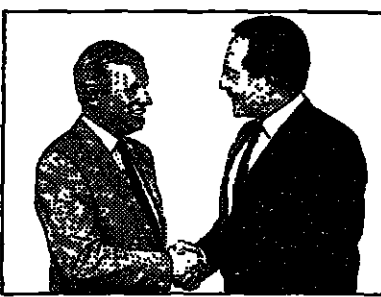
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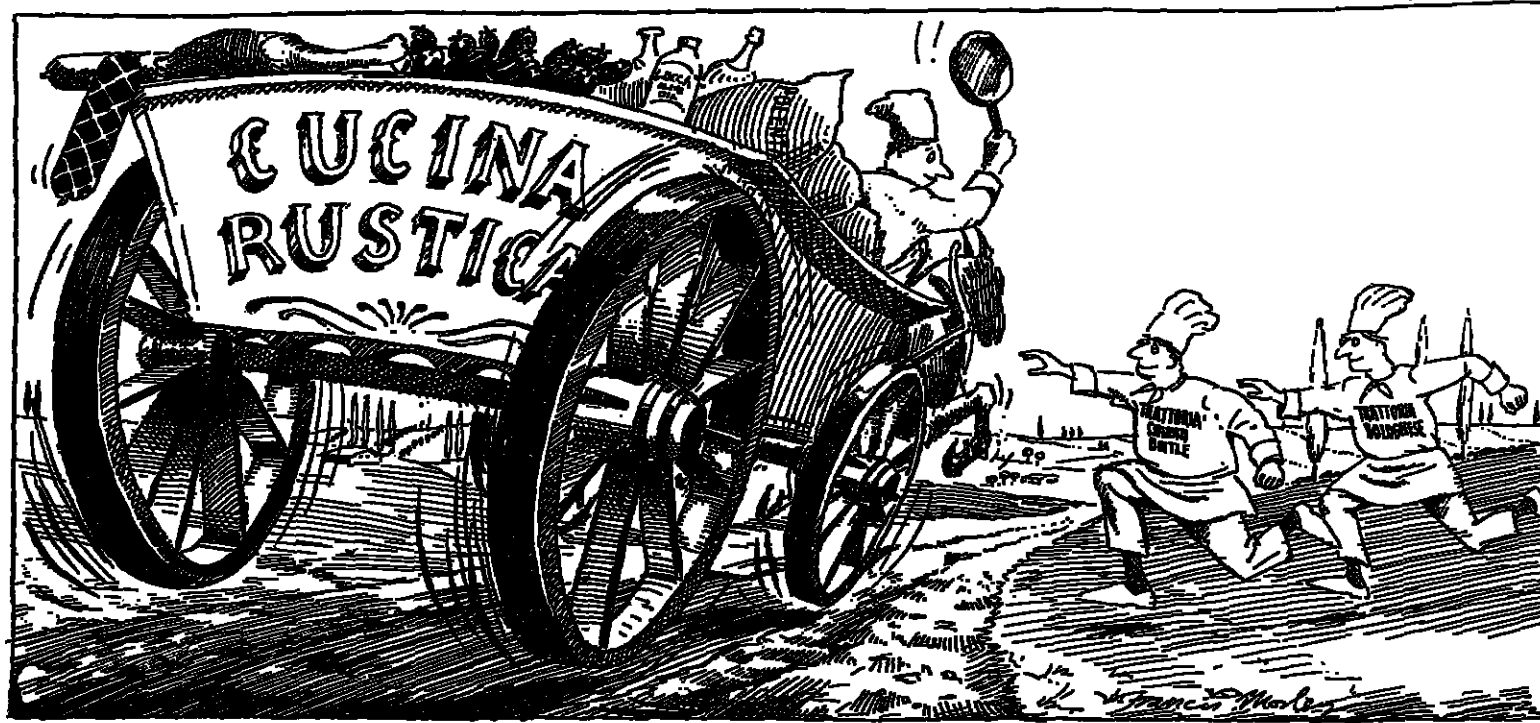
EATING OUT

Serving still-life photography

Don't be fooled by the experts — or by appearances: authentic Italian cooking is not easily achieved, Jonathan Meades writes

I blame Richard Rogers. Had the nobly profiled architect stuck to devising means of putting a building's intestines outside its skin — thus rendering them extant — none of this would have come about. But he didn't, and it did. Instead of resting on the seventh day, he created the River Café which has, in the tiny pool of London gastronomy, made as big a splash as the Beauport and Lloyd's have in the great lake of international building. The point is not whether one likes the works, but that Rogers does Rogers far better than anyone else: Rogers cannot be outgored. His disciples seem never to get beyond borrowing his mannerisms. Ruth Rogers and Rose Gray who run the River Café suffer similarly. Because they make their version of rustic Italian cooking appear so easy, it is assumed that it is easy. It's not. Their inevitable mimics may sedulously ape their style, but miss the target of their substance by some way. It's not quite as if an aspirant Rogers were to design a public toilet with the loss on the outside, but it's moving that way.

Florian's in Crouch End pays such overt homage to the River Café that it's almost parodic. At its front, in a former shop, is a wine bar (good Italian wines, loud "adult" pop music — Gipsy Kings, Traveling Wilburys, etc); behind this, in what were light industrial premises — there's still a 19th-century hoist on the exterior — are two connected and awkwardly shaped dining-rooms. They are not so artfully spartan as those of the River Café, indeed their yellow-painted brickwork makes concessions to prettiness, but they are a world away from the current norms of, on the one hand, blitzed plaster and, on the other, deep-pile chintz. They are, essentially plain and they pretend to a seriousness of intent. And so,



too, does the menu: every item seems promising. Moreover, the very look of the dishes being delivered to other tables is appealing, *authentically Italian* — instead of being at the bottom of the hill beneath Alexandra Palace, one might be in the shadow of the Mole Antonelliana in Turin. There goes a plateful of grilled chicken with rocket salad, there one of sausages with grilled polenta. And when one's turn comes and the plates are heading for one's table and tongue — well, one's eyes have by this time connected with whatever bit of the brain it is that controls gastric anticipation and have opened the sluice.

Five or 10 years ago there was a fashion for "pictorial" food, a collusion between publicity-mad(e) chefs and photographers which bypassed those who were going to eat the stuff and produced pattern making indebted (loosely) to Kandinsky, Miro, even Mondrian. Of course, as I've said, one does eat with one's eyes — but only to a point. So this fashion for two abstraction passed, to be replaced by the sort of photography of which Robert Fresson is the leading exponent: burnt pans, "earthy" dishes, "natural" colours — an evocation of some farmhouse Arcadianism, which miraculously makes us forget the real smell of farms.

The artifice of this sort of

photography is dissembled, thus greater than that of the idiom it succeeded: there is no greater artifice than naturalism. The cooking at Florian's looks very farmhouse-like, and that's as far as it goes. The loud flavours that Ruth Rogers and Rose Gray impart to a virtually identical looking dishes are entirely absent. It's no doubt a paradox, but gutsiness is achieved through finesse and technique. All the bottles of extra-virgin oil and ancient balsamic vinegar that decorate the shelves above the cash desk at Florian's are no more than decoration, because the kitchen has not mastered their use. The intentions here are unexceptionable, and the ingredients are good — but the flavours are both crude and muted. A frusto mistic of calf's brain, goat's cheese, aubergine and fennel sounded fine, looked great, but tasted of very little. And so it went on: crostini of pounded liver, chopped green olives, tomatoes and

FLORIAN'S

4 Topsfield Parade, Middle Lane, London N8 (081-348 8348)
Lunch and dinner every day. £50.
Major cards.

TIRAMISU

327 West End Lane, London NW6 (071-433 1221)
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Major cards.

peppers; rabbit with lentils and a sweet and sour sauce; greasy duck with a vin santo sauce. The kitchen seems to have proscribed the use of herbs, spices, seasonings. There is nothing unpleasant about its cooking, but its persistent failure to bring out the best in its materials is a reminder that culinary talent is of greater moment than is the striking of right-on attitudes. The cruel truth is that any number of generically discredited 'veal n' tomato joints' cook their "Italian" dishes better than this one does. The answer is probably for the kitchen brigade to go on secondment to the River Café for a week or two. Either that, or it should start reading recipe books rather than just looking at the photographs. About £50 for two.

Tiramisu, named for the pudding ("pick-me-up"), which is a fib, is another fairly new Italian establishment with ambitions to break the mould — although it is clear that the shape of the mould is rapidly changing. More tentative than Florian's, it has no more than one foot on the running board of the bandwagon of *cucina rustica*. It is happily sited next to the second most handsome fire-station in London, the Voysey job in West Hampstead. It is small, with a pale green interior, off-the-peg prints on the walls, banquettes and an early Sixties sideboard, which is

either a collector's item or something from a skip. The cooking is various, both in its invention and its execution. A rack of lamb was so dreary that it seemed a posthumous insult to the fleecy meat source. And a lump of steamed salmon with a balsamic vinegar dressing was poor — the salmon possessed an all-purpose fish flavour, like that of a battery chicken or teal. In a blind tasting only the texture of the meat would have given it away. Further, the kitchen doesn't know how to fry potatoes without endowing them with a soggy, chewy crust.

There is, though, another side to this kitchen. A number of dishes reveal a combination of sound imagination and unflawed accomplishment. It's as though no one can really be bothered with the simpler things and everyone is awaiting the chance to show off party pieces. The rule here is the more original or unusual the dish the better it is likely to be. Thus, "cannelloni" does not involve pasta but consists of aubergine wrapped round a filling of ricotta with a light and unchickened tomato sauce. Again, croquettes of mushroom and puréed potato are deep fried with felicitous results. Pretty decently made potato gnocchi are expertly sauced with a Gorgonzola-flavoured cream; this is a splendid dish. The sweets, including tiramisu and a mille foglie, are rich and light, though anything but restorative. About £50 for two.

DIRECTORY

Stars — up to a maximum of 10 — are for cooking rather than swags and chandeliers. Prices on this page are for a three-course meal for two. They include an aperitif and modest wine in the case of French places, tea in the case of oriental ones and so on. Prices change; they usually go up. Dishes also may have changed — they are given only as an indication of the establishment's repertoire. I accept no responsibility for disappointments and claim no credit for happy surprises. Always phone first. J.M.

SCENIC

Redmond's at Malvern View
★★★★★
Cleeve Hill, nr Cheltenham, Gloucestershire (024 287 2017)
Redmond Hayward made his name with a little restaurant in Cheltenham. He and his wife have now taken over a modest hotel outside the town on the Cotswold escarpment. The views are terrific and so is the cooking — it is assured, restrained, original and delicious. State-facilitated with ginger and lime butter sauce, beef fillet with garlic puree and parsley and mushroom sauce, chicken with vanilla and orange, goat's cheese ravioli with tomato and garlic, hot banana soufflé, lemon tart with honey sauce. Commendable. Prices, unusual wines from the "other" American states. £55-£60. There are also reasonably priced rooms and exceptionally cheap all-in-week deals: £100 for two people including dinner, bed and breakfast.

Morton's
★★★★★
28 Berkeley Square, London W1 (071-499 0363)
A formerly louche club which has straight out of Manhattan, the dining-room is more or less True Brit — and it has a balcony which overlooks the square. This is one of the finest sites in London to lunch in. Some of the vaguely Franciscan cooking is notable — particularly the fish cakes, which must be the best ever. Decent, short wine list and notably reasonable prices. £45.

Chedington Court
★★★★★
Chedington, near Beaminstor, Dorset (0335 88265)
This early Victorian mansion in the neo-Elizabethan manner is a remote place in west Dorset. The house and its views are special. The service isn't. The cooking years between the good and the rather less good. Well-made smoked salmon mousses, tremendous crab cake, borningly overcooked pheasant. The wine list is amazing and takes in Canada, Israel, Romania, etc. It is notably strong in Rioja and is altogether expertly chosen. £85-£90.

Inverloch Castle
★★★★★
Torquay, Fort William, Highland Region (0397 2177)
An extraordinary Victorian time capsule which tries to be more country house than hotel. The service is quite something — a uniformed platoon greets diners

who, inevitably, have difficulty negotiating the massed ranks. The interior of the muscular baronial pile is impressive — hectares of panelling, hundreds of dead stage heads, overwrought murals by Louis the Decorator and Louis the Highlander. The seating beneath Ben Nevis is also more than starting. The cooking is regulation issue luxury hotel stuff — all pretty well cooked, but lacking any individual stamp; the meat, however, especially the beef, is first rate. £100.

The Carved Angel
★★★★★
2 South Embankment, Dartmouth, Devon (0803 632465)

The cooking is Anglo-French in the best sense, with Tuscan and Catalan accents. This eclecticism makes a variety of down-home dishes such as lamb with croquettes of seaweed, battered omelette, grilled chicken with broths, all ordinary enough sounding but accompanied with flair and taste; the kitchen's technique is to assemble its technique. The view over the Dart estuary is gorgeous and so are the wines, which are particularly strong in minor Rhones that yield more pleasure than Tremendous British cheeses. £68.

The Waterfront
★★★★★
Harbour Yard, Chelsea Harbour, London SW10 (071-352 4562/4619)

Accomplished new-wave Venetian cooking in a baroque restaurant overlooking the marina. Service is a bit of odds with the kitchen and is stuck in the era of the pepper grinder. The menu of dishes are not the kitchen's strong point, but the fish is good and inventive: bass with scallops, salmon with beetroot, pasta with dried mullet roe. Posh wines. £66.

AL FRESCO

L'Aventure
★★★★★
3 Blenheim Terrace, London NW8 (071-624 6232)
Pretty, pseudo-rustic bistro serving polished, pseudo-rustic French regional dishes: veal with morris and fine fresh noodles, salad of duck confit and so on. Good sweets, well-kept cheeses, flirtatious service by talkative patrons. £55.

River Café
★★★★★
Thames Wharf, Rainville Road, London W8 (071-381 8884)
Part of a complex of former industrial buildings converted by the architect Richard Rogers for his own practice, this spartan cantine dining-room serves arguably the finest Italian food in London. One of the reasons for this is that neither Ruth Rogers nor Rose Gray, who cook here, is Italian. The recipes they use and improve on are home ones, mainly Tuscan and Piedmontese. The ingredients they use are fine and rustic and allowed to speak for themselves. Bolito misto, salads, rare beef with herb green sauce, bean soup, tomato and bread soup — all these are splendid, and so are the wines, and so is the setting. £60.

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CAFE SOCIETY

Art of staying the same

Charles Hennessy
on what to expect
once allowed
through Lipp's
revolving door



Small paradise: waiters at Lipp do not apply for the jobs, they are proposed

There are certain privileged places," writes the official historian of this privileged place, "where the air one breathes is not the same as that next door, where the people one meets seem to be in harmony with each other, where cares vanish, where life seems easier, kinder, warmer. One of these small paradises bears on its facade a quasi-mythological name."

The name is Lipp and it has been up there since 1880, when its eponymous Alsatian (whence the still-renowned speciality of *choucroute*) founder opened the place to complete the golden triangle of Lipp, Les Deux Magots and Le Flore.

Then, as now, the blond beer, another Alsatian speciality, was such that Marcel Proust used to send the faithful Céleste all the way from the Boulevard Haussmann on the Right Bank to fetch a jug of the stuff. A man cannot live by tea and madeleines alone.

The two cafes opposite already attracted artists and writers. Then Louis Jouvet opened the Vieux-Colombiers nearby (still thriving in the Rue Jacob) and put on plays by Gide, Jules Romains and Roger Martin du Gard. Playwrights and actors found Lipp *sympathique* for supper after the show.

When Marcel Cazes took over in 1920, he added to the clientele a selection of the *hautes fonctionnaires* from the adjacent ministries and a bench or two of politicians from the Senate down the road. It is that mix that you find *chez Lipp* today.

The Auvergnat M Cazes expanded the premises — a mere 12 tables served by two waiters — by acquiring the adjoining premises (typically, a Lipp *habitué*, the architect Madeline, supervised the construction and another, who just happened to be the *conseiller municipal* of the quartier, smoothed out the administrative problems).

M Cazes spared no expense.

Debonair cheerful yellow tiles and floral *belle époque* ceramics were complemented by mosaic panels and decorated mirrors — those of the main room subtly tilted so that everybody could see what was going on. A painter, prudently perhaps anonymous, contributed a fake Veronese to the ceiling and lights, combining elements of the Gothic and the *fin de siècle*, were hung here and there.

These disparate elements, less than enchanting when viewed separately, by some miracle combined to create an art deco ensemble so warm and welcoming that Marcel Cazes (and after him, his son Roger) swore never to change a thing. This was the décor that greeted the guests at a grand inaugural banquet in December 1926 and this is the décor that greets you today.

Politics began to take precedence in the years coming up to the war (although 1934 saw the foundation of the Prix Cazes for literature) and the *habitués* included the likes of André Maginot of the mis-conceived Line, Léon Blum and Pierre Laval (another Auvergnat). And, far more important in the history of gastronomy, the young Roger Cazes began to appear at his father's side *chez Lipp*.

War put a stop to all that. Then, in 1944, Hemingway, who had written his pre-war dispatches for the Hearst press here, turned up to check out the *cervelas sautés* (a mustard sauce, lovingly described in *A Moveable*

Feast). Try it as an hors-d'oeuvre. By 1947, another writer, Simone de Beauvoir, was scribbling daily over at the Deux Magots. Juliette Greco and Boris Vian were making music at Le Tabou, and a swinging new version of St Germain des Prés was launched.

And Lipp? Lipp stayed out of all that jazz. Lipp has always ignored fashion. "Les républicains passent, Lipp demeure." In the Fifties Balbus, Chagall, Albert Camus, Jean Genet, Françoise Sagan, Michele Morgan, Simone Signoret and Charles Trenet could have spotted me almost any night or noon, for I began my apprenticeship as a *habitué* in that epoch.

The cuisine, almost austere in its simplicity but copious in its portions, evolved too, under Roger's rule — but utterly without haste. In 1924, after much experimentation, the pickled Baltic herring (the *Hareng Bismark* on the menu today) was introduced, 1928 the *grillades*, 1937 the *tête de veau*, 1961 the *brandade de morue*. The *salade de crabe* is a 1981 upstart. The exquisite *millefeuille*, another speciality, seems always to have been on the menu and is best eaten (Roger Cazes was always happy to demonstrate) by turning it on its side; that way the iced surface isn't cracked and the *crème patissière* isn't squished out. Order it and show off.

All of these simple splendours and more are served with superlative efficiency and

calm to 600 or 700 customers a day, and originate in kitchen no bigger than that of a restaurant. But the true miracle of Lipp is the welcoming (if that is the word) and placing (or not) of the customers. Marcel Cazes invented the art, but Roger perfected it.

Clad invariably in a strict grey suit the patron stood beneath the clock (which is traditionally seven minutes fast), facing the revolving door, in his hand a curious octagonal card. On this he wrote the names of those admitted to the hallowed precincts. Since you cannot serve at Lipp, your fate is decided between the revolving door and the clock.

You should be warned that the late Roger Cazes's system still operates. If you are told that there is a wait of, say, 20 minutes, you can quit absolutely on that, and enjoy an aperitif on the terrace. If the time mentioned is an hour, and if that announcement is followed by the phrase "au moins", it is clear that the decent thing to do is leave town. (If it is any consolation, it is even harder to become a waiter than a customer; you have to be proposed.)

When Roger Cazes died in 1987, Lipp struggled for a while. But the machine is working smoothly again, under Roger's cousin, Michel, and Jean, the tall one.

There have even been daring changes at table. You can now order wine *en carafe*. And, breaking with a half-century tradition dating back 50 years, the coffee is drinkable.

SWEET

The champagne has always followed the wine trade, pressed several years before the wine trade, suffer from the same culprits named after the companies of Veuve Clicquot, Veuve San Pedro, Lindero, who have laced wines with removed from the

Sorbiol, unlike the authorized, in wine in recent years harmful to human health permitted in food to be a sweeter wine, occurs naturally in apples and pears, wine-makers use it to off their wines, and suggestion of ripeness that the grapes have lacked. Sorbiol often crops up in wine from the south where the price of grapes is suddenly increased, makers eke out the grape juice with champagne or pear juice, which together and sell the wine cheaply.

Given that the tastes different and to some, might be better sorbiol in this authorized wine. This, I think is a point wine should be from grapes and grapes. Wine is not a constant, and the producers resist the temptation to so, allowing varieties, varietal variations, through.

The grapevine has always hummed recently, and more champagne are produced, least round stems, breakdown in the grape growers and the champagne houses, 47 per cent of champagne harvest, for a from the region's 16,000 producers' turned into the rest was pressed into the page by the region's operatives, leaving small proportion to be

THE TIMES COOK

Frances Bissell uses the heady flavours of the 'spice islands' to recapture the exotic tastes of Malaysia and Singapore

Herbs, spice, and all things nice

One of the most interesting styles of cooking to be found in South East Asia is that of the Nonyas. These are women of the Straits Chinese families descended from the original Chinese settlers who came to the Malay peninsula and married into the local population. The cooking is a heady blend of subtle and varied textures and methods of the Chinese from Hokkien, mixed with the powerful and aromatic spices of Malacca and the "spice" island. Indeed, Malacca is the home of the Nonya Baba or Peranakan culture, which is where the first Chinese settlers came in the 14th century. Now you can find this marvellous food throughout the Malaysian peninsula and in Singapore.

Those who enjoy curries will enjoy the spicy heat of the chillies. Other flavourings are also used, particularly coconut milk, which gives a mellowness to the finished dish. Fresh turmeric, galangal (a member of the ginger family), tamarind (a souring agent), lemon grass lime leaves and kaffir limes or nakrut are also used. These ingredients can now be found fresh in many Indian, Chinese and South East Asian shops, or in city markets. If not, the Bant's range of spices includes dried galangal and dried lemon grass.

Although fresh is best when it comes to herbs and spices, I have come across a range of ready-mixed dry spices and herbs which are ideal for this sort of food. Singapore Spices is a small company, set up in Singapore by two expatriate Americans who realized that one of the memories that visitors to this city-state like to take away with them is the food. Here was a way of prolonging that memory by packaging spices for people to recreate their favourite dishes at home. So, if you cannot find the spices to make the Nonya chicken curry, there is a packet of appropriate spices in this range. They also have a Singapore Sambal sauce mix and mixes for the Malay Rendang and the famous fish head curry, which are very authentic. NET Foods, Brookland Farm, Stone Allerton, Axbridge, Somerset BS26 2NU (0934 712874) imports the mixes, which are available by mail order for £1 a packet (minimum order six packets). They are also available at most Safeway stores and selected delicatessens. Developed under the guidance of Nonya cooks, there are no additives, fillers, or artificial colourings and flavours in these

spice mixes. Sharwood's has also introduced a new range of curry pastes, which can be used to make similar dishes.

Eating in Singapore at one of the hawker stalls, or *kopi tiam*, is a social occasion, and people know where to get the best Hokkien Mee or the most succulent satay. People will travel from all over the island to go to one particular stall. For this reason, the standards are very high and competition is fierce.

I thought it might be nice to recreate some of these South East Asian dishes, since we have a long weekend and a little more time for cooking and entertaining. The beef rendang is based on one we ate at Aziza's in Singapore, but I also checked the ingredients for the dish, originally from Sumatra, with Sri Owen's *Indonesian and Thai Cookery* (Piatkus, £8.95). The recipe for Hokkien Mee comes from Violet Oon, Singapore's first lady of food, who is not only a first-class Nonya cook but the editor, publisher and main feature writer of *The Food Paper*, a monthly tabloid about what's going on in Singapore's kitchens. She goes out several times a week with her *makan*, a gang of half a dozen 18-year-old boys who have unending appetites. She introduced me to the food of the *kopi tiam*, coffee shops which house several cooks, each with a different speciality. The Nonya chicken curry recipe is based on one cooked by Mr Kasim, the Malaysian sous chef at the Regent Hotel in Kuala Lumpur. They serve it on the Palm Terrace, next to the swimming pool, surrounded by palm trees. The curry tastes only slightly less wonderful away from this urban paradise.

After all this spiciness, sliced pineapple, mango and papaya set on a bed of crushed ice will be the perfect way to finish. Chutneys, flat breads, hard-boiled eggs, spring onions and cucumber sticks can be served as accompaniments to the main dishes.

To make coconut milk from desiccated coconut
(makes about 1½pt/850ml)
1lb/455g desiccated coconut
1½pt/850ml water

Put the coconut and water in a saucepan, bring to the boil, and simmer for 5 minutes. Steep the coconut in the water until it has cooled to the point where you can put your finger in it without it burning. Pour the mixture into a bowl through a fine-meshed sieve, and press out as much of the liquid as possible. Cool and refrigerate

until required, but do not keep for more than a couple of days. "Cream" will form on the top, which should be stirred back into the liquid for the following recipes. Coconut milk can also be made in the blender. Do it in two batches, using all the coconut but pouring on ¾pt/430ml hand-hot water, blending it and sieving it, and then returning the coconut to the blender for a second processing. The second extraction will be thinner than the first. The two should be mixed together for the following recipes.

Beef Rendang
(serves 6 to 8)
2lb/900g flank or shin beef
in a piece
4 or 5 cloves garlic
2 medium onions
2 or 3 (or more to taste) red chillies
1in/2.5cm root ginger
1½pt/850ml coconut milk
2tsp freshly grated turmeric or
1tsp ground turmeric and 1tsp
freshly grated galangal or
½tsp dried galangal
1 bay leaf
1 or 2 stems of fresh lemon grass
salt

Cut the beef into 2in/5cm chunks, removing any excess fat and gristle. Peel and roughly chop the garlic and onions. Carefully seed and chop the chillies, and peel and chop the ginger. Grind these four ingredients together, in a pestle with a mortar or in a food processor. Put the meat in a heavy saucepan, deep fry in oil or wok and stir in the pounded mixture. Cover with coconut milk, and stir in the turmeric and galangal. Add the bay leaf and the shredded lemon grass, from which you have removed any dry outer leaves that are beginning to wither. Bring the mixture to the boil, and let it simmer uncovered for 1½ to 2 hours. You can start to season the meat with salt towards the end of this cooking time, but use a light hand since the stew has to cook almost dry. If you have cooked it thus far in a saucepan, transfer it to a frying pan or wok, and continue cooking. By now the mixture is a quite dark, fragrant stew, and the oil is beginning to separate from the coconut milk in which the meat has cooked. Cook for a further 20 to 30 minutes, stirring fairly frequently to stop the stew from catching, until the oil and liquid has almost all been reabsorbed into the meat.

This dry stew is even better when



re-heated the next day. Serve it with plain boiled rice or rice cooked in coconut milk.

Nonya chicken curry
(serves 4 to 6)
3½lb/1.60kg free-range chicken
4tbsp groundnut oil
2 onions, peeled and chopped
½tsp salt
red chillies, seeded, to taste
1 med onion, peeled and chopped
1in/2.5cm fresh turmeric root, peeled and chopped
10 blanched almonds
2 lime leaves (optional) or
use a bay leaf
4 stalks lemon grass
4-6tbsp good quality curry powder or curry paste
1½pt/850ml coconut milk
juice of a lime

Joint the chicken quite small, using poultry scissors to cut thighs in two and breasts into several pieces. In a heavy frying pan, heat the oil, and fry the onions with the salt until lightly browned. Grind together the salt, chillies, onion, turmeric, almonds, lime leaves, lemon grass and curry powder, and add this paste to the pan. Fry for 5 to 8 minutes until fragrant, adding a little coconut milk if the mixture shows signs of catching. Add the chicken pieces, and turn them well

in the spice mixture. Fry for 5 to 10 minutes, and then pour in the coconut milk. Bring to the boil, partially cover, and simmer for 30 to 35 minutes or until the chicken is tender and cooked through. Just before serving, stir in the lime juice. Add more salt if necessary, and serve with rice or one of the Indian flat breads.

Hokkien Mee (fried noodles)
(serves 4 to 6)
1lb/455g fresh or dried thin noodles, prepared according to the instruction on the package and refreshed under cold water. Leave in a colander set in a bowl of cold water until ready for use
½lb/230g med size raw prawns, usually sold headless and frozen
5tbsp groundnut oil
½lb/230g belly pork in a piece
1 med onion
8 garlic cloves
½lb/230g bean sprouts
2oz/60g garlic chives or spring onions
2 or 3 small slender leeks
2tsp salted soya beans or Japanese miso paste

Wash the prawns. Shell them and remove the intestinal vein. Dry and put to one side. Pound the shells, and fry them in 2 table-spoons of oil in a heated wok or

frying pan until bright red. Pour on ½pt/280ml water, bring to the boil, and strain for stock. Discard the shells. Put the piece of pork in the wok, cover with water, bring to the boil, and simmer for half an hour. Strain off the stock and reserve. When the pork is cool enough to handle, cut into small pieces and put to one side.

Peel, chop and pound the onion and garlic to a paste. Blanch the bean sprouts in boiling water for 2 to 3 minutes, drain and put to one side. Wash the chives and leeks, and slice them thinly.

To assemble the dish, place the wok or frying pan over a high heat. Fry the onion and garlic in the remaining oil until fragrant and golden brown. Stir in the crushed salted soy beans or miso paste, and fry until the oil separates out again. Add the pork, and fry until browned. Stir-fry the prawns until they become pink and opaque. Add the leeks and garlic chives, with the two stocks. Bring to the boil and simmer for a minute or two. At this point, add a seasoning of ½tsp salt, ½tsp sugar, 2tsp light soya sauce, 2tsp dark soya sauce and a grinding or two of pepper. Drain the noodles thoroughly, and add them and the bean sprouts to the wok. Stir-fry until bubbling nicely. Serve immediately.

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Petite

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know.

DRINK

Sweeten and stir

Jane MacQuitty
reports on the
latest scares in the
wine industry

ERIC BEAUMONT



The announcement that sorbitol has been found in 14 Chilean wines followed several weeks ago that the wine trade will always suffer from scares. The chief culprits named so far are the companies of Vina Santa Rita, Vina San Pedro and Vina Lindero, whose sorbitol-laced wines have all been removed from sale.

Sorbitol, unlike many unauthorized substances found in wine in recent years, is not harmful to humans and is permitted in food products. It is a sweetener which often occurs naturally in fruits such as apples and pears. Some wine-makers use it to round off their wines, and to give a suggestion of richness and ripeness that the grapes may have lacked. Sorbitol also often crops up in modestly priced wines from countries where the price of grapes has suddenly increased. Wine-makers eke out the costly grape juice with cheaper apple or pear juice, vinify the two together and sell the product cheaply.

Given that the end result tastes different and, according to some, might even taste better spiked in this way, why does sorbitol not become an authorized wine additive? This, I think, is missing the point: wine should be made from grapes, and grapes alone. Wine is not a constant product, and its producers should resist the temptation to make it so, allowing vintage and varietal variations to shine through.

The grapevine has also been humming recently with news that more price increases in champagne are probable. This latest round stems from a breakdown in the six-year contract between the region's grape growers and powerful champagne houses. Previously, 47 per cent of their champagne harvest, for a fixed annual price per kilo, went from the region's 16,000 growers straight into the big producers' presses. Most of the rest was turned into champagne by the region's co-operatives, leaving only a small proportion to be bottled

by the growers. As demand for champagne increases, the growers, according to the producers, have become too greedy. Many, the producers say, were pressing their own grapes and holding on to the wine, selling it later at inflated prices as *vins clairs*, still wine, or even as partially finished champagne, *vins sur lies*.

In the run-up to the renewal of the contract, the growers told the big houses that all they could spare was 43 per cent of their crop. The produc-

ers sensibly refused to be held to ransom. So, instead of the old fixed contract, there will now be a "free" market, allowing for a better relationship between supply and demand. In place of the fixed price will be a "reference price", which will allow growers to negotiate direct with producers. This is good news for growers in the region's best areas, who will now get higher prices for their grapes. However, for consumers it means yet another increase in champagne prices and the end of £9.55 supermarket bubbly.

Anyone who has a passion for this delectable product should buy champagne now. Majestic Wine Warehouses has several new names on its shelves and, while the non-vintage Jasin and Devaux Rosé are worth avoiding, the two vintage wines from Charles de Serronet are worth seeking out. The 1976 Brut from Monsieur de Serronet, with its deep buttercup-gold colour and lovely, rich, biscuity taste, is delicious, and is good value for a wine of this age (£15.99). You will have to hurry, as Majestic only has 120 cases. The non-vintage Brut Rosé wine has a deep pink colour, a musky perfume and a musky-fruity style, reminiscent of raspberries (£11.99).

As usual, champagne and sparkling wine hunters should visit Oddbins before they make their selections for May. This month Oddbins is extending its champagne offer of seven bottles for the price of six to include sparkling wines priced at £6 and over. This will mean that classy Oddbins sparklers such as New Zealand's non-vintage, elegant, biscuity Lindauer will drop from £6.49 a bottle to £5.56 when it arrives in three weeks. Similarly, Australia's fine '86 Seaview Pinot Noir Chardonnay will go down from £6.99 a bottle to £5.99. In honour of this offer, Oddbins' branches will have free in-store tastings on May 12 and 26. Among the bottles at these tastings will be Spain's much-improved light *metode champenoise* non-vintage Anza de Codorniu Brut (£6.39, but £5.48 in the offer).

WINE BUYS

● 1986 I Sodi di S. Nicolo, Castellare, Oddbins, £14.99. This Italian red is made entirely from the Sangiovese grape and aged in new, small, French oak barrels for 18 months. The results are spectacular: a rich, velvety mouthful.

● 1989 Saumur Blanc, Majestic, £2.99. This elegant, chalky wine, due in mid-May, comes from the Cave Co-op des Vignerons de Saumur, one of the Loire's best co-operative organizations.

Hard to get. Never.



The finest port wines made for two.



When you're in love with a beautiful woman you tend to forget things like time. Gentleness would make Superman forget he was Clark Kent.

And 1.45 minutes later for our dinner date, with one fan in the wrong trouser leg and on the brink of throwing it all away.

An inspiration: an ICY COLD bottle of Petite Liqueur from the local offy. That combination of FINE OLD COGNAC and petitant BORDEAUX WINES brings calm to the most awkward situation.

Ten minutes later I'm ringing her door bell for the sixth time. Nothing. My life is in tatters. I think of all she means to me. Then I think of Emily.

Actually, I think Emily likes Petite Liqueur as well.

THINK PETITE. Petite Liqueur. From the house of Moët & Chandon.

PETITE LIQUEUR

PETILLANTE
PAR
MOËT & CHANDON

Messages received but not understood

Fiona MacCarthy on a joint English/Argentinian attempt to demythologize the slow-motion confusions of the Falklands War

SIGNALS OF WAR: THE FALKLANDS CONFLICT OF 1982
By Lawrence Freedman and Virginia Gamba-Stonehouse
Faber, £17.50

A BOOK which takes the passion out of the Falklands War seems almost a contradiction. Those curious few weeks of 1982 were among the most emotional in living memory. In retrospect the episode looks more and more like a page out of *The Nursery History of England*. Perhaps it is time for a book of demythology. The authors of this one are historians of strategy, concerned with the upper echelons of war making. It is, as they put it, a book written from the top looking down, emphatically not from the bottom looking up.

This is a joint English-Argentinian venture. Freedman is professor and head of the department of war studies at King's College in London. Gamba-Stonehouse is visiting senior research fellow in the same department, which might seem a bizarre posting for a former research officer to Costa Mendez. In fact the authors claim that "the case of their co-operation says something about the natural relationship between Britain and Argentina". Ah well.

They employ the *Two-Way Family Favourites* technique ("Over to you, Virginia. And how's the weather looking today in Buenos Aires?"). It has to be said the professor performs better. Virginia at times comes over somewhat stilted. But the dual approach provides some valuable insights, not just into the conduct of the war, but into its true origins. This book is fascinating on the notion of asymmetry, the deep-rooted sameness yet difference of attitude. In Britain in the early months of 1982, few people really cared about the Falklands, but those who did cared strongly. In Argentina, everybody cared.

It is a book of messages and misconceptions. In those early days mixed signals had been reaching Argentina. Three years of deliberations on the possibility of leaseback, allowing Argentina titular sovereignty to the Falklands

but allowing a British administration to continue, had been abandoned abruptly. On the other hand, the British were showing no interest in building up their economic and military position as an alternative to serious negotiation with Buenos Aires. But had the Argentinians failed to convey a sufficient sense of threat to compel those in London to take them seriously?

Are there answers to such questions? Obviously not. But it is the uncertainties that interest the authors, who present us with a gourmet guide to diplomatic signalling. States in dispute communicate both resolve and compromise, often simultaneously. By and large they do not do it very well. The fault lies with the recipients as often as the senders of the signals. All of which sounds like a metaphor for modern married life.

The authors refuse, annoyingly, to be drawn on the question of sovereignty, maintaining they have both addressed the subject in earlier works. (Standard excuse of the lazy academic?) They deign only to tell us that neither case is watertight and that ownership of the Falklands has in practice always been settled by force. But they do

emphasize well the general sense not of belligerence but more of total hopelessness in British contingency planning towards showdown. As they put it, "the most striking feature of British policy during 1981 was the decision to make it more difficult to cope with a confrontation should one arise".

These are ironists, and one of their main themes is the frequency with which the grand schemes of the policymakers are frustrated by simple confusions, by eccentricities of diplomatic behaviour, by the sheer unpredictability of military operations. In the case of the Falklands it was of course the *slowness*, imprinted on the memory of all of us who watched night after night on our television screens the snail's pace progress of the task force in mid-ocean. It all started to seem ludicrous, reminding one of Robin Day's most disconcerting question of whether it is possible in an age of a free press and television ever to sustain support over a period for what at first appears to be a necessary war.

This book tells a story I have not heard before about General Moore, who travelled to the Falklands with a demon image of General Menendez in his baggage. He was following the example of Montgomery in North Africa in the Second World War. It was only when Moore met the General at the surrender negotiations that he realized he had vented his aggression on a portrait of the wrong General Menendez. (There were five of them in total in

the Argentinian Army.) The authors are attuned to the considerable element of the surreal in the battle for the Falklands. It pervades their accounts of what they see as the key incidents: the Argentinian occupation on April 2, the sinking of the *Belgrano*, the battle for Goose Green.

With her personal contacts with the ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, it is disappointing that Gamba-Stonehouse has not thrown more light on the Costa Mendez overtures to Fidel Castro. In fact her report seems based mainly on the earlier Cardoso account of that intriguing incident, including Castro's hardly encouraging suggestion that the Argentinians' best hope was rain and snow. Ready-made documentation is stronger on the British side, as a count-up of the bibliography proves quickly, and although the authors claim to have conducted many interviews the text suggests it is the British who have proved the most accessible (or less neurotic?) of interviewees. In what purports to be an even-handed study the balance of material is not, one feels, ideal.

This is a long, well-organized, and interesting book. Its main problem is of course that the mythology is *there*, and the Falklands are very hard to demythologize without the result seeming rather flat and academic.

I think the authors ought to have allowed themselves more leeway in discussing the sexual role of Mrs Thatcher in the war negotiations. They need not go so far as Marina Warner did in her *Monuments & Maidens* in aligning the Prime Minister with phallic power as the armed female victor, symbolizing sexual energy channelled to a reputable cause.

But they could, in their remit, have considered the whole Boadicea and Britannia tradition. Do signals of war emanating from a female officer differ from those that emanate from men?



Better to give than to receive

Peter Jones

BREAD AND CIRCUSES
By Paul Veyne
Translated by Brian Pearce
Introduction by Oswyn Murray
Allen Lane, £20



Kirk Douglas in Roman circus

TAKE a French professor, especially one at the *crème de la crème* of French institutions (Collège de France), and you are guaranteed gigantic tomes covering vast subjects, groaning under massive, probably Marxist, theoretical matrices, rampant with "isms", and informing us that something called Society spends most of its time Oppressing Itself. Why it should do this is rarely made clear, but it never seems quite polite to ask. Veyne follows the pattern in weight of tome and scope of subject, though Oswyn Murray has brilliantly cut him down to size (an 800-page original becomes fewer than 500 in Murray's edition), and provides one resounding "ism" — "euergetism", but otherwise there is hardly a name in sight, let alone a Marxist one (if I say the book is almost *empirical*, that is to accuse Veyne of conduct unbecoming a French scholar, and will probably bring a libel suit).

It is tempting to play Word-Watching with "euergetism" and define it as (a) a benign form of crop disease, (b) a theory of energy-saving, or (c) private liberality for public benefit. Everyone who has done Greek will know the answer is (c), but it is important for Veyne's case to make clear that euergetism is different from exchange. Reciprocity lies at the heart of exchange. But the euergetist gives because the recipient *cannot* give back, or, if he can give back, the gift will be incommensurate with the original.

The basic thesis of the work is that the Marxist interpretation of

history gets it wrong (so what's new?) when it argues that "bread and circuses" and other massive donations from individuals, especially emperors, to the public (amphitheatres, libraries, baths, public dinners, etc) were intended to stupefy them into political inertia. By sifting through all the evidence — and that evidence increases year by year, as more and more inscriptions are excavated — Veyne argues that not only were such gifts perceived as duties (they were what the rich were *for*: this has interesting repercussions for our understanding of economics in the ancient world), but that there were other motives for giving than political opportunism, economic kickback, or class solidarity.

Veyne's evidence is built up from and deployed over three main periods: Hellenistic Greece, Republican Rome, and the Roman Empire. He traces the origins of euergetism through Homer and classical Athens, and shows how the taxes levied on the wealthy in classical Athens for the performance of certain state duties (*leitourgia*, whence "liturgy") became voluntary munificence, often

on a staggering scale, in the Hellenistic world. Moving on to the Roman Republic, he tries to demonstrate that senators did not use donations to buy off voters — they did not need the *plebs* to wield power — but to acquire prestige, express their grandeur, win a place in men's hearts: they wanted to be *loved*. And the same was true for the emperors. They were above politics. Besides, were they not gods? With the emperor, euergetism becomes what it has always threatened to become: pure symbolic activity.

Well, up to a point. Caesars might have agreed until December 25, 1989. But the emperors were not as divorced from their people as Veyne seems to think (correspondence, personal petitions and embassies flooded into their palaces, wherever they went). Again, it

may be the case that purest altruism ruled unchallenged in the snowy breast of the average Roman senator, but it is very difficult to tell simply from an inscription. Who knows what connections might not be made, what hostages to fortune not lodged, beneath the bland facade?

This seems to me to be one nub of the problem. Unless we have accurate and precise information about the donor, we cannot generalize about his motives in scattering largesse to the recipients. Veyne, of course, is perfectly well aware of this, but does not seem to me to take it sufficiently into account.

The second nub (if problems can have two) is that reciprocity, *quid pro quo*, is at the absolute centre of ancient thinking — political, moral, social, legal, philosophical, linguistic, even scientific. Consequently, I regard it as almost certain that a Roman considered the donation of (say) an amphitheatre to his home town as a *quid* demanding some *quo*, and that if *quid* took the shape of something as ill-defined as increased *gloria*, it was a *quid* well worth *quidding* for.

It is a mark of the success of Veyne's thesis that the mere mention of the word "euergetism" before historians these days will spark off the most informed and vigorous round-table nodding. Now that Veyne's influential book is so easily accessible — Pearce's translation and Murray's introduction are both first-class — nodding levels may dip somewhat.

SPEAKERS of English worldwide agree on how to spell practically all words but differ over how to say so many that, for centuries, large dictionaries have existed dedicated entirely to pronunciations.

The biggest and best of them has just appeared. It has more than 800 pages, is as hefty as the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, and gives highly detailed information on the different ways that more than 75,000 words are pronounced in the standard varieties of British and American English.

It tells you, in addition, exactly how most noticeably foreign words are pronounced in their original languages, whatever these may be, from Albanian to Zulu. All this information, which includes the names of innumerable people and places, as well as ordinary words, is given in the International Phonetic Alphabet. This set of symbols is now almost universal in serious dictionaries, from the new edition of the great *Oxford Dictionary* down. For the English items at least, it isn't too difficult to handle, using the key provided.

The author of the *Longman Pronunciation Dictionary* is Professor John Wells of University College London, unquestionably the world's greatest authority on English pronunciation.

His book is particularly aimed at foreign users of English, who are caused endless confusion by the constant ambiguity and frequent disinformation of our spellings. But it will interest native speakers as well, because it presents primarily a modernized version of the most prestigious and least localizable British variety of pronunciation, which Wells, like most British academics, unfortunately still per-

Ovvisly not one of us

Jack Windsor Lewis

THE LONGMAN PRONUNCIATION DICTIONARY
Edited by J. C. Wells
Longman, £12.95,
paperback, £7.95

sists in referring to by the ridiculously archaic, parochial, and question-begging term of Received Pronunciation.

British pronunciations in common educated use that don't fall within this most OK type are identified by a dagger, which indicates that they are correct, but not customary in the South-East, and consequently not recommended for adoption by foreigners. A third category, in widespread use among educated speakers, but not considered standard or generally seen as incorrect, is indicated with a traffic-style warning triangle.

Purists will grind their teeth to see items such as *always* with no *l*-sound classified simply as standard variants. But Wells is usually right. Most of us have said a *way* at least some of the time, including even the Queen and Lord Olivier. Wells rates as standard pronunci-

ations *apPLIcable*, *RIStOral*, *chatted* as *chattered*, *ONtRine*, *Corn-wall*, *decision*, *delectious*, *dip'theria*, *dip'thong*, *Dispute*, *dielect*, *drawing*, *enviroment*, *Feb'uary*, *flassid* for *fascid*, *he RASS*, *homosexual*, *MOment*, *lamenteable*, *manDATy*, *use as wan*, *op'talmic*, *primely*, *pr'i minister*, *REsearch*, *Smith's* *sheek*, *villages as blagers*, *vulnerable* and *winderpas* (though not *winder* by itself for *widow*).

The not-most-OK dagger goes to *Mart'n* for *Martin* (a *law* in Penelope Keith's portrayal of an aristocrat in *To the Manor Born*), *len'th* and *stren'th* as heard from Selina Scott or David Owen, and *therefor* as from Sir David Grieve.

He surprisingly awards her *Dogger* triangle to *sixth* as *sikh*, as from Sir Robin Day and the BBC's Chief Announcer. This triangle is not surprising for *nucular*: it is Eisenhower, or Eartha; *Kitt's* *percutor*, or Roy Jenkins's *partic'lar*. But it is not justified for the now-so-very-normal *relat'ion* of *temporarily* to *temporally* — though it was intriguing to hear on the BBC that a certain *errig* *cleric* had been *temporally* *suspended*. Nor is it justified for *grover* *best*.

When he revises, Professor Wells should include the so common *place hospiddle* for *hospital*, and the *i-less* forms of *seriously* and *obviously*, that favourite word of the Princess Royal and her *lither*, which they utter variably as *obviously*, *ob-bissly*, *obvisly*, *ovvisly*, *ovvisly*, and *o-wissly*. Try them yourself — not too *febrately*. They sound very natural.

At any rate no one will find in a credible *guru* on pronunciation matters unless he has his *LPD* at his fingertips.

Inside the outsider

Brian Morton

THE HOUSE OF BREATH
By William Goyen
Serpent's Tail, £7.99

THERE are three fundamental themes in American literature. There is the *striver* in a complicated Eden; the discovery of space, that extraordinary distance between coasts; and the recognition that even plenitude has its limits. However, between the acts there are quieter interludes, a literature of the hinterland that treats America as a *given*, a place in itself, rather than as a *problem*, Europe's mirror. Oddly perhaps, that second, un-Puritan tradition finds its purest expression in the work of two "offshore" Americans, the poet William Carlos Williams and the novelist John Dos Passos, both of whom helped create a uniquely American speech, and in the process a deep critical misunderstanding.

William Goyen drew very much the same breath and has suffered even greater neglect. Born in 1915 in Trinity, 80 miles north of Houston in the east Texas wetlands, he died in 1983, and his British reputation is almost entirely posthumous.

None of Goyen's work was quite so purely autobiographical as his first novel, *The House of Breath*, published exactly 40 years ago. It is the chronicle of Boy Ganchion's coming to terms with his native place (Trinity becomes "Charity") and with his need to find a language, or "breath", commensurate with it.

Some readers have found Goyen's style a shade too breathless and rhapsodic (Stephen Spender

very acutely identified an element of "hysteria" in his imagination). His best-known book in Britain before *Serpent's Tail* began their *Sister*, an uneven reworking of an earlier short story that recalls the high-camp of James Purdy or sub-standard Truman Capote, rather than Goyen's real genius, which is for a highly emotional rendition of isolated places and the lost outsider figures who inhabit them. His posthumous *Aracido*, about a hermaphrodite, and the stories about loners in *Had I a Hundred Mouths*, are all the more effective for being far removed from the normal conventions of realism.

It is tempting to say of *The House of Breath* what T.S. Eliot said of Djuna Barnes's *Nightwood*, that it was the kind of novel that appealed primarily to people who read poetry, except that, despite Eliot's disclaimer, this has always been taken as a criticism. As with Faulkner, it often is not clear how much Goyen is in control of his material and how much possessed by it — "I never said anything, but only waited for some speech that the breath of the house was breathing into me."

I WAS recently reminded of the civilized tradition of English crime writing at a conference in Washington aimed at bringing together all those writers and fans, interested in the domestic crime novel. More than 300 American women, and maybe 20 men, came to the capital to celebrate the writings of those who follow in the steps of Agatha Christie. Who-dunnits, at least in the States, are alive, well and much sought after.

Caroline Graham's *Death of a Hollow Man* is set very much in that particular tradition. This is a typical locked-room mystery of which Agatha Christie would have been proud. It is a nicely rounded detective story with an involved plot which is technically satisfying, as well as being a perceptive commentary on modern manners. There is the slow unwinding of the plot, character vignettes which remain in the memory ("Clive and Donald... preening and clucking like a couple of cassowaries... circled the two chairs cautiously before perching") and the comfortable knowledge that the reader's sense of security will remain undiminished. However, frightening the outside world, they will be certain that moral principles will survive and that the murderer will be unmasked.

In *Death of a Hollow Man* Detective Chief Inspector Tom Barnaby, Caroline Graham's Poirot, attends the first night of the Causton Amateur Dramatic Society's production of *Amadeus* because of his loyalty to his wife, a lowly member of the cast. Behind the scenes the company bickers, the leading man throws violent tem-

Perfect keys to a mystery

Lisanne Radice

DEATH OF A HOLLOW MAN



By Caroline Graham
Headline, £3.50

peramental fits, and the players unite in their nervous resentment of the director. On stage in the final act, the smell of violence, "a hot, burnt smell, ferocious and smothering" as the chief inspector's wife adds to the chief inspector's wife. Suddenly, the main character, cutting his throat in a practised gesture, falls dead in front of an appalled audience. The actors are in place, the red herrings carefully interspersed, as Tom Barnaby sets out to eliminate the suspects. A

PAPERBACKS

Recently written crime novel... I suspect we are in the... of female private investigators — the success of... has seen to that in London... (Virago, £4.99). E... heroine, Meg, L... mother of teenage... account, is asked to... girl. The search... in the strange night... where young... favours to survive... create a frightening... for a private detective... a mother. This is a... story, often witty and... my prediction is that... of American female... with which the British... to be inundated. (R... Doll Games (Head... Margaret Mason's her... and Harold, is a lieutenant in the... present with... of fortune, who, again by a... young dancer. This... the killing on stage of... supplying the main... and Graham should have... simultaneous... examination of character... arrangement of plot and... of the detection process... heroine remains a slightly... character, while her prob... into possible motives fails to... the actors to life.

Allbeccrushing intellect

THE myth that Hitlerite Germany waged a "preventive war" against the Soviet Union has become a vital component of anti-Communist ideology employed by world imperialism to camouflage its own militaristic essence. Bourgeois propaganda continues to warn about the "expansionist plans of the Soviets" and the "Soviet military threat". As the General Secretary of the Central Committee of the CPSU, Mikhail Gorbachev, remarked on the solemn occasion of the fortieth anniversary of the Soviet people's victory in the Great Patriotic War: "The malicious myth of a 'Soviet military threat', once loudly mouthed by the Nazis, is alive to this day."

The reader's reaction to the opening paragraph of this review is complex. He knows that Mikhail Gorbachev has a new and different title, and that terms like "anti-Communist ideology" or "bourgeois propaganda" have all but vanished of late, even from the official Soviet vocabulary. On the other hand, he knows equally well that the "Soviet military threat" is more, if only because he believes that the Soviet economy is in a shambles. There is certainly no doubt in his mind that Nazi Germany waged a war of aggression against Russia, a traumatic experience that made its leaders mistrust the West. And if he is a professor of Soviet studies at St Antony's College, Oxford, he may even suspect that such mistrust is historic, its roots going back to the Tartar yoke, or at least Napoleon.

The answer to the question of whether or not "Hitlerite Germany" waged a "preventive war" against the Soviet Union in June 1941 is indeed a "vital component" of any "herent historical world-view". In support of this claim, I now reveal the author of my opening paragraph. He is General Zhilin, writing in the Soviet Army newspaper *Red Star* on September 24, 1985, to rebut the thesis of Viktor Suvorov's *Icebreaker*, publicized in the *RUSI Journal*, a British military review, in June of that year. Since "bourgeois propaganda" is not monolithic, it is impossible to identify every perception of the general's "vital component" accepted as valid in the West, yet the startling thing is that contrary to his credal assertion, the sum total of all these perceptions is contiguous to his historical world-view, not adversarial to it. In short, everyone in the world agrees that the question is vital, yet everyone in the West accepts that the *Red Star's* answer is "essentially correct."

Viktor Suvorov is not arguing with the *Red Star*. He is arguing with every book, every article, every film, every Nato directive, every Downing Street assumption, every Pentagon clerk, every academic, every Communist and anti-Communist, every neoconservative intellectual, every Soviet song, poem, novel, and piece of music ever heard, written, made, sung, issued, produced, or born during the last 50 years. For this reason alone, *Icebreaker* is the most original work of history it has been my privilege to read. In and of itself, of course, originality does no more than whet our appetite for truth.

I can only say that this book is equal to the mind-boggling claim it makes on the reader's attention. It cannot be compared with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago* or Robert Conquest's *The Great Terror*, because its revelations are fundamental to the understanding of totalitarianism. The book's significance lies in its phenomenological approach, which uncovers the essence of totalitarianism — strategic deception — with analytical rigour that would make Euclid, not to mention Kant, recognize Suvorov as a spiritual peer. To be sure, like every other pioneer historian of Soviet Russia

Andrei Navrozov

ICEBREAKER
Who Started the
Second World War?
By Viktor Suvorov
Translated by
Thomas B. Beattie
Hamish Hamilton, £16.99

from Melgunov on, Suvorov focuses on what is ostensibly an isolated issue. He proves that Stalin was using Hitler as his "icebreaker" to crush democracy in Western Europe, while preparing to invade Germany and occupy, or "liberate", Western Europe in the summer of 1941. Yet the issue is less isolated from the whole of Soviet foreign policy, and the whole of the West's response to it since 1941, than the issue of whether or not Lenin, Stalin, or for that matter Gorbachev, was or is a bad man. I have not invoked the names of Euclid and Kant by accident. *Icebreaker* reads like a breathtakingly elegant theorem. Suvorov's intellect an industrial grinder of received wisdom reminiscent in its power of Coleridge's favourite epithet for Kant, "Allbeccrushing". On Suvorov's behalf, I challenge: any publication, specialized or popular, to solicit a rebuttal of a single one of *Icebreaker's* syllogisms, providing its author — unlike the *Red Star* — with equal space for an allbeccrushing reply.

One corollary attendant on Suvorov's argument deserves special mention. It shows that Stalin was neither mad nor a fool, and comes rather close to my own conviction that he was, in fact, a strategist of genius. "You are the last admirer of Stalin left on this earth, my friend," the Oxford historian Norman Stone once told me. "My father was probably the only man in Russia to have voted against Stalin when Stalin was alive." I answered, "and now that he is dead I see no reason to betray our family tradition of non-conformism." Because if Stalin was no



fool, perhaps Gorbachev is not, after all, a man we can do business with. If he was no madman, perhaps those who believe that today's Soviet economy is in a shambles are themselves emotionally unbalanced. And, last but not least, if the history of the 20th century has been written, and non-conformists who strive to reopen debate are merely neo-Nazi revisionists, why does Suvorov, apparently a neo-Stalinist revisionist like myself, so vex General Zhilin?

Going against the tide of editorial opinion, as Winston Churchill once went against it, David Owen wrote recently that "what we have witnessed in Moscow over the last decade is a transfer of power from the Communist Party to the KGB". "Discrediting the Party", he went on, was done in part by "pinning the blame for economic decay on Stalin's legacy". Not tied to the Kremlin by a special relationship, Dr Owen is an honest man reading the newspapers more attentively than the rest of us. When he reads Suvorov, he may well become the Churchill of our time.

IF TOM Driberg's name is better known today than that of many living and major politicians (let alone dead and minor ones), that has a lot to do — as the title of this book implies — with his indiscretions. His lasting achievement was slight. Without his indiscretions there would have been a niche for him in the temple of British socialism, probably in a side chapel; and Anglo-Catholicism would have granted him a panel of stained glass. But it is unlikely that he would have been felt worthy of such an entertaining and brilliantly written biography as this one. Yet there could have been a bit more to him than meets the eye.

All Tom Driberg ever wanted, Francis Wheen tells us, was to commit fellatio. Actually that wasn't quite the limit of his fancy. He liked his fellatio to be working-class and, if possible, with working-class men previously unknown to him; and he relished the danger in committing what was, for most of his life, an offence punishable with imprisonment. Almost as important as the gratification itself was the sense of getting away with it. Many favourite Driberg tales turn not so much on the act itself as on narrow squeaks in its performance.

Doubtless his mother was to blame. An early escapade, gleefully described by his perpetrator, was designed to *quater* not so much the bourgeoisie as Mrs Driberg. On holiday with Driberg *mère* (the story goes), young Tom climbed to

The boy who wanted to shock his mother

Ben Pimlott

TOM DRIBERG: His Life and Indiscretions
By Francis Wheen
Chatto & Windus, £18

the top of a lighthouse alone. There he met a handsome keeper. "Contact was instant — consummation almost as quick." Five minutes later the family was reunited. "What a long time you were up there, dear." "Well, it was a lovely view, mother." In later life, the narrative repeated itself often, with the Establishment standing in for mum.

Such anecdotes, of course, needed an audience. Many found their way into Driberg's scatological (and posthumously published) memoirs, *Ruling Passions*, which were written for a fat fee when the elderly reprobate was on his uppers. How many of them are true, and how many wishful thinking? Driberg's compulsive sexual habit is beyond dispute, and so is his brazenness; but much was probably

embroidered, and the author of this biography may have been too easily tempted by his subject's self-portrait as a decadent duffer.

Ruling Passions presented Tom's journey through life as a succession of picturesque accidents. Yet it was not chance that caused Driberg, well known for his *Daily Express* William Hickey gossip column, to stand for Parliament as an independent, at a time (during the wartime electoral truce) when he could beat the system and win; that took him into the Labour Party in time to benefit from the 1945 landslide; and that gained him a coveted place on Labour's Executive — all within eight years. The reality, indeed, seems to have been one of hard work (he was a passionately careful writer), political horse-sense, and shrewd career traces.

Where many politicians hide their vulnerabilities under a cloak of competence and conviction, with Driberg it was the other way round. The cynicism was only partly genuine. While dismissing the Chapman Pincher notion that Driberg was some kind of double-agent (not even MI5 or the KGB



Driberg: "He was a good man"

could be so silly), Wheen points to a similarity between Driberg and his friend Guy Burgess in character: both combined a hatred of the middle-class from which they sprang with a hand-bring love of aristocracy, and a sympathy for the sunken mass. In Driberg's case the

The gangster and the gentleman

POETRY

Robert Nye

BERTOLT BRECHT
Poems & Songs
from the Plays
Edited and mainly translated
by John Willet
Methuen, £17.99

COLLECTED POEMS
By Enoch Powell
Bellw Publishing, £9.95

BRECHT is the gangster of 20th-century literature. His energy, his legerdemain, his brutality — all these odd qualities can be found demonstrated in the pages of this volume of poems and songs from his plays. They are odd, perhaps, only in modern terms. Compare Brecht with Villon or Rimbaud, and he begins to look less strange.

He was without doubt the greatest German poet of his generation, and there is a school of thought — not entirely political in tone — which holds that he was also the greatest dramatist Germany has ever produced, not forgetting Kleist and Schiller. It is as a poet that John Willet, his editor and translator, here invites us to consider him, in a volume intended as a companion to the splendid *Bertolt Brecht: Poems 1913-1936*, issued by the same publisher some 14 years ago. What we have now are some 170 additional poems and songs taken from the plays, and admirably Englished. As John Willet says: "Many of us still find the songs, with their marvellous settings and their power to attract outstanding performers, the simplest and most direct way into all Brecht's work. Hear them, and at once you know the man was something very special."

Oh! Moon of Alabama
We now must say good-bye
We've lost our good old mamma
And must have whiskey
Oh! You know why.

I don't think that this absolutely needs either Willet's music or Leavis's voice to achieve the spine-chilling effect which for me it always has when I hear recordings of *Madogynog*. Nor, in an even stranger way, is it quite necessary that Brecht is satirizing certain traditions of American popular music and culture. What we encounter here is a magic that transcends its conscious intentions. Brecht's intellectual Marxism was always at best transformed by a temperamental anarchism, which means that even when he set out to write propaganda he could not keep the poetry out. The result is sometimes coarse, and frequently banal, but both coarseness and banality seem part of the price this poet is prepared to pay. I cannot

think of another 20th-century writer capable of writing stuff of such sheer singularity. Auden, for instance, appears anaemic and academic in comparison, as well as being Brecht's rather feeble shadow.

Each Powell is, of course, on a quite different political tack, and probably by temperament a gentleman. He wrote verses only when young, but his *Collected Poems*, as now put together with a foreword and a postscript, show his talent in this direction to have been genuine if undeniably slight. Housman and Tennyson, as he notes himself, are the principal influences, but the best of his lines combine that kind of English sadness with an Attic grace:

*But when the spring to hill and
coomb
Returned in warmth and rain,
The torture of the trees in bloom
Stung me to speech again.*

The drawback to these poems is their technical conventionality, and the fact that constraint in itself never becomes for the poet a source of inspiration. Powell's merit is that his poems are about something real and moving: the prospect of death in war, and then guilt at survival.

As to where the poet went, he would answer that the same voice may be heard in his politics: "It was an ex-pot who my fellow countrymen still today, more fitfully, hear admonishing them still. The words, and the compulsion to utter them, are drawn, I suspect, from the same source, though long since hidden underground, as the poetry which has now been reprinted in this volume."



Hot conservation issue: the destruction of the rainforest, as viewed by illustrator Tony Ross

Green without the grim

CHILDREN

Brian Alderson

THE YOUNG GREEN CONSUMER GUIDE
By John Elkington and
Julia Haines
Illustrated by Tony Ross
Gollancz, £4.99

"The Issues", it says, and launches into an account of current concerns with a fair degree of unemotional objectivity (unless you are prepared to be moved by the prettily illustrated information that methane levels rise when animals fart).

CHILDREN's books have always offered hospitality to homespun philosophers, and Green issues have, for the last 20 years or so, had them queuing at the door. Picture-book admonitions, such as Helen Cowcher's recent *Antarctica* (Andre Deutsch, £5.95), have been especially prevalent; but now it seems that more direct appeals are in order.

(I hope, though, that not too many of them will be like the recent *Blue Peter Green Book*, published by the BBC, allied to Messrs Sainsbury's, which qualifies for some sort of prize as a waste of resources in itself. It has all the manic disorder of those avuncular adolescents who "present" children's television, scattering barely decipherable pictures across little patches of text and squawking out cries for action: "Form a group", "Never waste electricity". But nobody ever tells us what to do about heavy lorries, belching forth black fumes and driven by men who look like all-in wrestlers.)

Fortunately *The Young Green Consumer Guide* avoids much of this ill-directed enthusiasm. Although it costs no more than the *Blue Peter* book it is far more substantial in its coverage of relevant topics, and far more rational in the way that it discusses them.

It then proceeds to a long series of intelligent and manageable suggestions for ways in which children can help. I particularly liked the revival of the old dodge of getting the young to persuade their elders to reform.

The authors' tacit acceptance that solving Green issues is, in some ways, more difficult than doing nothing about them at all, gives the book an honest sobriety. Exclamation marks are healthily avoided — and Tony Ross's coloured caricatures assure us that Green does not necessarily have to be grim.

Needless to say, there is also a full explanation of the eminently Green pedigree in the matter of printing and binding.

PAPERBACKS

beautifully written crime novel. I suspect we are in for a proliferation of female private eye investigators — the success of Sara Paretsky has seen to that. In *Ladies' Night* (Virago, £4.99), Elisabeth Bowers's heroine, Meg Lacey, a divorced mother of teenage children with a conscience and an empty bank account, is asked to trace a missing girl. The search involves her in the strange night world of Vancouver, where young girls sell sexual favours to survive and child prostitution, pornography and drugs create a frightening background for a private detective who is also a mother. This is a lightly crafted story, often witty and fast moving. My prediction is that Meg Lacey is sure to survive the coming deluge of American female investigators with which the British public is about to be inundated.

In *Baby Doll Games* (Headline, £2.99) Margaret Maron's heroine, Sigrid Harald, is a lieutenant in the New York Police Department. We are presented with a cool professional detective who, again by a quirk of fortune, is called in to investigate the killing on stage of a brilliant young dancer. This is another locked-room mystery with the cast supplying the main suspects. It is perhaps unfortunate that Maron and Graham should have been published simultaneously. K'ye we have none of that meticulous examination of character, that careful arrangement of plot and counterplot, the interesting unfolding of the detection process. Maron's heroine remains a slightly wooden character, while her probing into possible motives fails to bring the actors to life.

Killer bimbo on the loose

Joseph Connolly

AMBITION



By Julie Burchill
Corgi, £3.99

THE protagonist in this ill-written and sordid little tale is Susan Street, deputy editor of a sleazy tabloid, *The Sunday Best*. Her ambition is to be editor, she therefore kills the existing editor in the bed they are sharing, and agrees with the paper's proprietor (an American who is called Tobias X. Pope, I'm afraid) to undergo six tasks so that she may assume the editorial chair. The first of these is to have her head tattooed with the word "Sold", and the remainder all require her to act as a

where in various demeaning ways which she enjoys immeasurably. Pope also ends up dead in the bed they are sharing, and so Susan marries his son — who shouldn't, I suggest, make too many long-term plans.

The unremitting awfulness of Susan is paraded over nearly 400 pages, and is studded with unpleasant and unenjoyable — sexual set-pieces in hotel rooms, night clubs and dustbin-strewn alleys, quite shocking crimes are committed against perfectly innocent bottles of Krug.

We also have to plod through the leaden litany of mandatory brand names: "Susan swirled the Czech & Speake bath oil in her Delafon bath and settled back with a bar of the state-of-the-art grey soap. She looked around at her Zehnder radiator, Schneider cabinets, Cerabati tiles and White House towels, and sighed. Her bathroom was the one room of the house in which she felt at home."

So why does Julie Burchill — the author of a lucrative and hugely over-rated column in a Sunday paper, in addition to countless articles in all our trendier monthlies — stoop to writing this bludge about a humourless nymphomaniac, whose only sense of shame stems from her possession of an outdated Filofax?

More money, of course — for there is no question that this book will be a huge paperback bestseller, despite the fact that many of the punters expecting a harmlessly titillating holiday read in the vein of Jackie Collins or Shirley Conran will be not so much disappointed as repelled.

A woman's place

Hazel Leslie

29 INMAN ROAD
By Ena Chamberlain
Virago, £3.99

AT FIRST sight 29 Inman Road looks like another of those comforting excursions into the past that must, like the BBC World Service, considerably cut down the national consumption of sleeping pills. Cheerful cockney aunts and uncles, small terrace houses, corner shops, escape via grammar school — the predictability is part of the charm.

But Ena Chamberlain's account of her South London childhood in the 1920s has an uneasy edge to it. Its colour and humour are tinged with the foreboding that imaginative children often feel, and before Ena had reached her teens the foreboding became reality with her father's sudden death.

She was the awkward little afterthought of the family, a bright, skinny child. Her father owned the local laundry, which gave the family a special standing in the small, shabby community, cleanliness being next to Godliness.

At home, however, it was a matriarchal society, and the book's life comes from the women in it — particularly Ena's mother with her wry humour, innocent passion for clothes, small snobberies, and chronic inability to finish a sentence, which seems to have produced echoes in Ena's own rather staccato style. On Sundays the house was alive with aunts who settled snugly into the kitchen to gossip, giggle and read the tea leaves. Uncles came too, but they seem pale figures by comparison, and were relegated to the front room. Ena was sent off to Sunday

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THE ARTS

Kyung-Wha Chung has lost little of her iron determination in 20 years. Profile by Richard Morrison

Dedicated to the ones she loves

These days, the classical-music world tends to be a boy or girl who is musically gifted and famous. When that is achieved, the "star" is then expected to turn in the great performances that will justify the hype.

A more sensible order — greatness first, fame later — was the rule until comparatively recently. Twenty years ago this week, a 22-year-old violinist played the Tchaikovsky Concerto in the Festival Hall with the LSO and André Previn. She had never performed in Europe before, and had no recording contract.

The audience was entranced — partly because they saw a tiny, beautiful Korean girl, but mostly because they heard violin-playing of a power and passion rarely encountered. Three days later, Kyung-Wha Chung had received 30 offers of major engagements.

European tours and a record contract soon followed; a great international career was launched. Tomorrow she returns to the Festival Hall, but the contrast between herself now and then is striking. She approached the 1970 concert as a student, fanatically dedicated almost to the exclusion of everything else. She had begun learning the violin at seven; by the age of eight she had played a Mozart concerto with the Seoul Philharmonic.

When her family emigrated to the United States, she was sent to study with the famous violin teacher Ivan Galamian in New York. There she stayed for seven years, acquiring the Galamian "big sound", and missing the colossal stamina needed to play, for example, the Brahms concerto "bit by bit, like a weightlifter training to lift 300 pounds". So, by the time of that Festival Hall debut, her mind and her technique formed an unshakable alliance of virtuosity. Beneath the deceptive "Oriental petal" appearance lay an iron resolve.

Did she miss out on a "normal"

childhood? "I did not think so, because playing the violin was all I wanted to do. Self-doubts? Only about whether I would be good enough to have a solo career, and worrying because I knew I would never be happy if I was not good enough."

Yet after more than a dozen years on the top-class solo circuit, the steely single-mindedness resented. She married an English diamond merchant, Geoffrey Leggett, moved to Kent, and, at the age of 36, started a family. Now she imposes a strict ration on her playing engagements. The driven perfectionist who ate, breathed and lived music has learnt to tolerate two small boys racing into her studio on tricycles while she practises her double-stoppings. She admits that 15 years ago she would have found it impossible to believe that her career could become secondary to such an extent.

Perhaps it was inevitable. Although the Chung family is one of the world's great musical dynasties — her younger brother, Myung-Whun, replaced Daniel Barenboim as music director of the Paris Bastille Opéra in famous circumstances last year, and her older sister, Myung-Wha, is a distinguished cellist — it is also a "family" family. Kyung-Wha's six brothers and sisters have over 40 children between them.

From being a role model for women violinists in the extremely competitive, male-dominated solo world (she was one of the first), and for Far Eastern performers breaking into top-class Western classical music (she was the first), Kyung-Wha Chung has become an inspiration for all women musicians who face the "career or family" dilemma.

Unusually among musicians, she believes that what a child prodigy brings to music is complete in itself; later experience may change interpretation, but not necessarily improve it. "When Menuhin played the Beethoven concerto at 11, would you say that he was a prodigy, or an artist? You

are born with a phenomenal gift: it is inexplicable. But people do like an artist to explain why he has done this or that. If he is so young that his actions are all intuitive, and he cannot explain, they say he is immature. Yet when you hear a tremendous prodigy playing a concerto, it has everything: it is pure, untouchable.

"When I was young I just got up and did it. As I grew older, the professional side took over. Now, I can explain to myself what I want, work at it, and produce a high technical and expressive standard. But perhaps as an artist I am not completely happy, because the experience remains at a professional level."

Kyung-Wha Chung has always had an extraordinary ability to startle the ear with unexpected tonal colourings, to move from a burning brightness of timbre to dark intimacy in the course of a single bar, and to use a highly-developed bow control to articulate a passage with the subtlety of Gielgud reading a Shakespeare sonnet. That is a skill, moreover, which she deploys convincingly over a wide repertoire: she is a superb interpreter of the Elgar concerto (a piece which most top violinists steer clear of), yet at the Proms this summer she will be tackling the spiky Second Violin Concerto by Bartók. "One strives for certain phrases or colours for years. You know inside your mind what you want, but it doesn't come. I can work for hours to get a precise colouring on just one note."

She seems to be stimulated by self-imposed hardship. There is, for instance, the case of her working studio. "We moved here two years ago, and the sound in this studio nearly drove me crazy with depression: it is two-dimensional, unresponsive, flat. Then I saw it as a challenge. Instead of bringing in the acoustician to change it and to give me comfort, I began to think: if I can produce different shades of colour here,



Kyung-Wha Chung: Korean violinist of formidable talent

how much better it will be in a concert hall. Now, when I play in a concert, it all seems so much easier. I feel that I am floating on the sound, my senses are so heightened."

Or there was the occasion when she changed her violin, one Guarneri for another, but with a big difference in character between them. "The present instrument I bought against the advice of people around me. The previous instrument was very beautiful and responsive. It was so much part of me that, it seemed, I only had to

think a certain sound: the violin responded before I put a bow to it! The new instrument was not so responsive, but it did have a bigger sound — and when you play in front of 100 musicians you need that. So for the last five years I have struggled to control it, to refine what I can do on it. Now, at last, I feel it does yield to my demand."

Kyung-Wha Chung plays Bruch's First Violin Concerto with the London Philharmonic, directed by Klaus Tennstedt, at the Festival Hall tomorrow at 7.30pm.

Testament of suffering

CONCERTS

Noël Goodwin

LPO/Masur
Festival Hall

TWO kinds of assault on our emotions were mounted by Kurt Masur conducting the London Philharmonic. One was by way of the romantic melancholy of Rachmaninov, the other through the fierce bitterness of Shostakovich in his Symphony No 13. The latter is a courageous work, given that it was written in the Soviet Union in 1962, because in it Shostakovich chooses to propagate the liberal thinking poems of Soviet dissident Yevgeny Yevushenko.

They include, of course, the passionate indictment of anti-Semitism and, by extension, of all racial persecution, in the poem "Babi Yar", which has given the symphony its accepted subtitle. More telling in this performance, however, was the sharp playing of the satirical scherzo, "Humour",

though the men's voices from the London Philharmonic Choir sounded unduly solemn in their responses to the solo singing of the Aage Haugland, a bass of grave dignity and tonal beauty, if not always of cutting force.

He suggested more sorrow than anger at the patient drudgery of women's lot "In the Store", which forms the symphony's Adagio, but "Fears" acquired a new and different kind of topicality. The conductor uncovered the intensity of feeling at the heart of music which speaks volumes not just in tragic awareness but in the ultimate hope of justification.

To begin the concert Peter Donohoe was the kind of pianist to redeem the musical worth of Rachmaninov's Third Concerto by keeping its easy sentiment within bounds, even if the conductor's gliding rhythm at the start almost turned the opening ideas into something oddly close to a foxtrot. Later, the music's tangibly Russian qualities were brought to the fore, during and after a grandly played cadenza, and with keenly articulated dynamics, there was much to enjoy.

Stephen Pettitt

Kuiken Quartet
Purcell Room

IF THE Kuiken Quartet is to be taken as one of the better examples of a period-style Classical string quartet — and with Sigiswald Kuiken and his brother Wieland as first violinist and cellist it should be — then that particular school still has a little way to go before it can rival its modern-instrument counterpart for technical security. Too often in this British-debut recital of Haydn and Mozart, high notes played with little vibrato were simply misplaced. Too often, too, the timbre tended more towards the scrawny than the sinewy.

Perhaps one answer might be that the quartet should invest slightly more heavily in vibrato, though of course without allowing it to attain the consistency and wideness of later performance

practice. Or perhaps the problem of insipidity might be solved by hearing the quartet in a more sympathetic, smaller room.

The pair of Mozart quartets which the Kuikens chose, K428 in E flat and K465 in C (the "Dissonance"), are both indisputably masterpieces, and their response to the dark agonies of the opening movement of the E flat work and, particularly, to its wonderful, slow movement, was clearly intensely felt. Any possibility of a willing of tension was effectively prevented here through careful phrasing and articulation. Curiously, however, such care did not always prevail, and for the finale of the "Dissonance", which contains a seemingly infinite number of repetitions of its basic idea at the original pitch, these players were unable to react with the liveliness and the humour which such a Haydn-like feature would seem to demand. It was a disappointing conclusion to a performance that had otherwise been full of character.

Paul Griffiths

LSO/Tilson Thomas
Barbican

ARTURO Benedetti Michelangeli is one of that exalted band of musicians whose performances are preceded by requests not to photograph and followed by standing ovations. What happens in between is rather less predictable, especially when Michelangeli's appearances here are so rare. And of course that very rarity makes one anticipate some driving intention behind each performance that is vouchsafed.

But what was this? Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto dispatched in as cool and clipped a style as if the composer had been Stravinsky, though with more than occasional slips. From his first entry Michelangeli was holding phrases neatly apart, resisting any dynamic continuity and offering mechanical rhythms. The tone was uniformly dry and the counterpoint banally clear. The music kept going forwards,

pressed on by Michael Tilson Thomas and the orchestra, but at the piano nothing happened.

Such a negative approach has its own fascination, and will occasionally find support in the text. At the climax of the slow movement, for instance, Beethoven gave Michelangeli the opportunity to respond to ripe, sumptuous playing from the orchestra with detached, nonchalant scales, though his disregard of Andrew Marriner's beautiful solo clarinet in the finale was almost cruel.

Passion there was in plenty, though, in Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony, where the first and third movements reached up to shocking outbursts of controlled orchestral savagery, underlined by an immensely powerful and blistering brass ensemble. The programme notes' view of the work as "clearly optimistic" could not have been more decisively countered. There was much fine playing — from the muted violins running wistful veils into the wild scherzo from the firm woodwind group, and again from Andrew Marriner in the last movement — but always the context was one of compelled brutality and sarcasm.



Survivors: Simon Cutter (David) and Trudy Weiss (Lusia)

Theatre to make the heart cheer

THEATRE
Jeremy Kingston

A Shayna Maidel
King's Head

THIS compassionate, finely measured play, by an author new to this country, deals in a remarkably original manner with the process of becoming whole. Survivors of a Jewish family, divided and largely destroyed by the Holocaust, start to rebuild their lives, as a family and as individuals.

The play is set in the spring of 1946, in a Manhattan apartment where the wallpaper is printed with a million rose buds and the table is regularly piled with food. It is a country bouncing with victory, as Barbara Lebow, the author, neatly puts it in a programme note, and a place where the scale of European suffering has yet to penetrate.

Rose Weiss, unthinkingly contented, has lived there since childhood, arriving from Poland

with her father, but leaving behind her mother and a sister too ill to travel.

While the American half of the family has prospered, the Polish half has all but vanished into the gas chambers. The mother, aunts, uncles, all are gone but the sister Lusia, has survived. Brought to America to start her life, she arrives in Rose's apartment carrying a suitcase of Red Cross clothes and a mind trembling with memories.

As the two sisters gingerly become reacquainted, the play progresses along a double course. The first few days in Manhattan are interpenetrated with memories of the past. Whenever Rose scampers from the room, usually to fetch more food or chocolate to mix with the milk, the lighting alters and the dead mother, a dead girlfriend and Lusia's husband David appear. Then the lights brighten and in comes Rose with the chocolate.

The author lessens the risk of too schematic an approach by beginning to play against expectations, and it soon becomes appar-

ent that Lusia (superbly played by Trudy Weiss) is using her memories as constructive attempts to draw past and present together. We watch her showing her dead family around the apartment, pointing out the food and the clothes her sister presses her to accept. Deliberately we are teased into wondering if David (Simon Cutter), whom she introduces to her father and sister in the play's final, infinitely touching scene, is also perhaps a survivor.

Rose (Laurel Lefkowitz) is reunited with her mother through an unexpected gift recalling her vanished childhood. In these scenes Lebow's quietly emotional dialogue shows profound psychological truth, the finest example of which occurs when Lusia and her father (John Burgess) discover their first bond in the notebooks listing missing relatives that each of them carries as a precious, terrible witness.

Exquisitely acted and given a sensitively paced production by Lisa Forrell, *A Shayna Maidel* — Yiddish for "A Pretty Girl" — is theatre to make the heart cheer.

Name for a laugh

RADIO

Martin Cropper

JAKKI Simon, another Simon, Gary, Steve, Mark, John, Nicky and Bob are the names behind the voices that daily keep Radio 2 spinning on its axis. Radio 2, equally, relies on Steve, Chris, Derek, Judith, Mavis, David, Sue, Glen, John and Ken. Populist radio's fondness for forenames that do not unduly tax the tongue or the memory is no earnest of these wavebands' content, although a Marmaduke would find it hard to get employment as a disc jockey. In *Naming Names* (Radio 4, Wednesday), Martin Wainwright foisted with the notion that names determine character and that parents ignore the store of pain they may be laying up. There are a lot of infant Kyties

in Manchester — and no doubt in the rest of the English-speaking world — and a commensurate rash of nappied Jassons. But the first wave of Jassons surely derives from fans of Jason King, aka Peter Wyngarde, just as the first wave of Samanthas and Kellys followed the wake of *High Society*.

To say that stardom and royalty begot imitation is not to say a great deal; the real question is why heroic names (for example, Cedric) decline over the generations into effeminacy, and pleasant-sounding ones (Sharon) become associated with the opposite. For those unable to come to terms with their handles, there exists a "workshop" where they can "learn to love their names".

A Party Political Broadcast by the Conservative Party (same waveband and day) consisted of a domestic two-hander: be, none-too-bright ("Pah! This poll tax has caused a to-do!"); she, reasonable and informed as she talked him through the terrible unfairness of the rates and the blindingly obvious advantages of the community charge. This was a comedy sketch without a punchline.

Beating a vivid retreat

OPERA

Hilary Finch

The Marriage of Figaro
Coliseum

THE retreat has at last been sounded for English National Opera's *Figaro*; but it is going down fighting. Only Valerie Masterson's infinitely sad and gracious Countess remains from the original cast of Jonathan Miller's 1978 production: now, Rebecca Meitlis is reviving it for the last time, with a hard working, vividly matched ensemble which has characterized this production at its best.

Lesley Garrett's, predictably, is the performance that 90 per cent of the audience will take home with them. Her Susanna breathes that fragrance of sensuous delight and sharp-tongued mischief with which the character epitomizes the

entire opera; and this before she has even uttered a note.

Caressing her half-finished bridal veil, and at the same time pricking her finger on the needle, she heralds a performance of quicksilver wit and spirit, with only just the odd pout too many. It is, indeed, so wholehearted that she accidentally breaks the fan with which she chides Figaro, and at this rate will work her way through a few more.

Steven Page's Count is no less interesting. He progresses from a pallid yet smouldering figure, strangely chilling in his bitterness, to the crescendo of rage which is his "Gia vinta la causa". This is one of his most successful roles to date, revealing a new edge of vocal character, and focusing the torment which is present in equal measure with caprice and folly in this production.

Masterson's Countess provides its obverse, and her grave "Porci amor" is beautifully sung. Her double act with Ethna Robinson's



Lesley Garrett as Susanna

sturdy Cherubino is as searching as ever. Figaro himself is cast on the peasant-duffer side: he is pleasingly if uninterestingly sung by the Australian baritone, Gregory Yurisch. Michael Lloyd's baton could not quite tame the cast's high spirits, but there was a delightful Barbarina from Rosemary Joshua. She must be a potential Susanna for ENO's new production, in two years' time.

Smutty bubbles sold to a million

TELEVISION

Sheridan Morley

DRAWING heavily on *Spinal Tap*, a brilliant tele-documentary parody of films about rock-band backstage life, *Viz the Documentary* (Channel 4) set out to tell, in the manner of *World in Action*, the story of the most eccentrically triumphant publishing phenomenon of recent times.

Viz is a scatological comic which sold 100 copies of its first issue in a Newcastle pub 10 years ago and now has a national circulation approaching a million. It consists largely of *Beano*-style drawings accompanied by bubble captions of considerable obscenity and irreverence, though as Auberon Waugh noted, probably in the end no more shocking than much of Jonathan Swift.

Because *Viz* has little editorial content outside of rude words in bubbles, the documentary makers decided to superimpose on it the conventions of the television investigation. Accordingly, small-screen celebrities such as Keith Chegwin were seen trudging across litter-strewn beaches, having had their careers apparently destroyed by *Viz* mockery, while parents and close relatives of the four editors were interviewed about the devastation caused to their family lives by the success of the comic rag.

One of its inventors turns out to have been able, in a former life as a botanist, to breed truly obscene cactus plants. Another, asked by the investigator whether he felt guilty about becoming a millionaire by peddling smut, gazed lengthily into the camera and appeared to give the question consideration and moral anguish before replying simply "No".

The programme was impressively sure of its targets, which is more than can always be said of its subject; and the solemnity of the investigative reporter, Philip Branton, was perfectly matched against the tearfully collapsing girlfriend and the lady from Bristol who regularly writes to the Queen demanding to have the whole thing stopped at once.

In the end, inevitably, *Viz the Documentary* told us more about the clichéd camera angles of investigative tele-journalism than about an organ which seems to be overtaking *Private Eye* and *Punch* as the magazine of the satirical moment, an appalling prospect for those who still think that humour might possibly have something to do with verbal dexterity. At its best, lavatorial; at its worst, disgusting; that is not a criticism of *Viz*, it is the magazine's proudest boast.

SIAN PHILLIPS * JOANNA LUMLEY
MARJORIE BLAND * NIAL BUGGY
RON COOK * CHARLOTTE CORNWELL
GREG HICKS * GWEN HUMBLE



Sound by DOMINIC MULDOWNEY * MICK HUGHES

Costume by STEPHEN BRIMSON-LEWIS

Set by HAYDEN GRIFFIN

Directed by HAROLD PINTER

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RECORDS

Life on the open road

The spirit of cult photographer Herman Leonard hangs over the video of Andy Sheppard's big band. Hand-somely lit and artfully edited, Katy Radford's production captures every last wisp of cigarette smoke as the 15-piece line-up of so-called "Rhythmic Personalities" puts together the four tracks that make up the album.

The ad hoc group, built around Sheppard's familiar sextet, went on a brief tour last November.

Radford's film, which could easily have been cut by about 20 minutes, contains the obligatory scenes of life on the road. Whether much is learnt about Sheppard's music-making is another matter. The saxophonist is notoriously self-effacing, and in the commentary he confines himself to eulogising over the abilities of his colleagues, among them Chris Biscoe, Alan Bennink and Claude Deppa. There is very little explanation about his motives in forming the big band, or his earlier experience with the orchestras of Carla Bley, George Russell and Gil Evans.

The best point of comparison is Bley's recent live album, *Fleur Carnivore*, on which Sheppard was a guest soloist. Bley, however, is a far more experienced hand

JAZZ

Clive Davis

Andy Sheppard: *Soft On The Inside* (Island Visual Arts) (b&w, 60min)
Andy Sheppard: *Soft On The Inside* (Island Visual Arts) (b&w, 60min)
Roadside Picnic: *For Mad Men Only* (Novus PD74581)
Thelonious Monk: *Genius Of Modern Music, Volumes 1&2* (Blue Note CDP7-81510/1)



Rhythmic personality: the elusive Andy Sheppard

with large-scale charts. Sheppard's arrangements are not quite up to carrying such a load on extended pieces, although his playing is as impassioned as ever.

Listeners who like their music spiced with extra helpings of adrenalin may well enjoy the grandstanding solos by some of the other musicians. Otherwise, it

is hard to see this album reaching far beyond the most committed Sheppard fans.

Roadside Picnic's second album comes with an even higher decibel rating, though it is all executed with a slickness reminiscent of Seventies progressive rock. Ostensibly inspired by *Steppenwolf* (the novel, rather than the band), the album works best as a platform for the versatile saxophonist Dave O'Higgins, a player who switches back and forth between Coltrane-style bombast, straight

bop and jazz-funk. Thelonious Monk's sessions for Blue Note still have the power to shock and surprise, even at a distance of 40 years. While bebop sessions from the period sound increasingly like museum-pieces, Monk's work grows in stature, escaping all the conventional categories. With the inclusion of alternate takes from such masterpieces as "Slop", "Four In One" and "Criss Cross", the re-issue will be of particular interest to collectors.

First-time buyers should be aware that, once again, there is even better value on offer on the budget-price *Giant Of Jazz* compact disc, *Thelonious Monk - The Composer*, a compilation which includes the best of the Blue Note output, as well as outstanding work from the Prestige years.

CLASSICAL

Paul Griffiths

Debussy: *Images, Jeux, Musiques pour Le Roi Lear* (CBSO/Rattle) (EMI CDC 7 49447 2)
Debussy: *Etudes Uchida* (Philips 422 412-2)
Debussy: *Images etc Kocsis* (Philips 422 404-2)

There was a golden age of Debussy recording in the Sixties, when Pierre Boulez showed that his predecessor's music could come out from soft focus. Now, happily, we seem to be in another, with the lessons of Boulezian clarity and intensity well learned and even extended, thanks in part to the extra edge of the compact disc.

Surely to be counted among the records of the year is Simon Rattle's account with the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra of the last two works Debussy himself orchestrated, the *Images* and *Jeux*, coupled with two tantalizing scraps from the incidental music he planned at the time of *Le Roi Lear*: a fanfare and a gently hypnotic "Sommell de Lear" (both of these were orchestrated, in fine Debussian style, by Roger-Ducasse).

Rattle has been conducting *Jeux* for some years, and one of the joys of his recording lies in his orchestra's awareness of how to place themselves in a complex, ever-changing tissue. Ideas are carried from soloist to soloist, from group to group, with a sure sense of where they are going, even if one usually ends up feeling, rightly, that the purpose has slipped out of sight around the last bend. There is also a wonderful sensation of orchestral space in this recording, with the percussion at the back capable of producing the most delicate effects (the cymbal player is a virtuoso of pianissimo) which still register.

Indeed, altogether the recording is distinguished by this combination of extreme exquisiteness with immediate presence. The score is, of course, composed in veils of sound and here rendered as such, but I have never before heard a performance which revealed so much of the detail of the stitching, nor one in which the effect, paradoxically, was always so



Marvellously, dangerously slow tempi: Rattle conducts Debussy

magical. Partly this comes from Rattle's slow speeds - marvellously, dangerously slow in music which could so easily fall apart but here never does, thanks to the intelligence spread among the players. Just as important, though, is the supreme balance which again contributes a feeling of space, so that string networks are seen through bulwarks of woodwinds, or vice versa. Remarkable, too, is Rattle's realization of what Boulez once called the "double respiration" of

some of Debussy's music, the sense that it is slow and fast at the same time, or that a long rhythm as of our movements is joined with the play of water and light.

All these qualities of sumptuousness and delicacy are again present in the *Images*, where the central slow movement, "Les Farnes de la nuit", is again marvellously slow and yet vividly detailed and immediate. Maybe even more unusual, but entirely convincing, is the performance of the subsequent "Le Matin d'un

jour de fête" as an ebullient comedy, with the awkward rhythms made to seem deliberately gauche, the instrumentation physical and robust. One must hope that Rattle and his orchestra will follow this wilyly splendid record with more Debussy.

Mitsuko Uchida's first Debussy record, austere but abundantly confined to the 12 *Etudes* that were his last works for solo piano, also leaves one hoping for successors. She, too, has nothing to do with half-lights but only with fierce exactness, and her lack of conventional elegance is sometimes disconcerting: in, for instance, the jolting, spread way she occasionally releases chords. Against that, though, this is playing in which no chord, no note is taken for granted, in which each piece becomes a journey full of newness and surprise.

In the study in sixths, for example, regions of great clarity, luminosity and spaciousness can suddenly give way to a finicky business, and the study in opposed sonorities rather similarly breathes in interplay, with rhapsodic exultation disappearing into something like distant horn calls. The contrast can equally be simultaneous, as when the grandeur of the study in octaves is presented with continuing thoughtfulness, almost as if Uchida were considering every element while putting the music together (and yet in her breathtaking account of "Four les huit Doigts" there surely is not time for that). One also finds oneself re-hearing how adventurous Debussy's harmony is, not least in the eighth and last studies, while at other times, especially in the study in fourths, Uchida's rhythmic eagerness shows us Messiaen's birdsong pieces already in embryo - or perhaps one should say in egg.

Zoltan Kocsis's Debussy recital depends on more usual resources of fluency and colour, and one is far less aware than with Uchida that everything is being generated by 10 fingers at a keyboard: the playing is at once more natural and more abstracted. It is also, to be sure, very delectable, and the choice of earlier and later pieces - the Arabesques, *D'un Cahier d'esquisses*, *L'Isle Joyeuse* and others - nicely complements the two volumes of *Images*.

JAZZ UPDATE

Sheila Jordan: *Portrait of Sheila* (Blue Note CDP7-89002) Reissued in time for the singer's latest UK appearances, the 1962 album catches her at her best, with none of the self-indulgent vocalizing that mars some of her later outings.

Poncho Sanchez: *Chile Con Soul* (Concord CXC-4406) Tito Puente joins the percussion onslaught on a versatile collection which runs from "Con Migo" to a fair stab at street funk.

ROCK UPDATE

Alannah Myles: *Alannah Myles* (Atlantic 781 958-1) Titles such as "Kick Start My Heart" say it all. With all the hoarse inflections of male heavy-metal vocalists, Myles has taken the British charts by storm.

Garth Brooks: *Garth Brooks* (Capitol CI-90897) A country twang is not detrimental to a career in country music; Brooks sounds like a second-string talent, but this is an attractive album.

Salt-N-Pepa: *Black's Magic* (Next Plateau 828164-1) Essentially a pop act, the three women in Salt-N-Pepa always manage to entertain, although their style of rap is dated and unadventurous.

Stevie Nicks: *Colorcode* (Island ILPS9933) The latest group to follow the fashion of multi-racial rock. Inevitably, the music invites comparison with Jimi Hendrix, but Nicks and his trio rarely manage to rise above their slick and superficial appeal.

A-Z GUIDE TO ROCK

Part 28 of David Sinclair's collectors' A-Z, a guide to the essential albums of the most enduring performers of rock. To qualify for inclusion in this series, an act

must have sustained a recording career of at least 10 years, and have mastered at least one decent album during that time. The entries are designed to be pasted

on to index cards and stored in a 6in by 4in filing box, available from most good stationery shops, to form an instant guide to the hits and misses of rock history.

JETHRO TULL

Principally a vehicle for the ideas and antics of Ian Anderson, Jethro Tull has been so persistently reviled by the arbiters of British rock that it must be hard for anyone who came to popular music later than the mid-Seventies to comprehend how the idea of a grizzled, bug-eyed young man in a dirty overcoat, grunting and tooting odd phrases on a flute, could once have been considered a revelation.

Yet the band's debut album, *This Was* (1968), was exactly that: injecting a dose of jazz - notably Roland Kirk's "Doe To A Cuckoo" - into the veins of the blues-rock style that was fashionable at the time, and introducing the sound of the flute to rock 'n' roll. As well as enjoying their Top 10 hits within eight months - "Living in the Past", "Sweet Dream" and "Witches Promise" - collected on *Original Masters* in 1985 - Tull topped the chart in 1989 with *Stand Up*, an album of unmitigated excellence. Despite the colossal success which followed, especially in America, it was downhill from that point on.

NEXT WEEK: Elton John, B. B. King



Appeal: Billy Joel

BILLY JOEL

Some of Billy Joel's peculiar appeal is that he has never decided what to do with the embarrassing amount of talent at his disposal. Like a bee that wants to pollinate every flower in the field, part of him likes to bend his classical piano training in the service of heavy, techno-flash rock; another part likes to pretend that he is Ray Charles; and yet another that he is a purveyor of straightforward, high-class pop like his biggest UK "Uptown Girl" - "Incor-uptible" along with "Tell Her About It", on *An Innocent Man* (1983).

His problem is in convincing people like the *Rolling Stone* critic who described him as "a vaudevillian piano man and mimic" that he has something genuine to say. Perhaps he comes closest to doing so on *The Stranger* (1977) which, as well as the million-selling "Just the Way You Are", boasts material such as "Scenes From An Italian Restaurant", "She's Always A Woman" and the title track, which touches the lodestone of a deeper level of inspiration.

The partnership between Peter Schreier and Andras Schiff, carefully nurtured in recitals and by festivals like the Hohenems Schubertiade, has now taken to disc, and with predictably stimulating results. Schreier, with his platinum-tipped tenor and discreetly literate approach to Lieder, and Schiff, with his own sentient and luminous way with Schubert's solo piano music, make this collection of Schubert's swansongs uniquely revelatory.

For the gentle, outdoor settings of the poet Relistat, they bring to the surface the nuances of movement which are the lifeblood of these songs: the whispering breezes, murmuring streams and shimmering light written into the music of pieces like "Liebesbotschaft" and "Frühlingssehnsucht". In Schiff's hands (and on his sweet-voiced Bösendorfer), "Ständchen" becomes a true serenade, matched by a vocal panache

Night birds

Schubert: *Schwanengesang* Schreier/Schiff (Decca 425 612-2)
Schubert: *Hyperion Edition Vol 6* Rolf Johnson/Johnson (Hyperion CDJ33008)

on Schreier's behalf to which this song is too seldom treated.

When it comes to the darker, more bitter Heine settings, Schreier hones the distinctive blade in his voice against the properly bass-weighted accompaniments of Schiff. "Der Doppelgänger", for instance, with its abyss of psychological fear, is not the easiest choice for a tenor: Schiff compensates for any lack of darker timbre or weight, while Schreier pierces its closing lines with a cry of pain which has already been

borne in the lacerating self-recognition of the "eig'ne Gestalt".

More delight in the quality of movement itself ripples out of Schiff's accompaniment to "Der Wanderer an der Mond", a song omitted by Anthony Rolf Johnson in his disc of nocturnal Schubert. The decision was made, perhaps, on the assumption that the song is more about wandering than about the moon; and, anyway, Johnson and Johnson are more intent on uncovering what lurks in the Schubertian shadows in this, the sixth volume of Hyperion's fine Schubert Edition.

All the hallmarks of the series, due for completion in 1997, are there: the conscientious yet vividly readable commentaries, the 'elighted discoveries, the satisfy-

ing programming. Rolf Johnson's mellifluous, indigo-bloomed tenor calls only once or twice when a rather self-conscious, glistening legato creeps into a song like "Der Knabe in der Wiege". Elsewhere, a searching and unassuming cantabile line stands up to even the simplicity of the searching first version of "Abends unter der Linde", or the minute, ever-changing lines and patterings of "Des Fischers Liebesglück".

The rarities, which are so much the joy of this series, include all three possible sections of Schubert's Ossian setting, "Die Nacht", with its less inspired "Chieftan" continuation and its originally published pendant, the "Jagdlied". Both here, and in the final "Zur Guten Nacht", a small male-voice choir unexpectedly appears: exactly what they are up to, I shall leave you to discover for yourself.

Hilary Finch

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E V E R G R E E N B A R C H E S T E R P A S T O R
N R O L T C A R N
I N S P I R E S T E A M S H I P D I S P A R A G E
N C S T T A E L I S U G S
A P A N A G E A D M I N I S T E R S E N C H A N T
B L I S L A T T U T S A I N
O V E R L Y I N G G L E A N E R A S S U R A N C E
A N L A I I A U O F O I S S
T H E R E S N O A C C O U N T I N G F O R T A S T E S

Here is the solution to the Easter Jumbo crossword published on Saturday April 14. The five winners, who each receive a prize of £50, are Kathryn de Belle, of Tintern Court Tintern Avenue, Manchester; George Estcourt, Friend Street, east London; J.P. Hendry, Hall Farm Close, Stockfield, Northumberland; J. Batsford, Mead Way, Coulsdon, Surrey; and A.J.W. Ritchie, Verland Green Cottage, Baltonsborough, Glastonbury, Somerset. A new Bank Holiday Jumbo crossword appears today on page 42

WORD-WATCHING

SPHRAGISTIC

(a) Relating to seals or signet rings, and the science of their study, from the Greek *sphragis* a seal: "His untrained knowledge of sphragistic archaeology."

HORST

(c) A block of the earth's crust that has remained in position while the ground around it has either subsided or been folded into

mountains by pressure against its solid sides, from the German *Horst* a heap or lump: "Horst range in size and width from a few inches to many miles."

RHOPALIC

(c) A verse having each word a syllable longer than the one before, from the Greek *rhopalon* a club, growing thicker towards the end, e.g. Ausonius: "Spes Deus aeternae stationis conciliator."

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE WORLD? GLASGOW'S GETTING HOTTER THAN NEW ORLEANS.

Hotter than New Orleans. Hotter than New York. Hotter than Europe. No wonder. Between June 29th and July 8th, jazz musicians like Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis and BB King will be playing in Glasgow as part of its 4th annual International Jazz Festival. And with a line-up covering all styles of jazz from blues to jazz-funk, from Dixieland to bebop, it's enough to get any fan's temperature soaring. So act now, send off the coupon for details of Jazz Festival events and places to stay.

THESE A LOT GLASGOWING 29 IN 1990. Name: Address: Postcode: TOS06

WOLFE

A

HOL

THE SEASIDE SERVICE FOR KOL KEEPERS

Contact Peter Skinner (0622) 743413

EUCALYPTUS

FRUIT CAGES

MOLES

WALK

Francesca Greenoak visits an exhibition tracing the history of the capital's gardens

We cut everything but the service

The diagram illustrates a two-stage process. Stage 1 is a box with an input x and an output y . Stage 2 is a box with an input y and an output z . The output of Stage 1 is connected to the input of Stage 2.

BANK HOLIDAY EVENTS

The weather forecasters have promised a sunny weekend, and Judy Froshaug has selected some of the best outdoor events around the country

OUTINGS

MAY DAY IN THE CITY: Wandering minstrels, medieval song and dance, jugglers, jesters and stilt walkers at the Barbican. In nearby St Giles' Church, Friar Tuck — alias Rev David Rhodes — and his men with traditional entertainments, a medieval fair for local charities, a maypole dance and ox roast. Barbican Centre and St Giles' Church, Cripplegate, London EC1. Mon, Barbican, 12.30-7pm, free. St Giles', noon to 5pm, £2, free if in medieval dress.

MODEL AIRCRAFT RALLY: Enthusiasts compete and display in the park. Holker Hall and Gardens, Cark in Cumbria, Grange-over-Sands, Cumbria, Tomorrow, Mon, 10.30am-6pm. Adult £2.50, child £1.20, reduced rates if it rains.

SOLIHULL ARTS FESTIVAL: Week-long festival begins today with fireworks display in Tudor Grange Park at 10pm. Free. Teddy bears' picnic tomorrow in Castle Bromwich Hall Gardens, from 3pm — family ticket for four £5, individual tickets £2. On Monday afternoon at the 12th century Temple Balsall, early music and dance, period food, traditional craft fair and demonstrations, free. Solihull, West Midlands. Today to May 13. Further information and booking for other events: Festival Box-office, Solihull Central Library (021 704 6962).

SHUTTLEWORTH'S AIRBORNE PAGEANT: Marks both the fortieth anniversary of the entry of the DHCI Chipmunk into military service and the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Britain. Some of the great aeroplanes from the collection will be flying. Old Warden Aerodrome, near Biggleswade, Bedfordshire. Tomorrow. Gates open 10am, display from 2pm. Car plus up to four passengers £10, car plus one passenger £8, car plus driver £5. Adult £3, child £2.

GAWTHORPE MAYPOLE MAY DAY PROCESSION: A band, May queen and attendants on horseback, plus floats, wagons and maypole dancing. Gawthorpe, Osselt, West Yorkshire. Today from 2.45pm. Free.

MAD JACK'S MORRIS TRADITIONAL JACK IN THE GREEN CELEBRATIONS: Thirty or more teams of morris dancers. Jack in the Green procession, Mon. Hastings, East Sussex. Today, tomorrow from noon; Mon from 10am.

INLAND WATERWAYS ASSOCIATION CANALWAY CALVADE: Annual event popular with all who enjoy canal and river life. Little Venice, Regent's Canal, Maidenhead, London W9. Today, tomorrow, Mon, 10am-6pm. Free.

LEEDS CASTLE COUNTRY FAIR: Showcase for rural pursuits with many craftsmen from the South East giving demonstrations. Licensed refreshments. Leeds Castle, near Maidstone, Kent. Today, tomorrow, Mon, 11am-5pm. Admission to fair and country park: adult £3.70, child £2.70, family ticket (two adults, two children) £11. Admission to castle an additional £1.50.

STEAM AT THE DOCKYARD: Traction and stationary engines, vintage motor bikes and paddlesteamer trips. The Historic Dockyard, Chatham, Kent. Tomorrow, Mon, 10am-6pm. Adult £4.50, child £2.50, family ticket £10. Admission includes a second visit to the dockyard.

SPALDING FLOWER PARADE: Now in its 32nd year, with a procession of 17 floats and 12 marching bands over 4½-mile route through the town. Later, a static display of floats and crafts and country fair at Springfield Horticultural Society. Spalding, Lincolnshire (further information 0775 724843). Parade today from 2pm, country fair today, tomorrow, Mon, £2.50.

FEAST OF FOOLS: Clowns, jesters, tumblers, jugglers and wandering minstrels invited to a Day of Mischief and Unreason to find Britain's greatest fool. The winner will receive £500. Those wishing to participate should contact Will Somers, Royal Britain, Aldersgate Street, London EC1 (071-588 0588). Tomorrow. Entertainment for all from 10am, feast and competition from 12.30pm. Fools in costume free. Adult £3.95, child £2.50, family ticket (2 adults, up to 4 children) £10.

KIDDIES DAY: Steam events for children with Embassy's "happy tank engines" and other entertainers, plus a small present for every child. Embay Steam Railway, Embay, near Skipton, North Yorkshire. Mon, 10.30am-4.15pm. £2.

COUNTRYSIDE AND CRAFTS COME TO TOWN: More than 150 stalls plus demonstrations of sculpture, broom-making and cane work. Also a large conservation fair, an opportunity to see wildlife, farm animals, take part in river dipping and other games. Also pony rides and guided walks with the National Trust head warden. Refreshments. Morden Hall Park, Morden, near Wimbledon, south London. Today, tomorrow, Mon, 10am-6pm. Adult £2, child £1. Free parking.



Dance yourself dizzy: the traditional maypole is the focal point of many of the bank holiday events

PORTSMOUTH HEAVY HORSE PARADE: Impressive line-up of the gentle giants in splendid turnout, including shires, Clydesdales, Percherons, Suffolk punches. Castle field arena and seatfront, Southsea, Hampshire. Mon, 12.30pm. Free.

ANIMAL ANTICS: Sponsored walk in aid of National Pet Week plus a pet and dog show. Sir George Staunton Country Park, Middle Park Way, Leigh Park, Havant, Hampshire. Mon, 11am-5pm. Adult £1, child 50p.

TATTON MAY FAIR: Traditional celebrations with maypole, dancing, games, children's fun-fair, side shows and craft stalls. Tatton Park, Knutsford, Cheshire. Tomorrow, Mon, 11.30am-5.30pm. Adult £1.50, child 50p.

JEDBURGH AND DISTRICT RIDING CLUB ANNUAL HORSESHOW: Riders of all ages taking part. Side shows and refreshments. Monteviot, Ancrum, Jedburgh. Tomorrow, 9.30am-5pm.

HISTORIC MILITARY VEHICLE DISPLAY: Some of the best vehicles from the museum's collection will be driven for viewing. Museum of Army Transport, Flomington, Beverley, Humberside. Mon, parades at 11.30am and 3pm. Adult £2.50, child £1.30.

THE GREAT GREEN WEEKEND: Cheshire conservation fair on the Mill Meadow with more than 60 stalls, including Friends of the Earth and Greenpeace. Brass band, Morris dancing, home-made food, real ales and organic wines. Quarry Bank Mills, Styal, near Wilmslow, Cheshire. Today, tomorrow, Mon, 11am-5pm. Adult 50p, child 25p.

MAY BANK HOLIDAY AT DIDCOT: Connoisseurs weekend — bring your railway relics for display. Also steamings and guided tours at noon and 2.30pm. Didcot Railway Centre, Didcot, Oxfordshire. Tomorrow, Mon, 11am-5pm. Adult £3.50, child £2.30.

CRAFT WEEKEND: Exhibition and sale of work by Guild of Sussex craftsmen, including blacksmiths, potters, cabinet makers and silversmiths. Refreshments. The Weald and Downland Open Air Museum, Singleton, Chichester, Sussex. Today, tomorrow, Mon, 11am-5pm. Adult £2.80, child £1.25.

JOUSTING AT CHILHAM: Max Diamond's spectacular jousting tournament. Chilham Castle, near Canterbury, Kent. Tomorrow, Mon. Grounds open 11am, tournament begins 2pm. Adult £4.50, child £2.

MOLE VALLEY SHOW: Large country show with old-time fair. The Leisure Centre, Leatherhead, Surrey. Mon, 10am-5pm. £5 per car including occupants, pedestrians £1, under fives free.

MILTON KEYNES GARDEN SHOW: Weatherman Michael Fish opens the three-day show. Plants, shrubs, tools, equipment and furniture. Seminar programme with individual experts. Milton Keynes Bowl, Milton Keynes, Buckinghamshire. Today, tomorrow, Mon, 10am-5pm. Adult £2, child £1, family ticket (2 adults, 2 children) £5. Free shuttle bus from Milton Keynes shopping centre and bus station.

MAY DAY AT MANOR FARM: A procession at 1.45pm from the park down the lane to the farm with the May queen, maypole, Morris and country dancers. Crowning at 2pm. Manor Farm, Upper Hamble Country Park, Bursledon, Hampshire. Mon, 10am-5.30pm. Adult £1.50, child 80p, car park £1.

ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON: As the restoration draws to a close, this extraordinary building reveals its full glory. Marvel at the richness of the "oriental" interiors; be dazzled by the bold colour and glittering surfaces. Today to Mon, 10am-5pm. Adult £2.80, pensioner £2, child £1.40. Family ticket £7.

PENSHURST PLACE, KENT: The 14th century great hall, with its massive timber roof, is a breathtaking sight. Jacobean interiors with sumptuous furnishings and fine portraits, and delightful gardens. Today to Mon, 1-5pm (grounds from 12.30pm). Adult £3.25, pensioner £2.75, child £1.60. Craft fair on Mon.

BRYMPTON D'EVERCY, NEAR YEOVIL, SOMERSET: The gardens have just won a Garden of the Year award. The house has been attracting plaques for many years. An exquisite building in golden Ham Hill stone, its rich history goes back to pre-Tudor times. Today to Mon, 2-6pm.

WILTON HOUSE, NEAR SALISBURY: One of the great stately homes of England: the double cube and single cube rooms, with their Van Dyck portraits and Chippendale and Kent furniture, are justly famous. Today and Mon, 11am-6pm, tomorrow, 1-6pm. Adult £3.80, pensioner £3.20, child £2.80. Craft fair on Mon.

HARDWICK HALL, NEAR CHESTERFIELD, DERBYSHIRE: Elizabethan building at its most uncompromising. Bess of Hardwick's great house presents its vast mullioned windows like walls of glass. Inside and out one is left in no doubt about Bess's wealth and self-esteem. The tapestry-hung stairs and state rooms are overwhelming. Today to Mon, 1-5pm. Adult £4.30, child £2.20.

BURTON CONSTABLE, NEAR HULL: A house full of surprises, concealing lavishly 18th century interiors behind a lead brick Elizabethan facade. The extraordinary Chinese room echoes the Royal Pavilion, and there is a unique collection of 18th century scientific instruments. Tomorrow and Mon, 1-5pm. Closed Saturday. Adult £2.50, pensioner £2, child £1.20. Collectors' fair on Mon.

GARDENS

DORSET: Deans Court Garden, Wimborne (central Wimborne off B3073). Thirteen acres, parkland, walled vegetable garden, wild garden, specimen trees. Meet the owner, plant sale of organically grown herbs. Tomorrow, 2-6pm; Mon, 10am-6pm. NCCPG.

KENT: Crittenden House, Matfield, near Tonbridge (5m SE of Tonbridge). Spring shrubs, bulbs, perennials and water-side planting. Tomorrow, 2-6pm. NCCPG/National Gardens Scheme.

YORKSHIRE: Newby Hall, Ripon (4m SE of Ripon on B6265). Forty acres of rare and beautiful plants, national collection of dogwoods. Meet the owner, plant sale. Today, 11.30am. NCCPG.

NORFOLK: The Garden in an Orchard, Wyke House, Mill Road, Bergh Apton, Norwich. Uncommon plants in 3¼-acre garden. Plant sale. Tomorrow, 2-5.30pm.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE: Turn End Garden, Turn End, Towns, Haddenham, Aylesbury (3m NE of Thame, take second right on the A418 to Haddenham). Chambered walled garden with variety of plants. Plant sale. Tomorrow, 2-6pm. NCCPG/National Gardens Scheme.

STRATHCLYDE: Greenbank Garden, Glasgow (Flanders Road, off Meams Road; 6m S of Glasgow centre). Ornamental shrubs, range of plants, woodland walk. Garden walk with head gardener, today, 2pm; propagation workshop in coach house, tomorrow, 2-4pm.

CORNWALL: Poldowan, Coverack (sign for Helston-St Keweenaw Road, B3293). Woodland walled garden along unspoilt coast. Teas. Tomorrow, 2-5pm. Adult £1, child 25p.

EXHIBITIONS

HISTORY LIVES: Iron Age homes come alive with help of Celtic Living History Society. Children Open Air Museum, Newland Park, Chalfont St Giles, Buckinghamshire. Tomorrow, Mon, 2-6pm. Adult £2, pensioner and child £1.50.

MAY DAY FAIR: Traditional festival of crafts, sports and pastimes culminating in maypole raising ceremony. Mon, 10am-7pm. Adult £3, pensioner £2.25, under 16s £1.50.

RUSSIAN ROMANTIC: Robin Zelazka, concert pianist, performs work by the Russian romantics as part of the current revival of great music at Apsley House. Russian ambassador attends. Apsley House, Wellington Museum, 149 Piccadilly, London W1. Tour of the house, 7pm concert 8pm. Tickets (including wine, canapés and tour) £25.

POSTAL PACKETS: Army postal service history from 1795. National Army Museum, Royal Hospital Road, Chelsea, London SW3. Mon-Sat, 10am-5.30pm; Sun, 2-5.30pm. Admission and parking free. Until Sept 9.

The Times Prize Jumbo Crossword

Concise Jumbo

There are no prizes for this crossword. The solution will appear on Monday

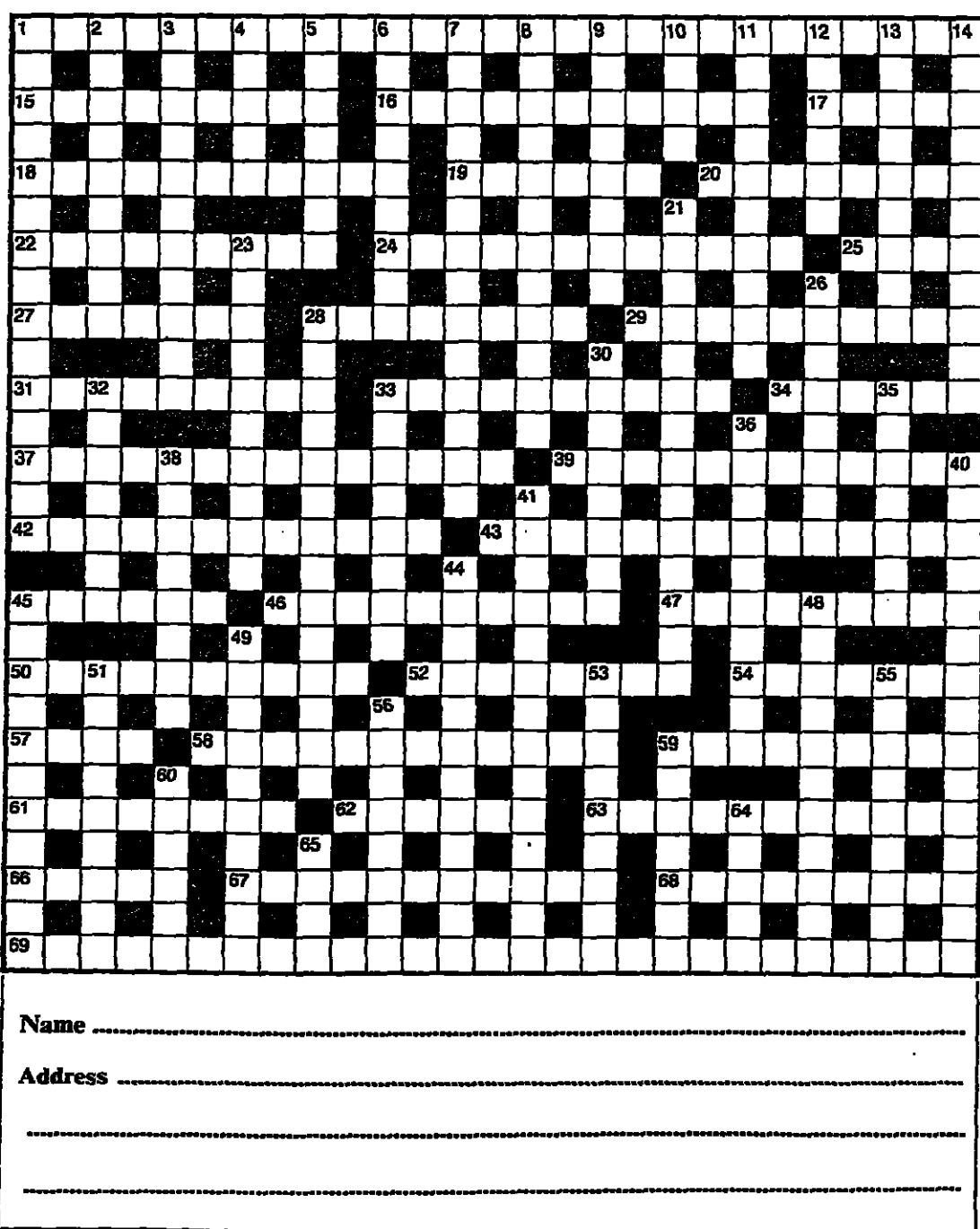
ACROSS

- 1 An easy solution for crossword, so to speak? (1,4,6,7,4,5)
- 15 Officer giving another order to rearrest union leader (9)
- 16 New doctrines? I'm converted (11)
- 17 Surplus sometimes necessitating further delivery (5)
- 18 Jumble sale I held in allotment — that's an achievement (11)
- 19 Start firing again as part of army barrage (6)
- 20 Candidate making minimal change to country, in a way (8)
- 22 Standard of French kept up by staff (9)
- 24 Old hat no longer having any shape (3,2,7)
- 25 Close call for barman, not waiter (4)
- 27 With preserve, stopped having added sugar (7)
- 28 See a trio, perhaps, among classical plays (8)
- 29 Peace seldom can be arranged without a philosopher (10)
- 31 Blame within sect mainly attached to head (9)
- 33 Reviewed amount, incensed about increase (10)
- 34 Colonies collectively run by workers (6)
- 37 Reckoning flow, initially, is something bank can handle (7,7)
- 39 Two sorts of seaman fit for trader (12)
- 42 In other words, who goes from France fast, appearing in English city? (12)
- 43 Cavalry training school? (7,7)
- 45 Confront in French port, say (6)
- 46 Man of letters? One disturbed Belshazzar (4,6)
- 47 Like 29's theory, conclusions of one classical sage and intellectual (9)
- 50 Pines for sticky sweets following slow delivery (10)
- 52 Authorize to make revisions after African capital's cut (8)
- 54 Just men and colly birds, for example (7)
- 57 Disraeli, for example, giving attention to Liberal (4)
- 58 Stopped deductions in reorganization (12)
- 59 Black oil, dispersed after storm, ruined island (9)
- 61 It's obvious insect's tucked into this fruit (8)
- 62 Check jolly poem's included (6)
- 63 This might contain fellow leading 'er on with gin cocktail (11)
- 66 Giant stars (5)
- 67 Change of mind's recent, showing acumen (11)
- 68 Engineer built with care to reduce friction (9)
- 69 Saw contrasting fortunes in property transfers (7,7,6,7)

DOWN

- 1 Right in the middle of a new plan, set Southern Region's line (9,6)
- 2 Work in theatre, with speech holding extended play up (9)
- 3 Character in dispute's Timon — I allocated part (11)
- 4 Girl's substandard article (5)
- 5 Possibly a knight, king and queen I put in a row, oddly (7)
- 6 Location of prominent bridge in place on the Tiber (3,4)
- 7 Lack of stress, say, in subordinate workers? That's ending (14)
- 8 Moor, for example, using different anchor in raft (5,7)
- 9 How to adjust sails on a dashed vessel (8)
- 10 Wine most pleasing to palate in test (4)
- 11 Charged with crime, pig thief's brought in as usual (10)
- 12 It can bring Western wheat centre harm (6)
- 13 Wind up in certain case, referring to statistics (9)
- 14 Male without sophistication? In a way that's cruel (11)
- 21 Agree to arrange house initially for musical entertainment (7,7)
- 23 Lord Cobham taking in one part of Spain (3,7)
- 26 What Guy decided to start with his plot — a revolution (8)
- 28 Excessive trust concerning one criminal I'd found in another (14)
- 30 It may be used to suppress a report (8)
- 32 Event that includes our getting tipsy? (7)
- 33 Yard away from force's old HQ in country (8)
- 35 Surrounding bat with men I replaced (7)
- 36 Bishop, for example, set over one city or another (10)
- 38 Imagine endless sin is fashionable? Nothing in it! (8)
- 40 Eternal trio of saints given, perhaps, such immortality (15)
- 41 See clanger or bloomer (10,4)
- 44 Pro involved with intricate treatment? (12)
- 45 Giving protection, in a way, round demonstration (6-5)
- 48 No longer time for musicians to get up and play by ear (11)
- 49 Basic idea learner recollected, in general (10)
- 51 Uncivilized rugby player (9)
- 53 Assigns to put sour editor up (9)
- 55 Detest having a deadly weapon among crew, we hear (9)
- 56 Providing joint coverage? Retain what's required in it (4,4)
- 59 Principal editor ultimately means to join papers (7)
- 60 Climber's position in complicated ascent (6)
- 61 Man put out when jogging (5)
- 65 Man, for example, Carl despatched from city (4)

Prizes of £50 will be given for the first five correct solutions opened on Monday, May 21. Entries should be sent to The Times May Jumbo Crossword Competition, The Times, 1 Pennington Street, London, E1 9XN. The winners and solution will be published on Saturday, May 26.



SOLUTION TO CONCISE NO 2169 (yesterday's concise crossword)

ACROSS: 8 Mazurka 9 Opera 10 Sol 11 Press gang 12 Scare 14 Angelus 17 Arcadia 19 Navel 22 Expedient 24 Cog 25 Greek 26 Archive
DOWN: 1 Amuses 2 Azalea 3 Drip feed 4 Cape Canaveral 5 Toss 6 Bewail 7 Hagis 13 Car 15 Genetics 16 Use 17 Avenue 18 Copper 20 Victim 21 Luger 23 Duke

SOLUTION CONCISE NO 2164 (last Saturday's prize concise)

ACROSS: 1 Oncost 4 Asia 7 Sag 9 Crew cut 10 Abuts 11 Passion Flower 12 Righteous 16 Seismographer 19 Robin 20 Idiomatic 21 Ken 22 Yawn 23 Skills
DOWN: 1 Occupy 2 Cross 3 Sacking 5 Squawks 6 Assert 7 Stand to gain 8 Gaol 12 Rainbow 13 Odalisque 14 Osprey 15 Cracks 17 Mink 18 Hotel

The solution to the Easter Jumbo crossword competition and the names of the five winners are published on page 40. Readers might like to know that another £250 prize Jumbo crossword will be published on Saturday May 26.

The winners of last Saturday's prize concise No 2164 are Mrs V.E. McCappin, Ballynahinch Road, Carryduff, Belfast; and David Barron, Tile Cottage, Stibbington Green, Dunmow, Essex.

THE WEEK IN PREVIEW

GALLERIES

JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER (1834-1903): Water-colours, drawings, etchings and lithographs, featuring impressions of some of the American artist's more famous prints. Ewan Mundy Fine Art, Glasgow (041 331 2406). From Tues.

THE PURSUIT OF THE REAL: British figurative painting from Sickert to Bacon, taking in most of the best recent British artists, including Spencer and Kossel. Barbican Art Gallery, London EC2 (071-638 4141). From Thurs.

SIR MATTHEW SMITH (1873-1959): Richly colourful and fluent paintings by an artist inexplicably neglected in anthologies and group exhibitions of British art. Crane Kalman Gallery, London SW3 (071-584 7566). From Fri.

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY: A retrospective of mysterious narrative paintings and drawings by Patrick Hayman (1915-1988). Camden Arts Centre, London NW3 (071-535 2643). From Wed.

FOLLY AND VICE: The art of satire in paintings and drawings from Hogarth to Grosz and Daumier. Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery (021 235 2834). From Sat May 12.

TRANSFORMATION - THE LEGACY OF AUTHORITY: Recent works by 21 Soviet painters showing how artists have exploited new freedoms in the period after Socialist Realism. The Minorities Art Gallery, Colchester (0206 577067). From Fri.

CABARET



Les and Robert (Tony Haase and Robin Driscoll, above) are two mismatched characters whose friendship has developed for reasons of circumstance and history rather than because they have anything else in common. They were brought up together in the small south-coast town of Lancing (which, coincidentally or not, is the place where Haase and Driscoll, of the theatre troupe Cliffhanger, met and grew up). Funny, tragic and desperately poignant, the two are jocular and upbeat about their memories, while allowing the audience to read between the lines and see that they are in fact a pair of life's failures. Pathos is one of the most incredibly difficult ingredients in comedy to get right; here it is beautifully underplayed so that in the very few moments where it is used, the effect is all the more powerful. One is stopped in the middle of laughter to consider the abject monotony of their lives, friendship and lack of success. I have not always been a Cliffhanger fan, but watching these two Cliffhanger stalwarts demonstrated that the long years of working and improvising together have paid off handsomely. Old Ship Hotel, Brighton, Thurs (Brighton Festival box-office 0273 674357, cc 0273 676147) Carol Sarler

CLARICE TAYLOR - MOMS AND HER LADIES: Clarice Taylor - Bill Cosby's mother in *The Cosby Show* - pursues the love of her life: her award-winning tribute to Mommie Dearest, the pioneering black American comedienne, Hattie McDaniel. Empire, London E8 (081-985 2424). Mon-Sat May 12.

SCREAMING BLUE MURDER: Dithering cop Ivor Dembling enjoys a performer's spot. Sharing the bill are Sean Lock and The Crisis Twins. The White Lion, London SW16 (081-547 3459). Mon.

CONCERTS

MICHELANGELO: The great pianist Arturo Benedetti Michelangelo solos in Beethoven's Concerto No 3 with the LSO under Michael Tilson Thomas. Also playing here in a solo recital, Thurs. Barbican Centre, London EC2 (071-638 8891). Tomorrow.

FROM GALANTA: Eliahu Inbal conducts The Philharmonia in Kodaly's *Dances from Galanta* and the 1947 version of Stravinsky's *Petrushka*. In between, Misako Uchida solos in Bartok's dense, difficult Piano Concerto No 1. Festival Hall, London SE1 (071-928 8800). Tues.

SARASATE'S ZAPATEADO: Unusual programme from Leland Chen, winner of the Yehudi Menuhin International Violin Competition. Besides Sarasate's *Zapateado* he offers "The Devil's Trill" Sonata by Tartinì, Enesco's Sonata No 3 "In the Romanian Gypsy Style", Heifetz's transcription of Gershwin's *Preludes* and a Brahms sonata. Wigmore Hall, London W1 (071-935 2141). Wed.

WALTON PREMIERE: Sir Neville Martinson conducts the Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields in a concert performance of Walton's music for Olivier's film of *Henry V*. Festival Hall (as above). Fri.

RUSSIAN ROMANCE: Pianist Robin Zebada performs works by Russian Romantic composers. Apsley House, The Wellington Museum, London W1 (071-370 6769/071-499 5676). Sat May 12.

PHOTOGRAPHY

19TH AND 20TH CENTURY PHOTOGRAPHS: A quite remarkable and part unpublished collection of photographs by the 19th-century documentary photographer, Thomas Annan, of Glasgow's slums, comes up for sale this Fri, and can be viewed for three days. The Glasgow Improvement Trust commissioned the Scottish photographer to record the slums of Glasgow and other landmarks. The results were published in 1868 and again in 1900. Also on show: Julia Margaret Cameron's quixotic portrait of Sir John Herschel, 1867; Robert Howland's portrait of Burnell standing before the massive chains of the *Great Eastern*, and several Man Ray portraits. Christie's, London SW7 (071-581 3679). Viewing Tues, Wed, Thurs.

FEMMES DE MIES AUTREFOIS ET DE MAINTENANT: Eight decades of photographs from the late Jacques-Henri Lartigue. Women subjects include his lover, Florette, and actress Mistinguette. Institut Français d'Ecosse, Edinburgh (031 225 5366). From Thurs.

PETER CATTRELL - DIVISIONS AND PLANES: Glasgow-born landscape photographer. Portfolio Gallery, Edinburgh (031 220 1911). From Wed.

DANCE

TURNING WORLD: International Dance season with Joachim Schöner's new *Joseph Company* Mon, Tues; Wim Vandekeybus's *Bringers of Bad News* Thurs, Fri. The Place, London WC1 (071-387 0031).

GLASGOW MAYFEST: Three more visiting companies - Ralph Lemon (USA) Wed, and Michele Anne de Mey (Belgium) Fri, both at Mitchell Theatre; Angelica Oel (Netherlands) Thurs, at Third Eye Centre. (All tickets 041 227 5511).

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET: Season at Sadler's Wells (071-278 8816) ends today. Then touring with *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Mon-Thurs), *Paradise*, *The Dream and Flowers of the Forest* Fri and Sat May 12. Congress Theatre, Eastbourne (0232 412000).

ENGLISH NATIONAL BALLET: Two great romantic works: *Oregon* today at Alhambra Bradford (0274 75290); *Romeo and Juliet* Mon-Sat May 12 at Mayflower, Southampton (0703 229771).

GEORGIAN STATE DANCERS: War-like men, serene women. Dominion Theatre, London W1 (071-580 8845). Until Sat May 12.

ROYAL BALLET: Sylvie Guillem and Laurant Hilaire in Robbins's *Other Dances*, with MacMillan's *Gloria*, Binyon's *Galante* and Page's *Pursuit*. Covent Garden (071-240 1066). Wed.



Changing fortunes: Peter Barkworth rehearses with Felicity Kendal in Simon Gray's latest play

A new Simon Gray play, *Hidden Laughter*, directed by the author, has its premiere next week as part of the Brighton Festival. Starring Felicity Kendal and Peter Barkworth, Richard Vernon and Kevin McNally, it is set in a country cottage, a family weekend retreat. The action covers the family's changing fortunes over a 13-year period. After visiting Guildford for two weeks, the play comes to the Vaudeville Theatre in London in June. Felicity Kendal said of the production this week: "Rehearsals are my favourite time with a play. It is hard work, but you learn new things every day and that is invigorating. Best of all is that everything else in my life stops and I can concentrate totally on the work. Rather unusually, I have not previously worked with anyone else in the company except one, Richard Vernon. Not only is this the first time I have worked with Simon Gray or in one of his plays, but this is also the first time I have had a playwright directing me in his own work. That is quite an eye-opener, and a luxury. I think I'm sorry if I am not being very specific, but I do so hate it when I read

ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR: Ayckbourn directs his comedy of middle-class Christmas. Whitehall, Whitehall, London SW1 (071-857 1119). Previews from Tues, opens May 15.

DESIRE: New David Lan play directed by Andrei Serban. Almeida, London N1 (071-359 4404). Previews from Thurs, opens May 14.

CINEMA

PRETTY WOMAN (15): A gawky prostitute (Julia Roberts) softens the crust of a ruthless businessman (Richard Gere). Shamelessly old-fashioned romantic comedy with a touch of spice. Director, Garry Marshall. Warner West End, London WC2 (071-439 0791). From Fri.

POWOW HIGHWAY (15): Adventures of two American Indians on a cross-country journey. Hugely diverting and sympathetic; with A Martinez, Gary Farmer. Director, Jonathan Wacks. Electric, London W11 (071-792-2020). From Fri.

LEVATHAN (18): Cliché-logged underwater thriller about scientists on the ocean floor under attack from genetic transformation. With Peter Weller, Richard Crenna; director, George Pan Cosmatos. Odeon Marble Arch, London W1 (071-723 2011). From Fri.

JOHNNY HANDSOME (15): Harsh action fodder, starring Mickey Rourke as a disgraced criminal who plans a double-cross following plastic surgery. With Ellen Barkin; director, Walter Hill. Prince Charles, London WC2 (071-437 8181). From Fri.

A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 5 (18): Robert Englund's vengeful monster tirelessly preying on yet more children. Polished special effects, but a rickety narrative. Cannon Haymarket, London W1 (071-839 1527). From Fri.

actors saying how wonderful it is to be working with so-and-so and how marvelous the new play is... I actually feel quite guarded about any new piece, so perhaps I had better tell you I absolutely hate Simon Gray, or, better, that I love him and we are having an affair. You can be the first to print with that! I can tell you that for me the important draw about any new play is not the subject but the way it is written; I would gladly be in a play about a football team if it was well done." An actress highly popular with television audiences, particularly after *The Good Life* series with Richard Briers, she is rarely seen on the small screen now except in repeats. "I haven't any television in the works," she said. "Television and I seem to have parted company recently. I left comedy series work on purpose and for the past four or five years I have done one or two plays a year. Being in the theatre is what I enjoy above anything else, and I am very happy with the way things are. I certainly won't get involved with doing any television while I am in this." Theatre Royal, Brighton, East Sussex (0273 284888). Opens Tues.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL: Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, London W1 (071-437 3666). Previews from Thurs, opens May 16.

THE WILD DUCK: Peter Hall directs a cast including Alex Jennings, David Threlfall, Nicholas McAuliffe, Alan Dobie, Lionel Jeffries and Terence Rigby. Phoenix, London WC2 (071-836 8444). Previews from Thurs, opens May 17.



At each others' throats: Meryl Streep (left) and Roseanne Barr

Odd couples abound in movie history, though the pairing of Roseanne Barr and Meryl Streep in *She-Devil* still takes some beating. The vicious contrast between the fat, frumpy comedienne of television's *Roseanne* and the elegant, pencil-thin chameleon from *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and *Out of Africa* is crucial to Susan Seidelman's strident version of Fay Weldon's novel *The Life and Loves of a She-Devil*. The action of the book, adapted four years ago as a BBC series, now unfolds across the Atlantic. Streep plays Mary Fisher, a romantic novelist residing in famous luxury in a Long Island mansion styled completely in pink. Barr is the gauche housewife whose serene accountant husband (Ed Begley Jr.) becomes Streep's live-in lover. Weldon's text for her comic sermon is "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned"; Barr sets about with fiendish ingenuity to ruin Streep and Begley's lives, giving herself some self-respect in the process. Streep has declared that she wanted to play comedy for ten years. Judging from her brittle performance she is no rival yet for Carole Lombard; top marks for effort, though. Odeon Leicester Square, London WC2 (071-930 6111). From Fri, certificate 15.

OUTINGS

DOVER PAGEANT: Pageant depicting the living history of the historic seaport. Dover (info: 0304 201711/205388). Mon.

STILTON CHEESE ROLLING: Competitions involving teams in fancy dress rolling wooden cheeses over a set route. Stilton, Peterborough, Cambridgeshire (info: 0733 243314). Mon.

HELSTON FURRY DANCE: Very old spring festival held on Furry Day (derived from the Latin *feriae* - festivals or holidays), according to Brewer. Helston, Cornwall (info: 0326 572002). Tues.

HARROGATE SPRING FESTIVAL: International festival with classical artists, concerts and performances at various venues throughout the town. Harrogate, North Yorkshire (festival office 0423 562303). Wed, Thurs, Fri.

NATURAL HISTORY TOURS: Special opportunity to look behind the scenes at the vast collection of botany plant specimens. Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, London SW7 (071-938 8896). Thurs.

MALVERN SPRING GARDENING SHOW: The RHS joins forces with the Three Counties Agricultural Society for this three-day show, with over 80 gardening centres and nurseries exhibiting. Three Counties Showground, Malvern, Worcestershire (0854 892751). Fri, Sat 12, Sun 13.

JAZZ

LIONEL HAMPTON: Last autumn's set at the Lewisham Festival proved that the old showman should not be written off just yet. Barbican Centre, London SE1 (071-638 8891). Fri.

ROY AYERS: Two weeks of rather more contemporary jazz-funk vibes from the Ubiquity leader. Ronnie Scott's Club, London W1 (071-439 0747). Mon-Sat.

LOOSE TUBES: The knockabout big band presents more of its offbeat one-jokes. Southall Arts Festival, Library Theatre (021 704 6962). Thurs.

SHEILA JORDAN: Increasingly marvellous, the American singer is at her best on the re-issued *Blue Note* album, *Portrait of Sheila*. Bass Clef, London N1 (071-729 2476) Tues-Thurs; Brighton Jazz Festival, Concordia Restaurant (0273 606460) Fri.

DUKE ELLINGTON ANNIVERSARY CONCERT: This year's event features early Ellington from the mid-1930s. Chichester, Queen Elizabeth Hall, London SE1 (071-928 8800). Mon.

BIG BAND SWINGS: Includes the Shades of Kantos Orchestra and Roberto Pia's Latin Ensemble. Barbican Centre, London EC2 (071-638 8891). Mon.

OPERA

D'OYLY CARTE: Keith Warner's hilarious production of *The Pirates of Penzance* travels north. Eden Court, Inverness (0463 221718). Mon and Tues.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: *La Cenerentola*. Rossini's Cinderella story in Michael Hampel's Salzburg Festival production. Alison Browner takes over in title role. Covent Garden, London WC2 (071-240 1066). Tues and Thurs.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA: *The Marriage of Figaro*. Gregory Yurnet, Lesley Garrett, Steven Page and Valerie Masterson are the sparring couples in this revival. London Coliseum, London WC2 (071-836 5161). Thurs and Sat May 12.

SCOTTISH OPERA: *Così fan tutte*. Jürgen Gosch from the Schaubühne Theatre in Berlin makes his UK debut as director of strongly cast new production, with Jane Eaglen and Thomas Randle among the principals. Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041 331 1234). Thurs and Sat May 12.

MERRY WIDOW (Lehar): Slightly stiff Opera 80 production, but stylishly sung. Arts Theatre, Cambridge (0223 362000). Tues.

NATIONAL OPERA STUDIO: *Swan Lake*. Operatic excerpts given by budding talents. Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, London SE1 (071-928 8800). Tomorrow (also today).

SALES

TEATIME: European ceramics and glass; among the prestige names is charming nursery teaset by Mabel Lucie Atwell (£300-£500). Henry Spencer & Sons, Reigate, Surrey (0777 708633). Viewing Tues. Sale Wed.

LUCKY LOWRY: Tiny pen and ink drawing by L.S. Lowry, worn with a 5p raffia ticket by the present owner and now expected to make £200-£400 in this sale of British and Irish pictures. Phillips, London W1 (071-629-6602). Viewing today. Sale Tues.

COLLECTIBLES: Dolls, games, tinplate and other toys, steam engines and cameras. Aldridge, Bath (0225 462830). Viewing today. Mon, Sale Tues.

GRANDFATHER: Six 18th and 19th century longcase clocks from £300-£400 to a Georgian mahogany eight-day example (£1,000-£1,200). Cooper & Tanner, Frome, Somerset (0373 831010/62045). Viewing Thurs. Sale Fri.

COUNTRY LIFE: 322 lots of china, furniture and other contents of Rodgerley Lodge Farmhouse, Cheshire, Staffs, on the premises. Heywoods, Newcastle, Staffs. (0782-617343). Viewing Fri. Sale Sat.

JEWELLERY: Sale of pawnbrokers' unredeemed jewellery repackages. Mainly modern materials. Fellows & Sons, Edgbaston, Birmingham (021-451261/1219). Viewing Tues, Wed, Sale Thurs.

ROCK



Gig of the week is Thomas Lang's post-bank holiday show in London's Notting Hill Gate. Lang (above), christened Tom Jones but renamed for obvious reasons, is something of a cult figure. His personalized brand of jazz has little to do with any contemporary styles of pop, yet his first album, *Little Moscow*, released at the end of the month, shows evidence of an ability to write more soulful material. Hailing from Liverpool, Lang describes his music (and titled the first LP) as Scalegay Jazz. Lang's moody songs give the impression that he himself is anything but a scally - scouse for a young reprobate - although he does have a waggish sense of humour. In 1987 he went on the road with Suzanne Vega and in the bar one night suggested she drink a pint of bitter. "The object is to get as much of it down your neck in the shortest time possible," Lang instructed. "The sensitive singer-songwriter was horrified, thinking he meant it was to be poured down the front of her designer blouse. Thomas Lang's classy blend of light blues and stylish rhythms could put his home town on the smoky, after-hours jazz map. The Electric Cinema, London W11 (071-792 2020) Tues.

SUZANNE VEGA: Greenwich Village bohemian folkie-turned-New-Age-yuppie. Newcastle City Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne (081 261 2606) tomorrow; Cambridge Corn Exchange, (0223 571651) Mon.

THE NOTTING HILLBILLIES: What *Dina* Strain's Mark Knopfler does on his holidays, with a little help from Brendan Carr and friend, Wally. Birmingham Town Hall, (021 236-2392) tomorrow; Festival Hall, Corby, Northamptonshire (0536 402551) Mon; Essex University, Colchester (0206 873333) Tues.

BRIDGE

Having been thought extinct, the Individual contest may be on its way back - good news for those who like bridge the way it used to be.

Players faced with a new partner in each round have little time to discuss elaborate systems, so simple methods and basic judgement hold sway.

But the promoters of a new, cash-rich Individual, starting on Monday in Atlantic City, are no starry-eyed idealists with a yearning for the pristine.

Why, then, an Individual and not the usual Pairs with fixed partnerships? "We must assure the integrity of the event," say the organizers. "There is no way we could monitor 100 or more tables." In other words, it's harder to cheat in an Individual. With \$200,000 up for grabs, this is a consideration.

The winner of the London Masters Individual used to receive, typically, a piece of Sheffield plate - but the trophy was highly prized. The two-day event could be hell or heaven, according to how one's partners performed.

Boris Schapiro, successful twice, always had a gallery of kibitzers and they enjoyed his barrage of one-liners - even if his partners sometimes didn't.

One year, Schapiro determined to go low profile. With his first partner, a newcomer to the event, he uttered not a squeak as one wrong contract or unfortunate defence followed another. The final board was cataclysmic.

As his partner glumly catered a zero in the "Estimated Score" column, Schapiro found his voice. "At last," he murmured, "I have found a department of the game in which we are in complete agreement."

Players whose forte is common sense do well. When Jeremy Flint won the event he decided to suppress, in response to Stayman, a weak 4-card heart suit in a 4-3-3-3 hand. He easily made 3NT, but nearly everyone else went down in four hearts.

When Sidney Silodor won the ACBL Individual he was the only South to spot a simple but rewarding play in this deal.

W N E S

No 16 No 10 3NT

Opening lead: ♣Q

At most tables South won the heart opening and led a club to clinch the ninth trick. The queen lost to the ace, a heart came back, and South was held to his contract.

Silodor began by cashing the ace of spades, intending, if both opponents followed small, to switch to a club. As it was, he was able to continue spades, making 11 tricks and outscoring everybody else, including those who made the same 11 tricks in four spades.

In an individual, defenders are not always on the same wavelength, as this deal from the London event shows.

♠ 8543
♥ QJ8
♦ A75
♣ A7

W N E S

♠ 107
♥ KJ74
♦ Q2
♣ KQJ865

♠ J109854
♥ Q7
♦ KQ85
♣ Q8

♠ 763
♥ QJ982
♦ QJ982
♣ 1076

W N E S

No 28 No 16

Opening lead: ♣K

The sequence was common and so was South's method of play: he won the club lead with the ace and called for the jack of diamonds.

All was sweetness and light. East covered, the ace won, and after drawing trumps South made two overtricks by finessing against the jack of hearts and 10 of diamonds.

At one table East did not cover when the jack of diamonds was led. West snorted at this gaffe but the declarer, Dr Melvyn Rockfelf, rejoiced when the jack held the trick.

"Rocky" hastened to lead a second diamond from dummy. East this time making the startling play of the king. West snorted again, but duly ruffed South's ace, the good doctor now looking as though he had swallowed one of his own prescriptions.

His high diamond asked West to return a heart, the higher-ranking suit. But West was unwilling to lead away from the king and he continued clubs, losing the chance for a second ruff. No matter - holding South to nine tricks was good enough.

Albert Dormer

CHESS

The Watson, Farley & Williams Grandmaster tournament, category 11 on the World Chess Federation scale, and the strongest tournament of its type to have been held in London since the great GIC series came to an end in 1986, finished late on Thursday night. The full results can be found in the table. One of the most impressive features of the tournament was the dynamic, Kasparov-style attacking games played by the young American Patrick Wolff, who will be declared a grandmaster by the World Chess Federation at its next congress.

White: Daniel King. Black: Patrick Wolff. Watson, Farley & Williams International, April 27. Sicilian Defence, Scheveningen Variation.

1 e4 c5 2 Nf3 Nc6 3 d4 Nxd4 4 Nxd4 Nf6 5 Nc3 d5 6 Bg5 Bc7 7 Qd2 Qc7 8 Qd3 Nc6 9 Bc4 Bb7 10 Bb3 Bc8 11 Kf1 Bb7 12 Bb3 Bc8 13 Bb3 Bc8 14 Bb3 Bc8

So far play has been remarkably similar to the well-known game between Marozzo and Euwe, played at Scheveningen in 1923, which was the location which gave its name to this variation of the Sicilian Defence. The only substantial differences to that earlier game were that Daniel King placed his queen on e2 rather than on c1, and had played the prophylactic Nb3 instead of Rcl. In all other respects the positions are identical, and Wolff, as Euwe did before him, now strives for central counterplay to offset White's evident preponderance on the king's flank.

15 Bc5 16 Bc5 17 Qc3 18 Qc3 19 Rcl 20 Rcl 21 Rcl 22 Rcl 23 Rcl 24 Rcl 25 Rcl 26 Rcl 27 Rcl 28 Rcl

Faced with the threat of ...Nc4, King lashes out with an apparently favourable combination based on the vulnerability of Black's pawn at b6.

20 ... f6 21 Bxb6 a3

8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

A B C D E F G H

White to play wins.

Send your answer on a postcard with your name and address to: The Times Chess Competition, 1 Pennington Street, London E1 6DT. The first three correct answers drawn on Thursday next week will win a Times wall-sized personal chess computer. The winning move will be printed in the Times next Saturday.

Solution to yesterday's position: 1 Nd5+! g6x2 Rb8+ Kg7 3 Rg1+ and 4 Rg1 mate

Solution to last Saturday's competition: 1 Qd7+

The three winners of The Times personal chess computers are Amanda Ellwood, Winchester; Christine David White, Cambridge; Mrs J. Briggs, Bockpool, Lancashire.

Raymond Keene

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COUNTY

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708-72
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707-55
708-42
708-45
704
701-42

Highest...
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Greig

By Geoffrey...
IF THE...
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that would...
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The black history of Louisville

SPORT does not...
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Lee...
Simpson...

Cook makes 313 as heat rises and bowlers wilt

By Alan Lee
Cricket Correspondent

On days such as these, batsmen break records and bowlers break their own hearts. In the shimmering heat of Sophia Gardens, not a single wicket had fallen in more than 24 hours but Jimmy Cook, tireless and expressionless, was the last to concern himself with the imbalance as he made 313 not out, the fourth highest championship score since the war.

Double centuries are all very well but to become a genuine somebody in this figure-conscious game of ours, you need to join the 300 club. Cook managed it, just before lunch on this second day, and greeted the achievement in the same reserved style with which he had acknowledged each preceding milestone. There was no punting the air, no histrionics of any kind, simply a dignified doffing of his blue Somerset cap and a vague, satisfied twitch of the moustache.

When Chris Tavare, himself past 100, declared at lunch with Somerset 535 for two and a third wicket worth 285, Cook's score placed him seventeenth in the all-time list of championship innings. Since the war, only Graeme Hick (405 not out), Jack Robertson (331) and Vivian Richards (322) remained ahead of him and, as if in trepidation of his own Somerset record being eclipsed, Glamorgan's new star stayed off the field all morning.

Richards was said to have a stomach upset, which in the past has been a euphemism for recurrent haemorrhoids. Not this time, apparently. It seems that his dinner disagreed with him on Thursday evening and, after an uncomfortable night, he was still seedy at start of play. He recovered to eat two lunches before catching up on some sleep while Glamorgan's left-handed openers, Morris and Cann, banished any prospect of the great man needing to strap on his pads in a hurry, with a century stand.

The problem of how to follow Cook might easily have troubled Richards, who is never willingly upstaged. They are, however, so far apart in terms of approach and temperament that the answer would have been a contrast, not a comparison. Richards is turbulent in all he does; Cook's virtue is his tranquillity, manifesting itself in batting so good, so studied and so unspectacular that it seems metronomic.

He resumed yesterday on 236 and had to face only one over from Watkin, the only

SOMERSET: First Innings

S J Cook not out	313
P M Roshicki	59
J J Hardy	52
G J Topley	29
Extras (b 8, lb 16, nb 2)	25
Total (2 wickets)	535

Scorecard (100 overs): 2nd day, 2nd Innings: Somerset 27-5-64-0; Glamorgan 27-125-1-107-0; Cookley 41-5-88-0; Smith 5-19-0; Richards 9-1-22-0; Holmes 12-1-44-1; Cann 6-1-22-0.

GLAMORGAN: First Innings

M J Cann	84
H Morris	52
G C Holmes	52
M P Maynard	3
Extras	6
Total (2 wickets, 52 overs)	133

1st Innings: I V A Richards 133; Smith 110; G J Topley 107; M J Cann 84; H Morris 52; G C Holmes 52; M P Maynard 3; Extras 6.

FALL OF WICKETS: 1-120, 2-127. **Bowling:** Glamorgan 6, Somerset 4. **Umpires:** P J Eale and J W Holder.

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Casting a clout in sunshine

bowler to beat his bat on Thursday. Watkin was suffering from a blistered heel, a legacy of 26 overs in very hot boots on unseasonably firm ground. In yesterday's circumstances he was probably not distressed to allow his colleagues to serve up the sacrificial offerings.

The new ball, taken at start of play, made no discernible difference. The bat continued to dominate in a way not seen on English pitches (or Welsh for that matter) for some years. Similar events happening around the country suggest that the shift of power from those half-forgotten days, all of a year ago, when any of modest seamers could turn his arm over for profit, is perhaps too complete for comfort.

Two fours in an over from Barwick took Cook to 250 and Somerset to 400. The first hour produced 86 runs without a hint of haste. Tavaré was clubbing anything marginally short through the offside, driving anything over pitched with willow power. Cook was... well, he was just Cook, the greatest accumulator of runs in the game today.

He achieved all manner of things in his first year with Somerset. He was the first to 1,000 runs and the only man to reach 2,000. In all cricket, his 1989 total was 3,143. Canny bookmakers would not offer long odds against him exceeding that extraordinary figure in his second and last year in county cricket.

Cook's usual approachable dignity was evident again, even after batting through four sessions. It was put to him that he might be disappointed to fall nine runs short of Richards' record but he said: "I knew about it but records don't mean anything to me. Anyway, Viv deserves to keep it because he is a far better player than me. I told everyone, when I came here, not to expect me to play like Viv because I can't do it. I have my own way of playing and I stick to it."

One record Cook did surpass was the highest score against Glamorgan, previously held by Walter Hammond, who made 302 against them in 1934 and again in 1939. Thoughtful as ever, the South African made a point of praising the four-day game which allowed it. "If we had only four-day cricket in the county championship, it would help young batsmen prepare for Tests," he said. The young Somerset batsmen did not, on this occasion, benefit, as Cook kept them in the pavilion, but his point is a fair one.



Pulling his weight: Greig on his way to 291, Surrey's best score since 1926, yesterday

A cup debut of great courage from Sapsford

From Andrew Longmore, Tennis Correspondent, Bucharest

DANNY Sapsford, making his Davis Cup debut, gave Britain the ideal start in their Euro-African Zone Group One tie against Romania, beating George Cosac 4-6, 6-1, 6-2, 6-3 in 2½ hours.

The fact that the tennis never rose above the mediocre and never gave the crowd in Bucharest, who have not seen a Davis Cup tie for five years, a chance to release their pent-up emotions, did not matter. Sapsford showed courage, coming back so strongly after losing the first set that he dropped only another six games in the match.

His success was due partly to a change of tactics in the second set, partly to the proficiency of the Romanian No. 5, who was so overcome by nerves he served 14 double faults. Long before the end, he had reduced the watching Ilie Nastase, who, with Ion Tiriac, had taken Romania to successive Davis Cup finals nearly 20 years before, to despair. But, as Warren Jacques, the British team captain, pointed out, it is guts that count and the diminutive Sapsford has plenty of those.

"The loss of that first set would have demoralised many players," Jacques said. "Given that he had never played in a best-of-five-sets match before, it was one of the finest debuts we have seen in recent years."

Jacques can be forgiven a touch of exaggeration. There is a lot at stake in this tie and Sapsford's victory could mean the difference between a first-round match against the likes of Ghana next year or a play-off tie for the world group against, for example, Sweden. The margin of error is extremely thin: the tennis was always going to be tight.

The first set proved decisive, though not in the usual way. Sapsford lost it and gained in confidence. "I won it and froze," he said. "I was just relieved to get that set out of the way." Sapsford said, "I knew what I was doing wrong, sometimes you get into a rut in the middle of a set and it's very difficult to get out of it."

Cash at Beckenham

PAT Cash, the 1987 Wimbledon champion who has been plagued with injury for the past 12 months, will play in the Direct Line Insurance tennis tournament at Beckenham from June 4 to 10.

Cash is in the middle of a comeback and in the past two weeks has reached the final of the South Korean Open in Seoul and won the Salem Open in Hong Kong.

Ivan Lendl, the world No. 1, also competes at Beckenham along with Kevin Curren, the 1985 Wimbledon runner-up, and Christo van Rensburg of South Africa.

Pam Shriver and Gigi Fernandez, both ranked in the top 25 in the world, will also play in the women's singles.

Greig sets pace for historic run-makers

By Geoffrey Wheeler

IF THE bowlers' union truly did exist, imagine the calls that would be flooding in for a special delegate conference and the motions of censure ready to be tabled against the Test and County Cricket Board for undermining the credibility of the union's members.

Unlike the titles of the field, most of the bowlers are toiling mightily and spinning away the fingers ache, but the batsmen are enjoying an early-season glory probably without precedent in the history of the county championship.

The four-day formula has given them the time. The strict instructions to grounds-men about the quality of pitches and the use of a ball with a lower and thinner seam has sharply reduced the effectiveness of the enemy.

Last season there were only three individual scores of 200 or more on the championship. This season there have already been four.

Yesterday Surrey, Somerset and Leicestershire all achieved totals of over 500, a feat achieved by only three sides in the whole of the 1989 championship season.

Surrey's total of 707 for nine declared against Lancashire - Ian Greig playing an amazing innings of 291, the best score for the county since Jack Hobbs made 316 at Lord's in 1926 - was the highest in the championship since Kent amassed 803 for four against Essex at Brentwood in 1934.

The first series of championship games produced two double-centuries and 13 hundreds. The second round has already brought a triple hundred from Jimmy Cook and Greig's historic innings at Worcester since Kent.

The century-makers are not always those high in the order either. Greig was batting at No. 7, the same position filled by Richard Illingworth for Worcestershire, who got the third hundred of his career as he helped his skipper Phil Neale (122) put on 220 for the sixth wicket against Nottinghamshire at New Road.

Illingworth, whose two previous centuries had been made as a nightwatchman, hit 14 fours in four-hour stay as Worcestershire reached 481. Footwear Nottinghamshire men also had one of their better days. They made a stubborn reply to the Hampshire's 437 for four.

The Sussex total of 356 against Kent at Folkestone, where Alan Igglesden bowled well for his four wickets, was made to look rather inadequate as Benson and Hinks launched Kent's reply with a partnership of 115.

True, none of the Derbyshire batsmen managed to cash in against a Northamptonshire attack weakened by the absence of Nick Cook with a broken finger, but their total of 303 was sufficient to provide a lead of 101.

The Oxford University batsmen also had one of their better days. They made a stubborn reply to the Hampshire's 437 for four.

For discipline just before the last World Cup four years ago, an incident that prompted his friend, Leandro, to walk in sympathy. Renato went to play in Italy, for Roma, and was a hopeless flop. But now the man is rejuvenated, playing for the Rio side, Flamengo, and he has a flood of mail as tribute to the vast nation's vast love for him. "I dream of you every night," writes Maria Renata, no relation, though her letter implies desires in that direction. "I imagine you coming off the pitch all sweaty," writes another admirer, this one male. I think this story had better stop right here.

Digging for gold
On to the more wholesome desires of non-League football, and to those who just only for 15 square inches of turf from Yeovil Town's pitch. Yes, they are playing the last match at The Huish today, the famous sloping pitch that has sent many a league club slithering to defeat. Yeovil Town, of the GM Vauxhall Conference, are moving to a flat pitch in keeping with today's lofty ambitions, and they have been inundated, they say, with requests to buy bits of the old one. For a fiver, you can buy your 15 square inches of sacred turf. You can have them gift-wrapped, and sent to any address you choose. Business began this week with a gentleman requesting 50 quids' worth.

The black history of Louisville

SPORT does not show us what life should be: it reflects reality. In an unjust society, sport can naturally reflect injustice. And in the wake of the revealing television programme on racism in sport last Wednesday (*Inside Story: The Race Game*) I hear news from the Kentucky Derby, which is run today, in Louisville, home of the Derby (please say *Durby*), a cafe owner is holding a street party under the title "A Salute to the Black Jockeys of the Kentucky Derby". Black jockeys won 15 of the first 28 Derbys, but the last time a black rider won was 1902. The last black rider who even rode in the race was Jess Conley, who was third in 1911.

Shirley Beard, the cafe owner, said: "There are black people who have lived in Louisville all their lives and they have never been to the Kentucky Derby. What they don't know is that the blacks started it." The usual explanation for this is that when purses rose at the turn of the century, black riders were shouldered out by an emerging class of white jockeys. This year at the Derby, the first winner of the race will be commemorated by the Isaac Murphy Master in the Irons Award. Murphy was a black rider who won the first Derby.



SIMON BARNES ON SATURDAY

award for top-class jockeyship (the inaugural award going to the great Angel Cordero), said: "Everyone knows Aristides was the first horse to win the Kentucky Derby, but nothing is ever said about the jockey that rode in on his back. For some reason the legend has died."

Close encounter
More on race: *The Race Game* programme raised so many issues that one could easily have passed over Brian Close. Close, the chairman of the Yorkshire cricket committee, has often been accused of operating racist policies. Yorkshire, restricted by choice to the Yorkshire-born, have never yet played a Yorkshire-born non-white. Are they confident they have looked hard enough? "Well, what do you expect us

to do? Do you expect us to go rooting round every street in Yorkshire? We can't." "You're suggesting they are foreigners," said the interviewer. "No, I'm not. They were when they first came, but I mean, why should we? We don't do that with our lads. We don't go and give special consideration for our lads at all. If I went to another country, I wouldn't expect people to fall over backwards. It would be up to me to meet them more than halfway."

"Shall I tell you something? The biggest community in this area - Yorkshire - is the Asian community, and with the poorer people. They hadn't bloody jobs over there, came over to come into the textile trade. Low wages. Did you know over in Pakistan and India the poorer people didn't know cricket existed? There's a hundred years of bloody tradition on Yorkshire lads. As soon as a male's born, bloody hell, the fellow says, good, I'm glad he's born in Yorkshire. By the time he's toddling, he's got a bat in his hand. Bloody Pakistanis didn't know the damn thing."

Thank you, Mr Close. That makes things quite clear.

Desirable position
There is joy unconfined in Brazil as the idiosyncratic winger, Renato, makes his way back into Brazil's squad for the footie World Cup, which will be on us, frightening to think, in a few weeks. Renato was thrown out of the squad

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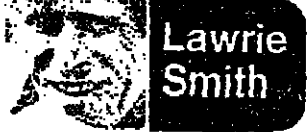
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Ice perils on the dash for home

Fort Lauderdale

ARMED with a new mainsail, lightweight genoa and boom, the Rothmans crew set out today on the final, 3,785-mile dash across the Atlantic with one aim - to beat our Swiss rivals on Merit to the finish of this race. I have not lost hope of winning, but to be realistic, it can only be an act of God or sheer stupidity that will see Peter Blake's New Zealand ketch, *Stingray* 2, of overall victory.

Blake and his boys, who have won each stage so far, have built up a commanding 35-hour lead over their second-placed New Zealand rivals on Fisher & Paykel. We are in fourth place, with the task of overhauling Merit's eight-hour lead to capture



Lawrie Smith, captain of the Whitbread Round the World Race.

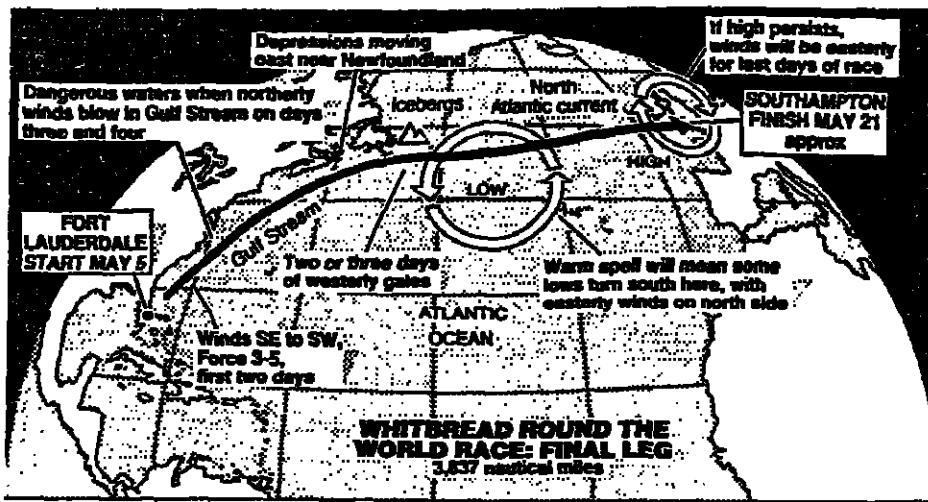
third overall and lead the sloops. The Whitbread has always had a sting in its tail, and though we are setting a new course for home, our long-range weather forecasts suggest that this last leg will be far from easy.

For the first 1,500 miles we will be riding the Gulf Stream, a body of warm water that sweeps northwards past New-

foundland at up to four knots. We expect southerly reaching winds for the first two days, but then conditions are expected to turn nasty when the wind changes to the north, transforming the Stream into steep standing seas. We carry a special receiver for infra-red satellite weather pictures to help us to stay in the main body of the Gulf Stream.

However, having broken the boat once when smashing through heavy pounding seas experienced during the first leg, the decision may be taken to break out into the flatter waters on either side to save the boat and rig. The next hazard are the large number of icebergs and growlers (small icebergs) reported right across our optimum course south of Newfoundland.

We're run a similar gauntlet in the Southern Ocean and learned not to rely on our radar to pick out the dangers, particularly the smaller lumps which are still big enough to put a hole in the boat if we hit one. The problems may be made worse by the notorious fog that too often shrouds the Grand Banks. All we can do is take it in turns to stand picket duty by the mast and keep



eyes peeled. While British yachts in unusual Mediterranean weather, we will be paying the price for it in mid-Atlantic. According to David Houghton, our weather guru, the jet-stream responsible for sweeping the worst of the Atlantic weather across our shores has moved north a month earlier than usual. As a result, we can expect a succession of low-pressure systems to sweep eastwards across our course near Newfoundland and a second pattern of lows in

mid-ocean will present us with strong westerly gales for two or three days for those who judge them right, strong headwinds for yachts caught out to the north of them. If the high-pressure system persists over the British Isles, Houghton predicts light easterly winds during the last few days, placing a premium on local knowledge of the tidal gauges at the Lizard, Portland Bill, and Anvil Point. Rothmans needs to make eight miles a day on Merit if we are to win this private race

for sloop honours, but there are enough potential traps during the leg to give us a 100-mile lead overnight. What I'm hoping for is strong weather across the Atlantic followed by a lengthy period of light winds along the south coast. If we get the breaks, then we are in with a chance. If the weather patterns prove to be more stable than predicted, expect a very close finish in Southampton Water around May 21.

OVERALL RACE POSITIONS

AFTER FIVE STAGES: Maxi division: 1. *Stingray* 2 (P. Blake, NZ), 111:09:17; 2. *Merit* (P. Farrant, NZ), 112:07:26; 3. *Stingray* 1 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 4. *Stingray* 3 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 5. *Stingray* 4 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 6. *Stingray* 5 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 7. *Stingray* 6 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 8. *Stingray* 7 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 9. *Stingray* 8 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 10. *Stingray* 9 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 11. *Stingray* 10 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 12. *Stingray* 11 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 13. *Stingray* 12 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 14. *Stingray* 13 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 15. *Stingray* 14 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 16. *Stingray* 15 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 17. *Stingray* 16 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 18. *Stingray* 17 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 19. *Stingray* 18 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 20. *Stingray* 19 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 21. *Stingray* 20 (P. Blake, NZ), 112:07:26; 22. *Stingray* 21 (P. 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Cumani filly heads for Coronation Cup as Brush Aside disappoints in Jockey Club Stakes

Roseate Tern on course for Epsom

By Michael Seely
Racing Correspondent

QUICKENING impressively for Lanfranco Dettori, Roseate Tern put herself on target for the Coronation Cup at Epsom when comfortably accounting for the De Nisky in the General Accident Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket yesterday.

Brush Aside, the 5-2 on favourite, was a bitter disappointment for Sheikh Mohammed and Henry Cecil, weakening when headed over three furlongs from home to finish fifth beaten over 17 lengths.

When Steve Cauthen let her down she found nothing on the ground. Until we get the right going, we haven't even got a horse," Cecil said.

Roseate Tern won by two lengths from the De Nisky with Artie Envoy finishing a further 1½ lengths away third.

When owned by her breeder, the Queen's racing manager, Lord Carnarvon, and trained by Dick Hern last season, Roseate Tern finished third in the Epsom Oaks and also runner-up at Royal Ascot.

She then won the Lancashire and Yorkshire Oaks before finishing third in the St Leger. She was bought by Peter Brant, the New York-based publisher for \$1.1 million at the Newmarket December sales to be trained by Luca Cumani.

A half-share has just been sold to Bob Levy, the president and part-owner of Atlantic City Racecourse, who also owned Bet Twice, the 1987 Belmont Stakes winner.

Roseate Tern was blinkers in all her races last season, but not yesterday. "They must have fitted them last year because she got so far behind in her races. But she has grown up and matured and, as you saw, was able to lay up all right today. She will now go straight for the Coronation Cup."

Cumani also has Pirate Army and Legal Case to represent him in the important middle distance tests that lie ahead. "We won't be able to train Pirate Army until the ground changes," said the



El Paso (Lanfranco Dettori, right) beats Laxey Bay (Steve Cauthen, far left) in the Eastern Electricity Handicap at Newmarket yesterday

trainer. "And as far as Legal Case is concerned, there is no hurry as he won't run before Ascot in July."

Cumani and Dettori had earlier initiated a 56-1 double when El Paso came late on the scene to beat Laxey Bay by a short head in the Eastern Electricity Handicap. This win under 9st 7lb certainly paid a handsome tribute to Elmaamul and Raj Waki, as the three-year-old had finished a well-beaten fifth behind the pair at Kempton.

Apart from Roseate Tern,

the other most impressive sight of the afternoon was that of Pat Eddery riding Theatrical Chancer to a cheeky three-quarters of a length victory over Rudy's Fantasy in the three-runner Newmarket Stakes.

The 5-2 on favourite would have won far more easily if the jockey had not dropped his hands in the last furlong. Alex Scott trains the winner, who had earlier won at Kempton on his only other racecourse appearance for Maktoum Al-Maktoum.

"He wasn't entered in the Derby because he hadn't shown us much at home," said the trainer. "Both the French and Irish Derbies are possibilities. If we decide to send him to Chantilly, the Glasgow Stakes at York would be the only possible intermediate race." Scott and Eddery completed a double when Mayassa won the Wilbraham Fillies' Stakes.

Latest betting on the 2,000 Guineas is that Machiavelli is now top-quoted at 6-4 to give Francois Boutin his third

Guineas win. Other betting developments were that Anshan has shortened from 9-1 to 15-2 with William Hill, who also reported support for Raj Waki from 25-1 to 20-1, including a bet of £1,000 each way.

Tirol, down to 7-1 after his Newmarket win, has now eased to 11-1, because of the firm going. But although greatly respecting the chances of Machiavelli, I am napping Tirol to win from the favourite and Sure Sharp. The winner of the Craven has gone

on to win the Guineas three times in the past five years. Tirol would have won the trial by two lengths with a clear run.

Four for Pipe

MARTIN Pipe and Jonathan Lower landed a 6-1 four-timer in the first four races at Newmarket yesterday. Pipe narrowly missed a fifth winner when Parvovirus was beaten a head.

Peter Scudamore hopes to return from injury at Hereford today on Sparkling Cinders (5.0) for Nigel Twiston-Davies.

Third Guineas is Hannon's best medicine

By Michael Seely

TIROL and Rock City moved purposefully out of the stable yard at East Everleigh in Wiltshire. Behind them limped trainer Richard Hannon, wearing the drawn look of a man in pain from a trapped nerve in his back.

"Look at Tirol," said Hannon, his mood brightening as the athletic three-year-old propelled himself into more vigorous action. "He's in good nick and very happy with himself. He moves just like a cat."

Hannon's stable has been much in the news in the past few weeks as backers searching for each-way alternatives to Machiavelli, the short-priced French-trained favourite for the 2,000 Guineas, have fastened in turn on Tirol and Rock City.

The trainer has already won the Guineas with Mon Filis and Don't Forget Me, and now Tirol and Rock City have advertised their claims by winning the Craven Stakes at Newmarket and Newbury's Greenham Stakes respectively.

Tirol's strong finish to beat Sure Sharp by a short head at Newmarket sparked heavy market support for the late-maturing colt, who is considered to be the more progressive of the pair. Rock City showed that he had retained much of his excellent two-year-old form when winning at Newbury.

But after Rock City had looked the sharper in a gallop on Newbury racecourse last Monday, Tirol, who is known to be happier on easy ground, started to drift in the market.

However, the mystique of the rising star still surrounds Tirol. Discussing the gallop, Jimmy Gallagher, Rock City's work rider, said: "Rock City was impressive, but worked very well. He's fast but he's still got to prove that he gets the trip. Tirol, though, he's a stayer and has already done it."

Talking about Tirol and the ground, Hannon said: "I hear they're pouring plenty of water on the track. As long as it's good to firm and there's a little bit of bounce in it, he'll be all right."

The trainer is convinced that Tirol is a better horse than Mon Filis and Don't Forget Me. "You just wouldn't know how good he is. They say that Sure Sharp will beat him this time, but I reckon Barry's horse has to improve 9lb. We've given him 3lb and would have won by a couple of lengths with a clear run."

Hannon's success pays tribute enough to the facilities at East Everleigh, but the trainer is still interested in a possible move to Manton to join Barry Hills's proposed consortium.

"The army owns most of our gallops," he said. "The trouble is that we have to be off the area where the all-weather is by 9am, and that means a 5.30 start. Of course I'd be interested in a move to Manton, but it's all a question of finding the necessary finance."

Hannon's is a remarkable story. In these days when million-dollar yearlings are commonplace, the comparative modesty of Hannon's start is extraordinary. Don't Forget Me was a 19,000 guinea purchase; Rock City cost Tony Budge 55,000 guineas; Hannon paid 52,000 guineas for Tirol on behalf of John Horgan; and Oasario, the winner of the valuable Raceall Gold Trophy at Redcar last December, was another bargain at 32,000 guineas.

Like James Delahouke, another renowned judge, Hannon is



Richard Hannon: hoping to repel French challenge

looking more for the potential athlete than at the pedigree. "Once you start going by the catalogue, you're in trouble," he said. "I like to look at how a horse moves and how he holds himself. Whether he's got sound limbs. It's all about having an eye for the job."

The trainer often only starts his horses when the horses are parading just prior to entering the sale ring. This method certainly presents a striking contrast to the weeks of study of catalogues and pre-sale inspections at the international sales by the high-powered purchasing teams of the Arab owners and other rich men.

Talking about potential middle distance horses, the trainer said: "The mile and a half horses are a different ball game. You're competing with the owner breeders and the really big money. But I think even if I had the backing I still wouldn't change Sabre."

Regal Sabre, a two-year-old by Sharpen Up out of Royal Heroine, cost Tony Budge 250,000 guineas as a yearling and is the most expensive horse to enter the year. "There goes that expensive horse," said the trainer whenever Regal Sabre passed us at exercise. "If we turned him back into cash, we could just about retire."

Although Hannon is currently in fourth place in the trainers' horse prize-money of nearly £100,000, his strike-rate is markedly inferior to that of his more fashionable colleagues. "Some of those Newmarket trainers are prima donnas on ego trips," he said. "They've got all those expensive two-year-olds and some of them never even run."

There is more than an element of truth in this, and in the trainer's realistic comments about underpinning. "If you do not run your horses, they never get dropped in the weights. At the end of the day, the handicappers can make or break you."

The exercise over, the horses returned to the paddock to relax and nibble at the spring grass in the glorious sunshine. Steve Knight, Hannon's head lad, rides Tirol in all his work and was standing at the horse's head.

Let the man who won the Grand National on Mont Venturi have the last word. "I rode both Mon Filis and Don't Forget Me," he said. "This is a better horse, he's got much more speed. He did well to win the Morris Hill as a two-year-old as he was very weak. But he's much stronger now. He's certainly surprised me, never thought that a horse could improve so much."

The Richard Hannon fact-file

BORN: May 30, 1945.

FIRST TRAINING: 1970.

BEST HORSES TRAINED: Don't Forget Me, Mon Filis, Thieving Demon, Racinall, Entense Spark (as two-year-old) and Son Filis.

BIG RACES WON: 2,000 Guineas (twice), Irish 2,000 Guineas, Nassau Stakes, Princess Elizabeth Stakes, Queen Mary Stakes, Coventry Stakes, Lowther Stakes and Laurent Perrier Champagne Stakes.

Jade Robbery can foil English raiders

From Our French Racing Correspondent, Paris

BOOK The Band, unlucky in running when third in the Prix de la Forêt, has bright prospects of at least making the frame in a sub-standard Dubai Poule d'Essai des Poulains at Longchamp tomorrow. He is joined by Paul Cole's Zoman.

The five home-trained runners all contested the Prix de Fontainebleau over course and distance last month. Linamix ran out a two-length winner from Septieme Ciel with tomorrow's chief market rival, Jade Robbery, third.

With Machiavelli a strong favourite at Newmarket, Linamix gives Francois Boutin a fine chance of an English-French Guineas double. However, the Andre Fabre camp expect Jade Robbery to improve considerably for his seasonal debut, and last year's impressive Grand Critérium winner is the selection.

Book The Band has run consistently well in top company throughout his career and would have finished closer to

Barrera colt to remain unbeaten

THE Laz Barrera-trained Mister Frisky, unbeaten in 16 outings, can retain that unblemished record in the 2,500 Guineas at Newmarket on Wednesday.

Summer Squall, the current favourite, has himself been beaten only once, but is unfavourably drawn near the outside of the 16-strong field.

D Wayne Lukas saddles three runners, Land Rush, Real Cash and Power Lunch, and is particularly hopeful about the prospects of Land Rush.

Geoffrey has already won three races this season and, although beaten last time out at the Pychley, his main opponent today, Wedding Song, was 10 lengths behind him in third place. Asphatilly and Chevalier should go well but Saybright gets a confident vote.

Caedonian Lad beat Sicilian Melody by a head in the maiden race at the Fife last Saturday and these two could meet again in the Times event at the Lambeth.

Although Wheelies Newmember finished in front of Caedonian Lad in a previous race at the Percy, the five-year-old is improving with each run and could make the tables.

Real chance today to qualify for the Land Rover final at Towcester on Tuesday week. He is an entry at this meeting and also in the same sponsor's other event today, at the Rendell Forest at Craven.

His last there would not be so easy with Dover, Oakley House and The Silent Master in the possible line-up.

For the Cotswold Vale evening meeting, Great Granny Smith and Bright Tiger are the favourites. Bright Tiger has not been seen since winning at Garmans, six weeks ago, so it may be safer to

Saybright fancied for Times qualifier

Point-to-point by Brian Beel

GEORGE Tarry is not the most orthodox of riders but he is effective as a jockey, having won the Cheltenham on Wednesday when he won with True Bloom.

This afternoon, at the Farnham point-to-point, he has entered Saybright in the Times Championship qualifier.

Saybright has already won three races this season and, although beaten last time out at the Pychley, his main opponent today, Wedding Song, was 10 lengths behind him in third place. Asphatilly and Chevalier should go well but Saybright gets a confident vote.

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Salsabil is likely to miss Oaks

SALSABIL, Thursday's 1,000 Guineas winner, is likely to be kept to a mile for the time being and will therefore miss both the Epsom Oaks and the French equivalent, the Prix de Diane (Michael Seely writes).

"She is so fast that I don't see any point in running her over any further for the time being," said John Dunlop, the trainer of Hamdan Al-Maktoum's filly, yesterday.

"I'd like to send her for the Irish 1,000 and after that the Coronation Stakes at Ascot would be a natural progression. After that there is the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood and then if we wanted to try her over 10 furlongs in the autumn, there is the Champion Stakes."

Stephen Swiers, the Yorkshire amateur rider, pays a flying visit this weekend to Angers, the provincial Brittany track which is twinned with Goodwood.

Swiers, who will be having his first mount in France, is due to partner a locally-trained flat horse in tomorrow's Richmond-Briscoe Trophy.

The Allrightons, with 169 entries just tops, by one, the Derby & Somerset. At the north-western meeting, the best bet of the day may be Tatty Bogle Boy in the maiden. Down in Devon, Gerry Doyle could gain his eighth win of the season by a good margin ahead of Timber Tool for The Daily Telegraph Trophy.

TODAY'S MEETINGS: Allrightons, Weston Park, 6m of 10f and first race 2.00; Cotswold Vale, Andover, 6m of 10f and first race 2.00; Devon & Somerset, 6m of 10f and first race 2.00; Epsom, 6m of 10f and first race 2.00; Farnham, 6m of 10f and first race 2.00; Lambeth, 6m of 10f and first race 2.00; Rendell Forest, 6m of 10f and first race 2.00; Towcester, 6m of 10f and first race 2.00; Wetherby, 6m of 10f and first race 2.00.

By Our Newmarket Correspondent

2.15 Tinkins Wood. 2.50 Poppy Charm. 4.25 Tinkerbird. 5.25 Euclyan Glen.

By Our Newmarket Correspondent

2.15 Tinkins Wood. 2.50 Poppy Charm. 4.25 Tinkerbird. 5.25 Gabbiani.

Going: firm

1.5 MARKET PLACE MAIDEN MEDIAN AUCTION STAKES (2-Y-O): £2,507: (5) (11 runners)

1 ROBINSON RETURN M W Easterby 8-9. 2 Tinkins 7. 3 ALLRIGHTONS MATE T Baron 5-5. 4 Alex Green (9) 2. 5 WILD GUEST J Chester 8-5. 6 R Elliot 8. 7 DREAM ON M Johnston 8-3. 8 R Elliot 8. 9 KINZAS DANCER 20 M Britton 8-2. 10 S Maloney (9) 2. 11 TWING WOOD 21 R Bess 8-2. 12 Alex Green (9) 2. 13 ALMA R Whistler 8-2. 14 Alex Green (9) 2. 15 GRANTON PRINCESS R Whistler 7-11. 16 R Elliot 8. 17 KIT 8 B Brace 7-11. 18 L Chevalier 8. 19 HAD ORELLA J Barry 7-11. 20 L Chevalier 8. 21 Twining Wood, 7-11. 22 Minton, 5-11. 23-1. 24-1. 25-1. 26-1. 27-1. 28-1. 29-1. 30-1. 31-1. 32-1. 33-1. 34-1. 35-1. 36-1. 37-1. 38-1. 39-1. 40-1. 41-1. 42-1. 43-1. 44-1. 45-1. 46-1. 47-1. 48-1. 49-1. 50-1. 51-1. 52-1. 53-1. 54-1. 55-1. 56-1. 57-1. 58-1. 59-1. 60-1. 61-1. 62-1. 63-1. 64-1. 65-1. 66-1. 67-1. 68-1. 69-1. 70-1. 71-1. 72-1. 73-1. 74-1. 75-1. 76-1. 77-1. 78-1. 79-1. 80-1. 81-1. 82-1. 83-1. 84-1. 85-1. 86-1. 87-1. 88-1. 89-1. 90-1. 91-1. 92-1. 93-1. 94-1. 95-1. 96-1. 97-1. 98-1. 99-1. 100-1. 101-1. 102-1. 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675-1. 676-1. 677-1. 678-1. 679-1. 680-1. 681-1. 682-1. 683-1. 684-1. 685-1. 686-1. 6

Nothing to match Machiavellian

By Mandarin
(Michael Phillips)

A COLT who is considered by his trainer to be better than Zino, his winner of the 2,000 Guineas in 1982, every bit as good as Nureyev, his winner of the same classic eight years earlier, and the best that he has had in his yard since Nureyev, can capture the General Accident-sponsored classic at Newmarket this afternoon. Machiavellian is that colt and he is my nap.

Yesterday, Francois Boutin, his enormously experienced Chantilly-based handler, reiterated that view to me after we had watched the colt exercising quietly on the Links before he breezed along on 6½ furlongs on a woodchip strip which runs parallel to the Cambridge road.

Boutin had every reason to be satisfied with Machiavellian's appearance. Although no oil painting, he looked extremely well and trained to the minute.

A strongly-run race is guaranteed with Swordsmitth in the field purely as a pacemaker but Boutin has no qualms about Machiavellian coping with the mile, even though he



Francois Boutin puts his colt on par with Nureyev

has only raced over six and seven furlongs so far.

Discussing Machiavellian's opposition, Boutin says that he is not worried about any of the horses he has seen in the field, and that amounts to all those who have contested the main trials.

The one impediment, as far as he is concerned, is Now Listen, whose victories have been achieved at Folkestone and Nottingham. On the Midlands track, Now Listen gave 6lb and a contemptuous beating to Eton Lad, the subsequent winner of the Blue Riband Trial at Epsom.

That was a performance which had Pat Eddery singing his praises and saying that he was the best he had seen since El Gran Senor.

That is some compliment. If it turns out to be accurate, Now Listen will take a lot of beating but my reservation is that he is an inexperienced horse who has never come off the bit. And, over the years, the 2,000 Guineas has come to be regarded as an experienced horse's race.

With three races behind him last year and one this spring, Machiavellian should know all the tricks of the trade by now. In contrast, Now Listen may be found wanting when the pace is increased coming down Bush Hill.

With eight races under his belt, Rock City is the most experienced in the field. Yet even he has three lengths to make up on Machiavellian, judged on the Prix de la Salamandre at Longchamp last September.

Those wanting to back an outsider could do a lot worse than consider Rami, who appeared to lose his action at Newbury when he was beaten two lengths by Rock City in

the Greenham. His trainer, Peter Walwyn, is adamant that he is better than that.

Both the Free Handicap and the Craven Stakes have been reliable guides in recent years. In the Craven, Tirol gave Sure Sharp 3lb and the narrowest of beatings so there should not be much between them again.

Anshan, impressive winner of the Free Handicap, seems bound to give a good account of himself on ground that he clearly relishes. Yet the fact remains that he was rated 13lb behind Machiavellian in last year's classifications.

In the same list of ratings, Septieme Ciel, the other Gallic challenger, was 9lb inferior to Machiavellian.

Dashing Blade, who only just managed to win Dewhurst last October, has been unable to have a preparatory race because he suffered a setback in training. That could count against him.

Willie Carson's hopes of emulating Lester Piggott, the last jockey to bring off the Guineas double 20 years ago on Nijinsky and Humble Duty, rests with the unbeaten Elmaumul from the Nashwan camp. A deceptive horse, who

is nevertheless guaranteed to get the trip, Elmaumul has only a little in hand of Raj Waki on their Kempton run.

Lord Of The Field is another who will certainly stay but whether he has Machiavellian's powers of acceleration is another matter. I have my doubts.

Stablest, who is this year's people's idea of this year's champion sprinter, begins his quest for the title by contesting the Palace House Stakes. In my view, he will be hard to beat.

Accolade, Henry Cecil's first two-year-old runner of the season, is taken to win the Philip Cornes Nickel Alloys Maiden Stakes for his owners, Kennet Valley Thoroughbreds.

Before that, the unbeaten Glen Kate can also capture the Ladbrooke Handicap for Cecil.

Having won the Fairy Group Spring Trophy a year ago with Beau Sher, Ben Hanbury now looks set to land the Haydock race again with Light Of Moon.

Blinkered first time
NEWMARKET: 3.40 WELNEY, 4.15 ELMAUMUL, 4.45 LIGHT OF MOON, 5.15 ELMAUMUL, 5.45 ELMAUMUL, 6.15 ELMAUMUL, 6.45 ELMAUMUL, 7.15 ELMAUMUL, 7.45 ELMAUMUL, 8.15 ELMAUMUL, 8.45 ELMAUMUL, 9.15 ELMAUMUL, 9.45 ELMAUMUL, 10.15 ELMAUMUL, 10.45 ELMAUMUL, 11.15 ELMAUMUL, 11.45 ELMAUMUL, 12.15 ELMAUMUL, 12.45 ELMAUMUL, 1.15 ELMAUMUL, 1.45 ELMAUMUL, 2.15 ELMAUMUL, 2.45 ELMAUMUL, 3.15 ELMAUMUL, 3.45 ELMAUMUL, 4.15 ELMAUMUL, 4.45 ELMAUMUL, 5.15 ELMAUMUL, 5.45 ELMAUMUL, 6.15 ELMAUMUL, 6.45 ELMAUMUL, 7.15 ELMAUMUL, 7.45 ELMAUMUL, 8.15 ELMAUMUL, 8.45 ELMAUMUL, 9.15 ELMAUMUL, 9.45 ELMAUMUL, 10.15 ELMAUMUL, 10.45 ELMAUMUL, 11.15 ELMAUMUL, 11.45 ELMAUMUL, 12.15 ELMAUMUL, 12.45 ELMAUMUL, 1.15 ELMAUMUL, 1.45 ELMAUMUL, 2.15 ELMAUMUL, 2.45 ELMAUMUL, 3.15 ELMAUMUL, 3.45 ELMAUMUL, 4.15 ELMAUMUL, 4.45 ELMAUMUL, 5.15 ELMAUMUL, 5.45 ELMAUMUL, 6.15 ELMAUMUL, 6.45 ELMAUMUL, 7.15 ELMAUMUL, 7.45 ELMAUMUL, 8.15 ELMAUMUL, 8.45 ELMAUMUL, 9.15 ELMAUMUL, 9.45 ELMAUMUL, 10.15 ELMAUMUL, 10.45 ELMAUMUL, 11.15 ELMAUMUL, 11.45 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The law should not stop at the touchline



David Miller

THE time has come for some class distinction. Not social but moral. The lesson will be learnt yet again, be the dirtiest World Cup yet: which is saying something.

The moral point is simultaneously made by Elmore Dixon's admirable letter in *The Times* on Thursday and a new book advocating that if the governing bodies of sport cannot uphold their own laws, the only recourse is to civil or even criminal law.

Several years ago Ted Croker, then secretary of the Football Association, asserted that sport did not need lawyers to run its affairs. He has been proved sadly wrong.

Dixon, a West Indian living in Florida, suggests that England's cricketers should cease playing with his countrymen and Pakistan if these teams cannot behave properly. He deplores the plea that greeted Smith's injury in the recent Test series. "Play only teams who exhibit some acquaintance with ethical standards," he says. I recommended years ago that football's World Cup had reached a point at which the only dignified action for England was

to withdraw, so extreme had the cheating become. Nowadays England's team tends to have joined the cheats.

The most comprehensive work yet published on the subject of violence and cheating, *Medicine, Sport and the Law*, edited by Simon Payne, goes further. Although there is no known case for countries proceeding against administrators, coaches, managers or referees/umpires, that respected authority, Edward Grayson, writes in the opening chapter: "The spiralling development [in violent play] ignored by sports authorities] points inexorably in that direction."

The West Indian cricket umpire issuing a writ for slander against a radio commentator for alleged unfair criticism might feel less indignant were he himself to receive a writ from an injured batsman for failing properly to apply the laws of the game. As long

ago as 1978, J. E. Davis, a research registrar, and T. Gibson, a consultant physician, recorded in *Injuries in Rugby Union* that four players probably caused a third of all injuries in their survey of 10 clubs. Sports medicine is an accurate guide to the state of fair play.

The following year, P. N. Sperry, in a paper to the British Association of Sports Medicine symposium, stated: "It has recently become evident that deliberate foul play in certain sports is directly responsible for many sporting injuries. It could be argued that the medical profession, on becoming aware of such trends in the style of play in sport, should be among the first to initiate the political changes which should lead to the elimination of dangerous unfair play."

Try telling that to João Havelange, president of FIFA. International football has no serious input into sports medicine and makes token investigation of drug-taking. Yet amputation below the knee on the field of play is a free market.

Six World Cups ago, Pelé, Havelange's countryman, was mercilessly backed out of the

tournament in England by Bulgaria and then Portugal, with no punitive action against the guilty players or the referee, including the incompetent George McCabe, of England, who allowed Moraes, of Portugal, finally to put Pelé out of the cup. Sixteen years later, a similar appalling foul, by Schumacher, of West Germany, on Battistoni, of France, in the semi-final failed to bring discipline by the referee, by the West German Federation or by FIFA.

Medicine, Sport and the Law points out that there are six sections of regulations under which sporting authorities can, but regularly fail to, take action:

- 1, the playing laws (how the game is played);
- 2, the penal laws (restrictions available to referees);
- 3, administrative laws (organization);
- 4, national laws (overriding control of fair play);
- 5, foreign national laws;
- 6, international governing body law.

In 1966, Bulgarian and Portuguese footballers and/or referees could arguably have been the subject of local civil or criminal

law if Liverpool or Seville local councils had passed the matter to the police. Such civil/criminal action would have been no different to the case of 1985 in which David Bishop, a rugby player, punched and injured an opponent, as seen by millions on television. There was a breach of the laws (1), no internal discipline (2 or 4) and the club ignored the incident (3).

The recourse was to the law, and at Crown Court proceedings, Bishop was jailed for a month, suspended on appeal. The notion of cheating by physical injury bowling at the batsman's head — has been underplayed if not ignored. As Grayson writes:

"Violent breaches of sporting law, condoned or inadequately disciplined by over-tolerant administrators, coaches and referees, have created a misconception that sport could be a legal 'no go' area, on the basis that the law of the land stops at the touchline."

In the season 1986-87 there were 230 instances of assaults on referees in England alone. Between 1968 and 1989, there were 16 cases of legal action for violent injury within sport, in many instances the complainant

successfully seeking compensation. This aspect of justice is unrecognized by sporting bodies.

When Paul Davis, of Arsenal, broke the jaw of Glenn Cockerill in 1988, the FA suspended Davis for nine matches and fined him £3,000, but had no thought for compensation to Cockerill. When a referee in the Sussex County League was bitten, he took the case, through the police, to the Criminal Injuries Compensation Board: the offender got 28 days and the referee £400. It is unlikely, however, that sporting bodies would arbitrate to themselves such powers, wary of legal vulnerability and feeling ill equipped to adjudicate fairly on such issues.

Yet the theme within sport becomes increasingly alarming. The findings of the Institute for the Study of Children in Sport last year were that a third of 10-year-olds is prepared to commit a foul in sport to gain an advantage.

Worrying also is the role of sports authority towards drugs. Ron Angus, a judo champion, was suspended for life, and reinstated in 1984, for having taken pseudoephedrine in a treatment for sinus. Willie Johnston was sent

home from the World Cup in 1978 for having taken a similar substance, Reactivan, prescribed by his West Bromwich Albion doctor.

As with the controversy involving the sprinter, Christie, in the Olympic Games in Seoul, the sporting authorities need to be sure, 1, that athletes/players know when they are likely to be breaching the laws; 2, that banned substances are not part of legitimate prescriptions; and 3, that their lawyers must find a balance between the interests of sporting fair play and the rights of individuals.

Grayson rightly says: "When health and safety are at risk, the general legal system alone cannot protect the community, which obtains its pleasure within the conventional sporting sphere. It needs evidence from the medical world, whether with regard to drugs, violence of maladministration, to prove specific breaches of regulation."

Medicine, Sport and the Law, edited by Simon Payne (Blackwell Scientific Publications and the Medical Protection Society, £29.50).

Bath's virtues are likely to leave Gloucester bankrupt

TEAMS AT TWICKENHAM

Bath is the place, G. Spender

A Stion der which, a month ago, promised Gloucester such unexpected riches now threatens to leave them bereft of material reward. Their tilt at the league title expired last weekend and now the same 15 players must raise their game in the Pilkington Cup final, at Twickenham today, against a Bath side which seems to have recovered its formidable best form.

Bath, the holders, whose domination of the cup competition has been the feature of English rugby in the Eighties, must begin the Nineties as overwhelming favourites in the nineteenth knockout final, not only because of their own well-rehearsed virtues but because of Gloucester's slump during April. The only thing to be said in Gloucester's favour is, oddly enough, that it is Bath they are playing.

The two West Country clubs, who receive £4,500 each for reaching the final and between them will draw another capacity crowd of 52,000 to Twickenham, know each other too well for one to be in awe of the other. But if any team is calculated to bring out the best in Gloucester, it is Bath; once it would have been Bristol, their other great rivals, but such has been Bath's domination of events over the last six years that Bristol, cup finalists in 1988, have been quite overshadowed.

The fact that Bath will bring 11 internationals with them today cuts no ice with Gloucester. They were un-moved back in September when their 13-6 win at Kingsholm cracked the apparently impenetrable wall which Bath had made around the Courage Clubs Champ-

Bath	Gloucester
J Callard	T Smith
A Swift	D Morgan
S Halliday	D Caslake
J Guscott	R Mogg
A Adebayo	J Breeze
S Barnes (capt)	M Hamlin (capt)
R Hill	M Hannaford
V Obogu	M Prossy
R Dawe	K Dunn
G Chilcott	R Pascale
A Robinson	J Gadd
N Redman	N Scrivens
D Cronin	J Brain
K Whitley	I Smith
D Egerlon	M Teague

Referee: F A Howard (Liverpool)

REPLACEMENTS: 17 S Knight; 18 R Lee; 19 N Hurrell; 20 J Jones; 21 J Webb; 22 J Goss; 23 P Adams.

Scoring record shared

PATHS TO THE FINAL: Bath: beat Harlequins, 9-0 (home); beat Headingley, 25-3 (h); beat Richmond, 35-3 (away); beat Moseley, 21-7 (a). Gloucester: beat Wasps, 23-19 (a); beat Gosforth 28-15, (a); beat Nottingham, 26-16 (a); beat Northampton, 17-12 (a).

Gloucester won the inaugural knockout competition when they beat Moseley 17-8 in 1972. They played all their games away from home, as they have in recent years. They appeared in the 1978 final, when they beat Leicester 6-3, and the 1982 final, when they drew 12-12 with Moseley after extra time.

Four members of today's team — Richard Mogg, Malcolm Prossy, John Gadd and Mike Teague — played in the 1982 final and Mogg also played in 1978.

Gloucester and Bath share the record for most tries scored in any cup match: Gloucester scored 16 when beating Exeter University 87-3 in the 1985-86 season while Bath equaled them when beating Oxford 82-8 in 1988-9.

Bath's first appearance in the final was in 1984 and they have been at Twickenham every year since, with the exception of 1988. They have yet to lose a final.

Bath's first success was against Bristol when they won 10-8. Subsequently, they have beaten London Welsh 24-15 (1989), West of Wales 24-15 (1989), Wasps 19-12 (1987) and Leicester 10-6 (1989).

England shirt at one level or another, Kevin Whitley, a flanker, who — along with several other members of Bath's squad — would be an automatic choice for many other first teams but for the presence of so much talent.

The Gloucester players, in contrast, have a homespun quality; this is not to say that Bath do not draw largely from West Countrymen but

Gloucester are made by the little clubs around them and few of their players attain that cosmopolitan quality which becomes those who travel constantly on representative duties. It is for that reason, as much as any other, that a Gloucester win would be welcome today, as an encouragement of native virtue, if you like.

But it is unlikely. Even were Gloucester playing at their best, which they patently are not, Bath have the firepower to match them, at scrum, at lineout, in the loose, in goal-kicking and in the backs. Especially the backs. Gloucester have played some well-integrated games this season, which have brought a handful of tries for Morgan and Breeze on their wings, but the Bath midfield bring a dimension to the game which makes the Gloucester three-quarters seem plain.

If this, for instance, proves to be Simon Halliday's last game for Bath, he will want to make it a good one, as will his friend from university days, Stuart Barnes, and Jeremy Guscott, who has always stressed the debt he owes to Halliday's strength, speed and generosity.

Chalkie White, the Rugby Football Union's technical administrator for the South-West, and one of the most analytical rugby brains in England, once described Halliday as an exceptionally honest player: he meant that the centre would never hold back in any respect, and that his degree of commitment invariably created around him an aura in which others also performed. Bath, free to concentrate over the last five weeks on this game after losing the league title, will perform today.

Irish start the hunt for World Cup coach

By David Hands

JIMMY Davidson's decision to withdraw as coach to Ireland could, ironically, leave his successor in a stronger position. Traditionally national coaches are nominated for one year only, though most newcomers to the post would expect three years in which to establish their regime. But with the World Cup at the start of the 1991-92 season, the new man could surely stipulate a minimum of two years.

Davidson's tenure of office has been fraught with criticism of his methods — not least from Mick Doyle, his predecessor — and the ostensible reason for his resignation (that he was not invited to this weekend's coaching programme in Belfast) may be merely the straw that broke the camel's back.

The new coach will be known after the annual meeting of the IRFU on June 29, a meeting which will also consider a new policy of appointing selectors. The coaching contenders must include two former international hookers, Pat Whelan, coach to Munster and Ireland B, and Ciaran Fitzgerald, the captain of the 1983 British Lions.

Johnny Moloney who, with Fitzgerald, has been coaching Ireland's under-25 and under-21 teams, wants to remain at that level.

Ireland have no close-season commitments but their under-25 team begins next season early, when Spain visit for three games as preparation for their World Cup qualifying tournament in Italy in October.

The Africa zone will produce their qualifier for the World Cup over the next eight days. Their tournament begins in Harare today, when Morocco play Tunisia and Zimbabwe, the favourites, play the Ivory Coast.

Toulouse, the holders, play Narbonne at Agen today in the first of the quarter-finals of the French club championship. The other three games will be played tomorrow between Racing Club de France and Grenoble (Lyon), Agen and Toulon (Nimes), and Dax and Montferrand (Bordeaux).



Nervous respite: Angela Davies and Paramount II shelter before the dressage

Dressage gives high hopes for Davidson's final trial

By Jenny MacArthur

THE dual world champion, Bruce Davidson, of the United States, who is having a sixth and final attempt to win the Whitbread Championships at Badminton, starts today's cross-country phase in optimistic mood after a polished dressage test yesterday with the 14-year-old Noah left him just five marks adrift of Thursday's overnight leader, Eddie Stibbe, of The Netherlands.

Davidson, who has nursed an ambition to win Badminton since his first attempt in 1974, might well have overruled Stibbe had it not been for some untypical mistakes in the canter work. Even so, his test — light and fluid throughout — was a delight to watch and a reassuring start to the gruelling competition ahead.

In previous attempts at Badminton, Davidson's highest place was runner-up in 1982 on JJ Babu — the horse on which he won a team gold medal in the 1984 Olympics but who was put down last year after breaking a pastern.

Today, at 40, Davidson looks leaner and fitter than ever — attributable partly to his new passion for point-to-pointing. He will set off over the 28-fence cross-country course in attacking mood knowing that, with riders such as the dual Olympic champion, Mark Todd, and the Olympic silver medal winner, Ian Stark hard on his heels only a clear round within the time will suffice.

Unlike some of the less experienced riders he treats the fences with respect rather than awe. "The course is far more

technical this year than it used to be," he said yesterday, "but it's a great track and it should ride well."

Sixteen years ago when he made his first attempt and finished third on Irish Cup — the horse on which he won his first world title — the emphasis was more on huge fences which could be galloped at.

High Thomas, who took over the position of course designer last year, has deliberately increased its technicality in line with the trend in international competitions in Europe.

Todd, who first competed 10 years ago, said yesterday: "Everything has a problem, everything is there to be jumped." Fences such as the W at fence 10, the Beaufort Star, case at 17 and the Quarry at 23 require the kind of controlled, accurate riding at which Davidson excels.

Noah's recent performances have done little to diminish his confidence. They were fourth at Barmham last year and also completed the British National Championships at Gatcombe. His weakest discipline is the show jumping phase in which his tendency to knock down several fences has in the past dropped him well down the line at important events.

If he finishes in the top this weekend Davidson will be in line for a place at the World Championships in Stockholm in July for a crack at a third world title. Yesterday he was reluctant to entertain such thoughts. "The selectors live in their little world and I live in mine. I have other horses at

Overseas policy reviewed

By Owen Jenkins

THE Welsh Rugby Union (WRU) is reviewing its stance towards the registration of overseas players for Welsh clubs for the league system which begins in September.

Originally, the Merit Table clubs and the league working party decided that no overseas players should be allowed to play for Welsh clubs in the league. But this is now being referred to a sub-committee which will report back to the general committee at the end of the month.

Denis Evans, the Welsh Rugby Union secretary, said: "We have to take into consideration the fact that somebody's job might bring him overseas. The Championship has a 13-week qualification rule so we might look at something like that."

The WRU has also announced that caps will be awarded to players in the forthcoming tour of Namibia.

The final placings in the Whitbread Merit Table confirmed Glamorgan Wanderers' decision to call off their last two fixtures secured them the final spot in Welsh rugby's new season. Wanderers needed to finish five places above Maesteg to gain the remaining place in the Heineken League premier division.

Wanderers will join Neath, Llanelli, Pontypool, Newbridge, Swansea, Bridgend, Pontypridd, Abertillery, and Cardiff. The eight other Merit clubs will form the first division.

Neath are coiled and ready to spring again

By Gerald Davis

"NOT much to this Neath, eh?" is the kind of comment that could well have passed along the Newport touchline bench after 30 minutes of last Saturday's game at The Gnoll. Newport were leading 6-4 at the time. "When all the fuss has been about?" they might well have ruminated, and begun flexing a muscle or two. They were never to feel the same again for the rest of the game.

In the next 11 minutes Neath went into the kind of overdrive that their team manager, Ron Waldron, expects and, when he is able to set aside his parochial interests, would like to see other Welsh clubs emulate.

In that period Newport's worst pre-match fears were realized when Neath began to string their passes together, the ball went to hand, the support or three-quarter who made the telling stroke, the end result was conclusive. Newport were engulfed by black jerseys and that brief period set the scene for Neath to add 50 points to the scoreboard without reply.

It is the kind of unrelenting momentum that Bridgend, whom Neath meet at the Arms Park this afternoon in the Welsh Cup final, sponsored by Schweppes, will have feared all week. Such a lesson at the hands of Neath has been common-place all season. Many a team has contained them for a while but the coiled Neath spring ultimately unleashes its sting.

Bridgend will have planned how to stop Neath forcing the pace. No Welsh side is slick enough or fast enough to match it. It is when they play at the opposition's pace that they come unstuck. It is what Bridgend will hope. From Wales, only Llanelli, with a measured amount of possession and good kicking, have succeeded against Neath this season.

In November, Bridgend lost 31-12 on Neath's own patch, but

Neath	Bridgend
P Thorburn	A Perry
J Ball	G Webb
C Lally	J Apsey (capt)
A Bateson	L Evans
A Edwards	R Diplock
P Williams	A Williams
C Bridges	K Ellis
B Williams	D Austin
K Phillips (capt)	W Hall
J Pugh	P Edwards
R Phillips	S Bryant
G Llewellyn	P Kawulok
A Kembery	N Spender
M Morris	M Budd
M Jones	O Williams

Referee: C Norling (Birmingham)

REPLACEMENTS: 16 R Moon; 17 J Griffiths; 18 A Davies; 19 A Thomas; 20 D Joseph; 21 M Whitton.

they can take comfort from the fact that, later in December, they drove their opponents close 22-16 at the Brewery Field. But, perhaps, those were heady days for Bridgend, when they could also pride themselves on a victory over Wales in September.

But they failed to build on all that. Mike Griffiths, their prop, departed, as did Mike Hall, their centre. The gloss soon faded. So much so, that a week ago their coach, Brian Nicholas, resigned over an internal club dispute as to the line of management to be followed next season. Bridgend's captain and prop forward, Meredydd James, has taken over as caretaker coach.

So who is to say what effect all this will have. They notched 34 points against South Wales Police last Saturday, although not much. I would have thought, should be concluded from that, Parry, their full back, has scored more than 400 points for them this year. Ellis and Williams are influential players at half back and have scored 44 tries between them. But, search as you may, there is no definitive pattern which emerges other than that they do take each

Heat rises on final sevens

By Alan Lorimer

WITH temperatures in Glenelg second round reaching the 80s, it is perhaps as well that what is essentially a sport played throughout the cooler months has its last day of the Scottish season today. That traditionally means the Langholm sevens, the final tournament of the Border spring circuit.

It may indicate a diminished predilection with the abbreviated season but no team has dominated the circuit, in contrast to a decade ago when the likes of Kelso and Stewart's Melville refined the art of sevens to near perfection and proved it by repeatedly winning.

Undoubtedly the policy of taking the national team on tour during May and June has contributed to a decline in the overall standard of sevens, if only because the top players are less committed to what used to be the natural conclusion to the 15-a-side season.

This season only two of the four tournaments so far have been won by Border clubs, and Forest winning at Hawick and Kelso the victors last weekend at Jedburgh. Both have listed strong sides for today's tournament at Langholm, Kelso especially so with the team that conquered last weekend. McRorie, one of the other possible semi-finalists, stand Tyndale in the first round, which also sees Aspatina drawn against Gala.

The host club, Langholm, have not contrived an easy draw, with Glasgow High-Kelvinside, who have been the most consistent of the city clubs, their opponents in the first round.

One of the players in the Scotland party bound for New Zealand this month will be at Langholm. The squad will be having the first of its get-togethers, at Glenelg.

The host club, Langholm, have not contrived an easy draw, with Glasgow High-Kelvinside, who have been the most consistent of the city clubs, their opponents in the first round.

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● RIDING THE DROVERS' ROUTE
● IN THE 'ELEPHANT KINGDOM'

In Britain you would be mad to take a taxi for a 100-mile round trip in Greece you could be made to. We were staying in Signi, on the far west coast of Lesbos, so far west of everywhere else that it's an event — if not a miracle — when the watermelon man turns up once a week. It's the kind of village where two buses depart every day, but only one seems to arrive and you never quite work out how they do it. Do they bring one in by boat every night?

After a week of doing nothing, we wanted to do something: visit the mountain village of Ayiaios on the other side of the Greek's third largest island. I considered hiring a moped. Then we met Geoff, who had. He also had a season ticket to the nearest out-patient clinic, as the brakes had failed and left him with an inch-deep hole in his arm. He was not a happy man.

We thought of hiring a car. Then we saw the one that was available and spoke to the couple who'd just returned. It had taken them half-way across Lesbos, but declined to bring them back again. They were not a happy couple.

The car-hire man had quickly agreed that they should only pay half the hire-charge. The next day he had offered us the same car, unrepaired, at full price.

We did want to see Ayiaios, though, and as we also wanted to come back in one piece and on the same day we asked about a taxi. It was cheaper than hiring a car or staying overnight, especially when we arranged to share it with Geoff.

Taxi trip for the pilgrims

A trip across the island of Lesbos to the holy church of Ayiaios proved that the old Greek way of life still exists behind the tourist façade, Mike Gerrard says

Paul, the taxi driver, was Greek-Australian and lived with his family in Antissa, up in the hills 10 miles from Signi. He was also on time.

"We lived in Sydney," he told us. "I was there till I was 18, then my dad decided he wanted to come back to live in his village. I wanted to stay in Sydney, but that would have broken the family up."

Did he wish he was still there?

He shrugged: "It's better the family stays together."

We asked about the return journey.

"Sure, I wait for you. How long you want, a couple of hours?"

"Well, a bit longer than that... All day, really."

"All day? In Ayiaios? There's nothing to do — you know there's no beach there."

We had suspected that a mountain village was unlikely to have a beach. He obviously thought we were crazy. He couldn't pick us up himself, so as we drove up through the thick pine-covered hills towards Mount Olympus and Ayiaios, he stopped in the middle of the road and flagged down a cab to arrange our trip back.

"Be in the square at 4.30, this man will bring you back, same fare."

In the square we sat down for coffee, in what turned out to be the only eating place in town. Inside, Greek coffee was bubbling on a charcoal fire, the chef was throwing octopus into a pot and the lavatory arrangements were primitive. Two north of England girls tottered in on high heels and

asked, with great optimism, "Do you do milk-shakes then?" They tottered off again, muttering.

But it was bold of them to have made it to Ayiaios on their scooter — foreign tourists were not exactly thick on the ground. The town had only two small hotels. We never found the second, but the first had rooms available, even at the height of the season.

Greek tourists packed the cobbled streets that climb up through the town, because Ayiaios has one of the holiest churches in the country. The Church of the Panayia, Our Lady of Ayiaios, houses an icon alleged to have been painted by St Luke and brought to the town from Jerusalem in the 9th century.

As you gaze on the Madonna's faded face, under glass in its silvery frame, you can believe it. Women cross themselves and murmur, candles warm and scent the air, and there is a hushed reverence in the church until the cleaners come in rattling buckets and mopping at your ankles.

On August 15 the icon is carried in procession around the town. As the date gets nearer, pilgrims camp in the courtyard outside the church. Some spend up to 15 days there, living in the open. Others make the long uphill walk overnight from the surrounding villages in time for the procession, the feast, the fair and the folk musicians who play the next night through in the *Kipos tis Panayias*, Our Lady's Garden. The musicians include

Jannis Kakourgos, the town's celebrated *santouri* player, who has a shop selling cassettes and instruments and whose metallic music draws you to the lat-lined streets to the church.

While we were at the church in late August the local priest was enjoying a quiet coffee in the café outside the gates. He asked to see an old photo we had bought for 150 drachmas in a junk shop, also of a priest with his family. Then a coach party arrived, the Greek WI by the look of it, and after his ring had been kissed half a dozen times, and a black tide of Greek women were still rippling over the cobbles in his direction, creaking in the heat, he made a quick exit.

The streets of Ayiaios are shaded with vines, like the more popular tourist resort of Molyvos in the north of the island. Ayiaios is very much a Greek town, and in the back streets away from the tourist route up to the church ("Come, look, special price!") are shadowy shops where carpenters and potters work. Shoe shops and drapers congregate together in Middle Eastern fashion, and women sit on doorsteps making lace.

Children giggle and pose for the camera, doing the *sirtaki* and falling over, then waving and laughing and moving on. Wooden houses have verandas that lean out over the streets, and flourishing plants and flowers turn out to conceal balconies beneath.

We stopped on a bridge, looking down at a street full of ancient cabs, where rows of old men sat drinking ouzo and eating *mezes*. The legal requirement of serving a *meze* to mop up the alcohol isn't universally practised now in Greece, though down the road from Ayiaios is Ploimari, centre of the Lesbos ouzo industry, and the mountain stuff is strong.

As we watched, a man selling jeans from the back of a Mazda pick-up pulled up and got out. We were ready for the special price! spiel, but instead he said "Would you like me to take your photograph?"

Without thinking, I handed him the Olympus (a good one, too), handed back the camera, smiled and drove off.

After a lunch of octopus stew, we followed the signs for Kastelli and climbed a track through flower and vegetable gardens to the chapel of the Archangel, which stands above Ayiaios and gives a splendid view of the town, revealing that we hadn't seen



Far from the crowd: few tourists climb the steep streets of Ayiaios

the half of it, despite our backstreet hikes. The path passed wild clematis, though we didn't spot the Krupen's nut-hatch a friend had seen here a few years earlier.

The gardener at the chapel offered us a drink of water, which we needed before setting off down again, avoiding the mules, in time for our taxi. This one was on time, too.

TRAVEL NOTES

Thomson Holidays features Lesbos in its Simply Greece brochure. Prices for self-catering accommodation start at £171 a week, inclusive of flights and transfers. In the first week of the season it costs less to buy a self-catering holiday than a seat on a Thomson charter flight. Direct flights to Lesbos start at

£179. Thomson 071-200 8733. Mitlini is the only airport on the island, and there are no direct scheduled flights from London. Instead, passengers must fly to Athens and change planes. From London Heathrow or Gatwick to Athens, British Airways and Olympic offer Super Saver fares from £160 return. Add another £54 return for Olympic domestic flights from Athens.

TRAVEL NEWS

This week's summer-strength sunshine seems certain to boost bookings for stay-in-Britain holidays. Latest estimates in the English Tourist Board's *Holiday Intentions Survey 1990* forecast an extra 1.4 million of us spending holidays in England this year — a 3 per cent increase.

With yet more brilliant weather predicted for this weekend, purveyors of foreign holidays are polishing their blandishments. The agency chain Lunn Poly warns sternly that last minute deals on packages this summer will be in short supply "so customers would do well to take advantage of its latest special offer of £20 per person off any holiday for two from Lunn Poly, Global Lancaster or Club 18-30.

Anyone planning to visit Prague should book a bed early. Cedok, the state-run Czechoslovak travel agency, cannot book hotel rooms for independent travellers at less than two weeks' notice. However, the city's top hotels usually hold a limited number of rooms for unexpected arrivals.

Threesomes can cash in on Poundstretcher's "friend-of-a-friend" promotion of three return tickets for the price of two on flights from Manchester to Los Angeles. The offer applies to departures on July 4 and 11 and costs from £399. P. 0857 061 493 3344.

A wheeze Falcon for a summer earns a puff for novelty. Compensation will be paid if there is a continuous period of eight days or more when the wind does not reach Force 4 for at least two hours, and if alternative activities cannot be provided. Payments start at £50, rising to a maximum of £140. Falcon: 071-727 0232.

Shona Crawford Poole
Travel Editor

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TRAVEL

هكذا من الأصل

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Tales of white elephant land

Before leaving for Laos, I telephoned the poet James Fenton, thinking that, as an old Indo-China hand, he would have some useful advice about the place...

"James, have you ever been to Vientiane?"

"Mmm, years ago."

"What's it like?"

"I can't remember."

"Why not?"

"That's the thing about Laos. No one ever can."

"I see. So the trick is to take lots of notes."

"No, the trick is to realize that you won't understand a thing about it."

Long before I got to Laos, I was beginning to get a sense of what Fenton had meant. There is, for example, almost nothing in print on Laos. A *Dragon Apparent*, Norman Lewis's classic account of his travels in Indo-China, was published in the 1950s and, though as fresh as ever, is not up to date.

From an analysis in a series on Marxist regimes, I learnt that there was one telephone per 1,000 people but gained no feel for the place. Guidebooks to the region devote, at best, a couple of pages to Laos, and none of the correspondents I knew had been there since the early 1970s. While all this added to the appeal of the trip, it also confirmed what I had somehow always suspected: that Laos was the Rip van Winkle of South-east Asia, the sleeping midget, a land that time had forgotten.

Though Britain closed its embassy in Vientiane on April 1, 1985, diplomatic relations have been maintained through the Australians. And, at the British embassy in Bangkok, the Laos expert told me that Ovaltine was the staple drink, that the sale of electricity to Thailand and "overflights" (use of airspace) were two of the country's principal sources of revenue, that the Lao government had sent a congratulatory telegram to the new government in Romania and that all Vientiane was glued to Thai television, which could be picked up from the Thai border town of Nong Khai.

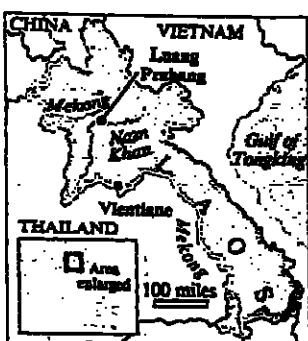
He suggested I telegraph the Lane Xang hotel to book a room but warned that I was unlikely to get a reply.

After the dirt, noise and traffic of Bangkok, the almost rural tranquillity of Vientiane came as a relief. An ancient blue car serving as a taxi, trundled from Watay airport along red dust roads flanked by *padi* fields. There were few other cars; the bicycle and *samlor*, a kind of cycle-rickshaw, seemed to be the customary modes of transport, although there were not even that many of them.

My telex had never reached the Lane Xang, which is called after the ancient name for Laos meaning "kingdom of a million elephants", and looks out over the Mekong, but they found me a room. After I had unpacked, I went for a walk.

It was early evening, that golden hour between day and nightfall, and the air was full of the sound of birds and temple bells. Along the Rue Setthathirath, where there are five imposing temples (*wats*) in less than a mile, monks in saffron robes were going about their business. Laos, like Thailand, is profoundly Buddhist, and Pathet Lao, the ruling Communist Party, which has been in power since 1975, has in recent years taken a more relaxed, even encouraging, attitude towards the national religion. As the presence of the monks and the *wats* and the practice of the various Buddhist rituals add enormously to the visual, let alone spiritual, appeal of daily life in Laos, the visitor must offer up a prayer of thanks that Pathet Lao decided that tolerance would best serve the cause.

Children were playing in the dusty roads, flying kites made



In the forgotten 'kingdom of a million elephants', Lucretia Stewart explores the lost elegance of the Lao capital, Vientiane, and the dazzling freshness of Luang Prabang



The rituals of Buddhism survive in Marxist Laos

of old plastic bags, and chasing kittens. A desultory game of football was in progress on the banks of the Mekong, and outside the Vientiane Tennis Club, four small boys were taking turns with a single racket. It was pleasantly cool and the setting sun cast a kindly glow over the dilapidated houses and destroyed pavements, concealing the full extent of the ravages of time and neglect.

In Laos, as in Thailand, white elephants are regarded as being extremely auspicious, and a stroke of luck had delivered a white elephant into the hands of the Lao people. As one of the two English-language publications in Vientiane, a pictorial quarterly called *Laos*, put it: "A dream of the Lao people to see a white mascot-elephant has become true in the new re-

'Despite our differing lots, you never meet a rude or hostile Lao'

game, and hence they believe that Laos will be prosperous. This white elephant was rounded up on December 30, 1984, at Khokaphayakeo region... by Mr Bounteum and Bounmy...

I had understood that the elephant was in Vientiane Zoo and, given that the city's amusements are in short supply, decided to go and see it. "The elephant is not there," said the girl in the travel agency. "Mr Kayson (the party secretary) has taken it."

"Well, where's he taken it?"

"To his house."

"What for?"

"To feed it."

"Where's his house? Can I go and see it there?"

"He has many houses."

There the conversation ended. Later I met a man who told me, with undisguised relish, of the King of Thailand's attempts to buy the white elephant for "many millions of baht" and of his government's refusal to part with the beast. Laos has good

reason to feel both competitive with and resentful of Thailand. The famous Emerald Buddha, which occupies the place of honour in Bangkok's Grand Palace, was once the pride and joy of the Lao. Also, in 1941 the French, who then controlled Laos, ceded all Lao territories on the west bank of the Mekong (all Sayaboury and part of Champasak province) to Thailand, an action which left the Lao enraged but powerless. It would be extraordinary if they remained unmoved by the greater power and prosperity of their rich neighbour.

After five days in Vientiane, I felt I had the city taped. The whole place comes to a standstill between noon and 2pm and nothing is permitted to disturb this sacred siesta time. The afternoon unfolds at an even more leisurely pace than the morning and, by nightfall, the city has gone to sleep.

Entertainment for the young Lao is limited. Once a week, on Friday, a violent Thai film dubbed into Lao is shown at the cinema in the Rue Anou. In the one I saw, the villain performed acts of unspeakable cruelty that would not have disgraced a Sam Peckinpah movie. The audience remained unmoved, young mothers breast-fed their babies and I hid my eyes.

At the third attempt, I managed to find the Museum of the Revolution open. The custodian behaved as if I had somehow outwitted her by catching the museum in a rare moment of accessibility. Inside was a motley collection of soil samples, rusty weapons, field telephones, Lao handicrafts and musical instruments, pictures of Lenin and Lao heroes, and a medical display including false teeth and various unpleasant objects which I took to be intestinal parasites preserved in formaldehyde.

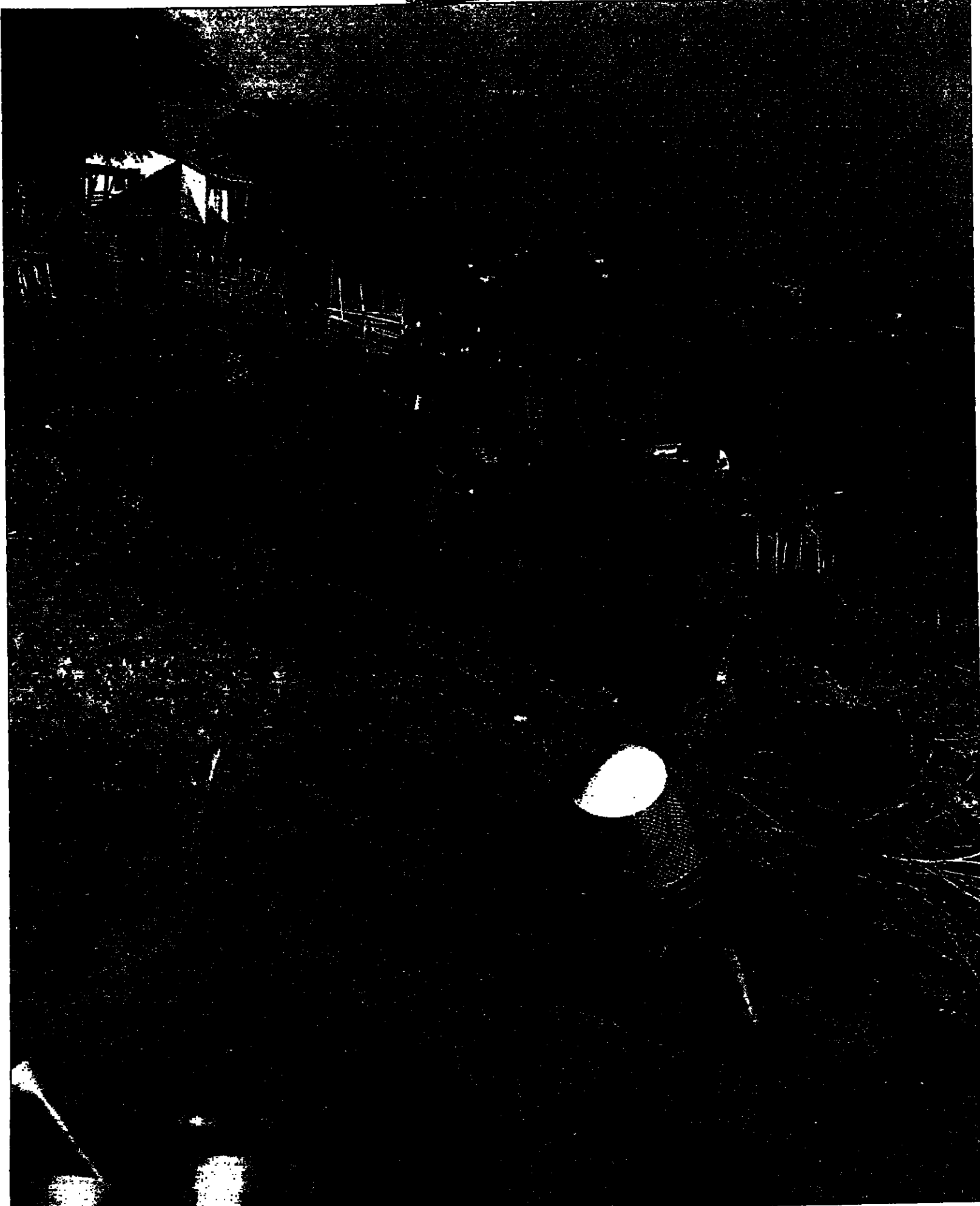
Vientiane is a wonderfully humbling place. The city is, for the most part, utterly ruined, as if it had just been hit by an earthquake. It resembles a large barnyard with chickens scratching in the dust and wandering in and out of buildings, and pigs grubbing in the overgrown gardens of once-elegant French colonial mansions. The sound you most often hear, along with the temple bells and money-making roar of aircraft overhead, is a cock crowing.

Everything is a state of terminal decay but I was told that it had looked like that for the past 25 years. The discrepancy between our lot and theirs is massive and yet you never encounter a rude or hostile Lao. This is not to suggest that everyone is delighted with his or her lot.

Change and improvement are necessary and desired, but what is clear is an impressive talent for making the best of things and a strong sense of national identity which can be summarized as follows: any political system, including the present one, is better than domination by a foreign power.

This certainly was the view of the young man next to whom I sat on the plane to Luang Prabang, the ancient royal capital of Laos, which lies about 300 miles north of Vientiane at the confluence of the Mekong and the Nam Khan. At one point, it had looked as though I would never succeed in getting out of Vientiane because, when I went to collect my ticket to Luang Prabang, I was told that the man whose job it was to sign the *laissez passer* was getting married and there was no telling when he would get round to it.

Vientiane, for all its charms, is not beautiful. Luang Prabang, like an exquisite idealized vision of the East, is dazzlingly so. From my balcony, I could see a golden spire shimmering in the heat haze on the roof of a white temple at the top of a hill rising above the centre of



Making a living on the Mekong: every inch of the fertile banks is tended with care, the produce being shared between the family and the market

town. The hills were bluish-green, descending to grey-green fields, and all around were the usual entrancing scenes of Oriental rural life: water buffalo lazing in the fields, young women in brilliantly coloured sarongs chasing small children, palm trees reflected in pools of water, wisps of smoke from a kitchen fire, and everywhere flashes of gold from the roofs of the *wats*.

At 2pm, my guide came to take me for a tour. This involved rushing from *wat* to *wat* while the afternoon sun was at its fiercest. This speed, combined with her ignorance of any language I could speak, left me rather vague as to which *wat* was what, but one of the most beautiful was Wat Xieng Thong. Built in 1560, it consists of a number of richly decorated buildings in a large graceful courtyard, reached via a flight of steps flanked by two statues of grinning, white, cat-like beasts. It is at the extremity of the triangle formed by the Mekong and the Nam Khan, and over the road is a further flight of steps, also guarded by two cats, leading down to a landing stage on the banks of the Mekong. A group of young monks was sitting on the steps smoking and listening to the radio.

The indolent delights of Luang Prabang are unfortunately too numerous to detail here but, as I watched the sun set over the Mekong and listened to the cries of the children splashing in the water and the rhythmic beat of the gong summoning the monks to evening prayer, it was all too easy to understand why it had been the dream of every French colonial officer to end his days there.

TRAVEL NOTES

• Flights: London to Bangkok, with Thai Airways International (071-488 8113), from £288 return. Bangkok to Vientiane, with Lao Aviation, £110 return, bookable through Thai International. Laos is included in tours by Abercrombie & Kent (071-730 9800).

• Accommodation: the Lane Xang Hotel, Vientiane (telephone Vientiane 5672 through the International operator). Prices from US\$36 (£22) a night.

• Currency: American dollars can be used for most purchases. Do not expect to use credit cards.

• Visas: write to Lao Tourism, 311, Rue Samsenthai, Vientiane, or the Embassy of the People's Democratic Republic of Laos, 74 Avenue Raymond, Point-Carré, 75016 Paris.

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Dawn over the Vientiane river: villagers cast their nets in the fish-rich shallows

